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NARRATIVES

OF

PERIL AND SUFFERING.

BY R. A. DAVENPORT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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NARRATIVES

OF

PERIL AND SUFFERING.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Duchess de Berri.

NARRATIVES

OF

PERIL AND SUFFERING.

BY R. A. DAVENPORT,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF ALI PASHA," "HISTORY OF THE BASTILE," &c. &c.

"Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery."—SHAKSPEARE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN the worthy Vicar of Wakefield and his notable wife ambitiously determined to have a family picture painted, their artist fell into the trifling error of giving it such a magnitude that no room in the house could contain it. In forming my plan of the work which is now presented to the public, I fell into a similar error. It was my original purpose to give narratives of every species of peril and suffering; but I discovered that it was utterly impossible to carry my design into effect within the narrow limits of two diminish volumes. More fortunate, however, than the Vicar's highly-colouring and expeditious limner, I had merely sketched some of the outlines of my picture when I made this discovery.

Desirous of adding to the pleasure of the reader, I have, whenever the attempt was practicable, endeavoured to make each narrative a whole, instead of a fragment. Thus, for example, the article which relates to Charles II. includes a history of his short reign—if reign it can be

called—in Scotland, and of his attempt to recover the crown of England; and that which is devoted to Stanislaus Leczinski forms a concise biography of that brave and benevolent sovereign. It is obvious that, in some cases, this completeness was not attainable.

I am much deceived if many of these realities are not as well calculated as the most ingenious fictions to excite a powerful interest; an interest, too, which will not have a tendency to pervert the mind. But I confess that I should think my labour ill bestowed were amusement alone to be the result of it. I have another and higher object in view. I trust that these narratives will afford a salutary lesson—that the reader will learn from them that hope ought never to be resigned while breath remains; that even in the lowest deep of peril and suffering, deliverance may be at hand; and that there are few things that cannot be accomplished by perseverance and courage, especially when aided by self-command and presence of mind, without which courage itself is often useless, and sometimes dangerous, to its possessor.

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NARRATIVES

OF

PERIL AND SUFFERING.

PERILS AND SUFFERINGS OF CAPTIVITY AND FLIGHT.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE DUCHESS OF BERRI.

If the boldness manifested by Charles the Second and by prince Charles Edward, in endeavouring to recover a lost diadem, is entitled to praise, we shall scarcely be justified in refusing a more than equal measure of applause to the duchess of Berri, for venturing to engage in an enterprise of the same nature. A deed which is merely courage in man, is heroism in woman. We may lament that a country should have been exposed to the calamities of civil war, in the vain hope of restoring a rejected dynasty; but we cannot avoid admiring the dauntless spirit, and the maternal love, which prompted her to submit to severe toils and privations, and even to peril her existence, in so desperate an undertaking. Though her attempt may be blamed, and though it subjected her to be justly punished, the motives and feelings which gave rise to it are worthy of our respect. "The general sense of mankind tells me," says Burke, "that those things which are of the highest criminality are not

in the class of infamous actions. Lord Coke, the oracle of the English law, conforms to that general sense, where he says, 'those things which are of the highest criminality may be of the least disgrace.'"

The duchess of Berri was endowed with qualities, both of body and mind, which fitted her for the task she undertook. Though she was not in the first bloom of youth, her personal charms were not inconsiderable, her manners were prepossessing, and she was gay, affable, and kind-hearted. "Marie Caroline, like all Neapolitan girls, of whatever rank or station," says General Dermoncourt, "has received scarcely any education. With her, all is nature and instinct. She is a creature of impulse; the exigencies of etiquette are insupportable to her, and she is ignorant of the very forms of the world. She allows her feelings to carry her away, without attempting to restrain them; and when any one has inspired her with confidence, she yields to it without restriction. She is capable of supporting the greatest fatigue, and encountering the most appalling danger, with the patience and courage of a soldier. The least contradiction exasperates her—then her naturally pale cheeks become flushed; she screams, and jumps about, and threatens, and weeps by turns, like a spoiled child; and then again, like a child, the moment you give way to her, and appear to do what she desires, she smiles, is instantly appeased, and offers you her hand. Contrary to the general nature of princes, she feels gratitude, and is never ashamed to own it. Moreover, hatred is foreign to her nature; no gall ever tinged her heart, even against those who have done her most injury. Whoever sees her for an hour becomes well acquainted with her character; whoever sees her for a whole day becomes acquainted with all the qualities of her heart."

It appears to have been not long subsequent to the

revolution of July, 1830, that the duchess determined upon her enterprise. For some time, however, the expelled monarch refused to invest her with the title and authority of regent. An apprehension that, by his complying, he would lose the direction of the duke of Bordeaux's education, is said to have been the cause of his refusal. At length he yielded, and also gave her a letter addressed to the French royalists, in which he called on them to recognise her new dignity. The duchess quitted England in June, 1831, and passed through Holland, Germany, and Switzerland, to Piedmont, in which latter country she took up her abode, at Sestri, under the name of the Countess di Sagana. Thither the friends of the Bourbons flocked from all quarters, to greet and consult with her. The remonstrances of the French government soon compelled the Sardinian monarch to dismiss her from his dominions, and she then proceeded to Rome. By all the persons who surrounded her, and by the delusive letters which she received from her sanguine supporters, she was led to believe, that nearly the whole of France was ready to rise in her favour. Everything which could open her eyes to the hopelessness and danger of the project, was carefully withheld from her. The personages who acted thus no doubt deceived themselves as well as their royal mistress. Confiding in their assurances, she resolved that she would no longer delay to give the signal for action to her partisans in the south and west of France, and to animate them by her presence.

The duchess of Berri commenced her enterprise by embarking on board of the Carlo Alberto steamer, at Viareggio, in the territory of Lucca. She was accompanied by a few confidential friends, and sailed under Sardinian colours. After having touched at Genoa, the vessel steered for France. When the Carlo Alberto came in

sight of the French coast, in the neighbourhood of Marseilles, a fresh gale was blowing from the seaward, and the swell was consequently heavy on the shore. To run in and attempt a landing on the open beach would have been fraught with extreme danger to the steamer; but the captain, nevertheless, declared that he was willing to hazard everything for her service. She, however, with a noble spirit, refused to peril the safety of the crew. But, steady in her resolve to disembark, she desired that a boat might be manned for herself, General de Bourmont, and M. de Mesnard. The sea was running so high, and the distance to be rowed was so great, that the captain declined to comply with her wish. The firmness of the duchess was not to be shaken. The hour for the insurrection had, she said, been fixed by her, and at that hour, whatever might be the risk, she would be present. No fear of the waves should induce her to place in jeopardy the throne of her son, and the lives of his faithful supporters; and she therefore insisted on the boat being lowered without further delay. The captain was finally obliged to obey her peremptory orders, and she departed, accompanied by the general and M. de Mesnard.

After having been tossed on the billows for three hours, during which trying period the princess was calm, and almost gay, the frail bark reached the strand. Favoured by the coming on of darkness, the adventurous heroine and her companions landed unseen, on the night of the 29th of April, at no great distance to the westward of Marseilles. As entering a house might betray them, they resolved to remain where they were, till the dawn would enable them to perceive the desired signal from the city. The duchess then wrapped a cloak round herself, lay down under the shelter of a rock, and was soon asleep.

It had been arranged, that the insurrection at Marseilles should break out on the night when the duchess arrived. This was the motive which had induced her to risk her life, rather than fail in being at hand. The rising took place at the appointed hour; but it was far indeed from wearing the formidable aspect which it had been expected to assume. There were said to be in Marseilles not less than from six to eight thousand Carlists; a force which, animated by courage, and directed by skilful leaders, might have had a fair chance of success. But, either the calculation was erroneous, or, at the critical moment, the hearts of a large majority must have failed. Only two or three hundred persons took an active part in the struggle—if struggle it may be called—and the rest, who confined the manifestations of their zeal to huzzas and seditious language, did not, at the utmost, amount to more than two or three thousand.

At three in the morning, a small party of armed men proceeded to St. Laurence's church, obtained the keys by force, and hoisted the white standard on the steeple. This was the signal for action; it announced that the princess had arrived. Instead, however, of taking arms, several groups contented themselves with parading the streets, shouting "Henry the Fifth for ever! Religion for ever! The white flag for ever! The cross for ever!" while still larger numbers hurried to the esplanade, on the side towards the sea, to gaze upon the Carlo Alberto, which was hovering about, at a distance of four leagues. A few of the conspirators, who had more spirit and sense, proceeded to business. They mastered two or three insignificant posts, and trampled in the mud the tri-coloured flag, and the cockades of the watchmen and custom-house men whom they had overpowered. This was their only triumph. Headed by colonel de Lachaud,

an officer of the deposed monarch's guards, they next marched to the Palais de Justice. But that post was occupied by sub-lieutenant Chazal, with some regular troops. Chazal no sooner saw the enemy appear than he ordered his men to load their muskets and present their bayonets. The sight of the gleaming steel was sufficient to put to the rout the greatest part of the insurgents. The remainder vented their rage and their loyalty in clamours and threats, upon which Chazal twice rushed into the throng, seized two of the delinquents, and dragged them into the guard-room. One of his prisoners was colonel de Lachaud. A general flight now took place; the streets were speedily cleared; the crowd hurried away from the esplanade, to escape the national guards; and a frigate was despatched in pursuit of the Carlo Alberto. Before mid-day this farcical insurrection was at an end.

The duchess of Berri, meanwhile, with her eyes fixed on the city, was agitated by various and conflicting passions. The dawn of day showed her the Bourbon flag waving over the church of St. Laurence; but the alarm bell was also summoning the national guard to march against her partisans. So highly was she excited, that her two companions were compelled to hold her almost by main force, to prevent her from going to Marseilles. At length they calmed her, and prevailed on her to wait. Drums were now heard beating in every quarter of the city; but there was no firing, and she might, perhaps, for a while, imagine that her friends were victorious. But this illusion was soon dispelled by the rehoisting of the tri-coloured standard on the steeple of St. Laurence, which was followed by the dispersion of the crowd on the esplanade, as the national guards advanced. From her hiding-place she could see the glittering of her enemies' bayonets. The frigate, in

chase of the Carlo Alberto, convinced her that, as far as Marseilles was concerned, there was nothing to hope; and the flight of the steamer seemed to leave her but a slight chance of escaping from her irritated foes.

To remain any longer in her present exposed situation would have been madness, and the princess, therefore, sought shelter in a neighbouring charcoal-burner's hut. General de Bourmont undertook the hazardous task of approaching the city, for the purpose of obtaining intelligence. The tidings which he brought back showed that there was no longer anything to be expected in the South of France. The attempt at Marseilles had signally and even disgracefully failed; and, this being the case, it was not probable that the other places to which the conspiracy extended, among which were Toulon and Nîmes, would venture to revolt. It was absolutely necessary for the duchess at once to turn her steps to some other quarter—but whither? The steamer having been driven from the coast, and there being no chance of its returning, there was no other resource than to pass through Provence, and find a refuge in the Sardinian territory, or to traverse the wide extent of France, from the south-east to the west, and join the royalists of La Vendée, who had already begun to take the field. Difficult and perilous as the latter alternative was, it was unhesitatingly chosen by the duchess. "I have entered France," said she, "and I will not quit it;" and she gave orders for immediate departure, that they might make as much progress as possible under cover of the night. No vehicle of any kind, or any animal to ride on, was procurable; but she made light of this, and declared that she was an excellent walker. All that was now wanted was a guide; and this want was supplied by an offer of his services from the charcoal-burner.

Montpellier, near which resided a friend on whose

fidelity she could rely, was the point which the duchess was desirous to reach. For some time their course continued to be within sight of the bay where they had landed, across which they could see the lights twinkling in Marseilles, and, occasionally, the hum and murmur of the disturbed city was wafted to their ears on the breeze. Sighs escaped from the breast of the duchess, as she now and then cast a glance towards the spot where her prospects had been blighted. When, however, Marseilles ceased to be visible, her cheerfulness returned. Being well aware that the high roads would be too carefully guarded to allow of her journeying along them without the risk of being captured, she asked the guide whether there was any path through the mountains; and, being informed that there was, she told him to lead the way. For five hours they pursued their course through intricate and rugged tracks, rendered still more difficult by the pitchy darkness of the night, which scarcely permitted them to see where they set their feet. At length, on their entering amidst scattered rocks, intermingled with stunted olive-trees, the guide appeared to be wholly at a loss. On being questioned, he owned that he had gone astray, and had no idea where they were; but he was desirous to go alone in search of the right path, and promised to return as soon as he had discovered it. Apprehensive of treachery, General de Bourmont refused to accede to this proposition. It being impossible to go on or to go back, and the duchess being worn out with fatigue, she wrapped herself up in her cloak, took a portmanteau for a pillow, and fell into a profound sleep, while her companions watched over her.

The first rays of the morning disclosed to the guide, that he had deviated two leagues from his intended path. The worst result of this mistake was, that the proper

road could not be regained, without passing over nearly three miles of open ground, where detection was almost certain. The duchess, who had risen with the dawn, seems to have instantaneously taken her resolution in this emergency. Pointing to a country-seat, at a little distance, she asked to whom it belonged. The guide answered, that the owner was not only a furious republican, but likewise mayor of the neighbouring district. "Conduct me thither," was her laconic reply.

Her companions were thunderstruck by a resolve which, at the first glance, seemed to be an act of insanity. Yet it may be doubted whether there was not more wisdom in it than in their efforts to change her purpose. Even supposing that this furious republican would be insensible to the call of honour, and to those feelings which insure succour to a distressed female from every one who deserves the name of man, the princess might calculate that his political principles would operate in her favour. The republicans were at that moment arrayed in deadly hostility against the reigning monarch, and it was, therefore, not likely that a zealous individual of that party would betray a personage who had numerous adherents, and who was encountering a host of perils to subvert the throne of Louis-Philippe. It would be time enough to take the field against her when she had helped to destroy their enemy.

But, whatever was the motive that prompted the duchess, her determination was irrevocable; and, to prove that it was so, she spoke in that imperative tone which she always used in similar cases. "The time is come for our parting," said she. "Separate, we shall be less in danger than when together. M. de Bourmont, proceed to Nantes, and wait for me. There you shall receive my orders. You, M. de Mesnard, must reach Montpellier, at which place you shall learn where I am.

Farewell, gentlemen; I wish you a safe journey, and may God be with you." So saying, she held out her hand for them to kiss; and, knowing that remonstrance would be fruitless, they both departed.

In about a quarter of an hour, the guide conducted her to the house of the public functionary, who was informed that a lady wished to speak with him in private. Advancing to meet the mayor, she said, "I know, sir, that you are a republican; but no political opinions can be applied to a proscribed fugitive. I am the duchess of Berri, and I come to ask you for an asylum."—"My house is at your service, madam," was his answer. "Your office," added she, "enables you to procure for me a passport, and I rely on your getting one."—"I will obtain it," said the complaisant republican. "But," continued she, "I must proceed to the neighbourhood of Montpellier to-morrow; will you afford me the means of doing so?"—"I will myself escort you," he replied. "Now, sir," said the duchess, holding out her hand to him, "order a bed to be got ready for me, and you shall see that the duchess of Berri can sleep soundly, even under the roof of a republican."

The mayor was as good as his word. He took her in his own carriage to Montpellier, and there she was joined by M. de Mesnard and the Marquis de L. As the adventurers were provided with regular passports, they could thenceforth travel in comparative security. The chief danger was, that the princess might be recognised by some one who had either seen her portrait, or seen her person, when she formerly visited the country through which she had now to travel.

The duchess immediately quitted Montpellier, in a calash, with M. de Mesnard, driven by the Marquis de L., who was wrapped up in a box-coat. Their route lay through Carcassonne, Toulouse, and Bordeaux, to St.

Jean-d'Angely, near which latter place, not far from the borders of La Vendée, the duchess was to halt at the chateau of one of her partisans, and announce to the Vendéans, and the Parisian Carlists, that she was arrived in the West of France.

At Toulouse the duchess rested for a day, and so little did she fear detection, that she sent cards of invitation to five-and-twenty persons, whom she knew to be firm friends. This step, however, might have involved her in serious difficulty. There was an old maid in the city, an enthusiast in the Bourbon cause, but who was afflicted with such a propensity to babble indiscreetly, that it was hazardous to trust her with a secret. To this lady the duchess prudently forbore to send a card. Her prudence was, nevertheless, unavailing. By chance the venerable spinstress heard that the princess was in Toulouse, and that cards had been sent round to others, and she waited for a while with patience, in expectation of receiving a summons. But, at last, losing all hope, she "proceeded to the most frequented promenade of Toulouse, stopping every one she knew, and begging them to decide whether she had not just reason for complaint against the duchess of Berri, who, aware as she was of her well-known devotion to her cause, had nevertheless come to Toulouse, sent invitations to many persons, and forgotten to include her among the number." Fortunately for the person of whom she complained, her hearers proved to be less garrulous than she was.

Passing through Bordeaux without stopping, the princess crossed the Dordogne at Cubzac, and traversed nearly the whole length of the department of the Lower Charente, without encountering any obstacle. It was eleven at night when she reached the neighbourhood of St. Jean-d'Angely, and stopped at the gate of the chateau, where she meant to take up her temporary

abode. The owner had not been apprised of her coming; but he was a friend of the Marquis de L., who stood pledged for his zeal and fidelity. Here a ludicrous scene occurred, which I shall give in the words of the original narrator.

"The Marquis de L. left the coach-box, and rang at the gate with the violence of one not inclined to wait. The loudness of the ring, and the lateness of the hour, brought out the master himself. 'It is I—it is De L.' said the marquis on perceiving him; 'open the gate quickly, for I bring you her royal highness the duchess of Berri.' The master of the house started back in dismay. 'The duchess of Berri!' he stammered out. 'What! Madame?'—'Yes, she herself;—open the gate quickly.'—'But you are not aware that I have twenty visiters in the house, all of whom are now assembled in the drawing-room, and ——.' 'Sir,' said the duchess, opening the blinds of the carriage, 'have you not by any chance a female cousin living fifty leagues from this place?'—'Yes, madam.' 'Well then, open the gate, and introduce me to these twenty visiters as your cousin.'

"There was no replying to this; and the master of the house, who had only made these objections in his anxiety for the safety of the duchess, instantly opened the gate. The fair heroine now leaped from the carriage, put her arm under his, and proceeded towards the house. The visiters, meanwhile, on perceiving the absence of their host, had most of them withdrawn to their bedrooms, so that when the duchess entered with M. de Mesnard and the Marquis de L. she found, in the drawing-room, only the lady of the house and two or three persons with her. The introduction was therefore less awkward.

"Next morning the duchess came down to breakfast,

underwent her second introduction, and played her part of cousin so naturally, that no one present had the least suspicion of her not being the person she represented. It fortunately happened that not one of the guests had ever seen her before.

"On the following Sunday, the curé of the little commune of S——, to whose flock the inhabitants of the chateau belonged, came thither as usual to breakfast, and to him the duchess was introduced in the same manner that she had been introduced to the other guests, as the cousin of the master of the house. The curé gravely advanced towards her royal highness to offer his respects, but stopped suddenly in the middle of the room, with such an air of stupefaction that the duchess burst out laughing. The good priest had been presented to the duchess of Berri, and had taken up an address to her, when she came to Rochefort in 1828. He seemed now to associate the features of the pretended cousin with his recollections of her royal highness.

"'What is there in my cousin's countenance that makes so strong an impression on you?' said the master of the house.

"'Why there is—' said the curé, stammering; 'this is Madame—your cousin—oh! but it is really surprising!'

"'What is surprising?' said the duchess, much amused at the priest's embarrassment.

"'There is that—your royal highness is like Monsieur ——'s cousin—I mean that Monsieur ——'s cousin resembles your royal highness. The fact is, I took you for—and even now—I could almost swear that——'

"The duchess laughed like a mad woman. At this moment the bell announced breakfast.

"The duchess was seated at the breakfast-table opposite to the curé, who, being still preoccupied by the strange resemblance, kept looking at the cause of his embarrass-

ment, and forgot to eat; or if his absence of mind was mentioned to him, he would raise his fork to his mouth instinctively, and, immediately replacing it upon his plate, exclaim—'It is incredible!—never did such a likeness exist before!'"

The week which the duchess spent at the chateau was employed in writing to her partisans in La Vendée, Nantes, Paris, and the South of France. On the 15th of May, she sent to the Vendéans a written order, to commence hostilities on the 24th, and at the same time she issued, as regent, a proclamation to the people of the western departments. On the same day she quitted her asylum, near St. Jean-d'Angely, and entered La Vendée. It was her intention to have an interview, at Montaigu, with M. de Charette, one of the royalist leaders, and then establish herself where she could most readily communicate with the chiefs of the projected insurrection. The four departments, which it was supposed would immediately respond to her call, were those of La Vendée, the Lower Loire, the Maine and Loire, and the Deux-Sèvres. These, in all the preceding struggles, had formed the nucleus of the royalist territory.

Montaigu, where the princess was to meet M. de Charette, is nearly at the northern extremity of La Vendée, and, consequently, she had to traverse the entire length of the department. After leaving St. Jean-d'Angely, she travelled the whole of the day and night before she reached the residence of a Vendéan priest, who was to furnish her with a guide to the place of her ultimate destination. At his house, she assumed the dress of a peasant boy, hid her auburn locks under a brown wig, and mounted behind the priest's godson. A ride of three hours brought her to the spot where M. de Charette was in waiting.

While the duchess was riding with Charette towards

the place where she was to take up her quarters, an accident happened, which ancient superstition would have regarded as ominous. In crossing the little river Maine, over a line of stones, which served as a bridge, her foot slipped, and she fell into the stream. She was, however, instantly taken out by her companion. Her male attire was drenched by this misadventure, and she had no change of dress with her. This somewhat disconcerted her, till she saw a house at hand. She entered, threw off her dripping apparel, took a blanket from a bed, and wrapped herself in it, and then went to sit in the sun outside of the door, where she satisfied her hunger and thirst with a cup of sour milk and a piece of black bread. As soon as her clothes were dry, she continued her journey to a village, to which her own garments had been forwarded. But, instead of putting them on, she dressed a female in them, whom she sent on to Nantes in a carriage, for the purpose of misleading pursuers, while she herself wore the clothes of the female, and proceeded, by cross-roads, towards the most intricate part of the country, where a miserable cottage had been prepared for her reception. M. de Bourmont had already succeeded in reaching La Vendée, and the duchess now informed him of her arrival.

The duchess of Berri was now in the midst of the territory which she had chosen for the scene of her operations, and, as she fondly hoped, of her triumph over the existing government. But the means of securing that triumph were far less than she had sanguinely supposed them to be. The daring unreflecting enthusiasm, which had formerly impelled the Vendéans to rush, by tens of thousands, into the field, was now felt only by a comparatively scanty number of persons. Time, in this as in other instances, had done its work. The old generation, the men of 1793, had passed away, and,

unlike that bygone generation, the race which had succeeded it was not unanimous in political opinion; the progress of knowledge, the forming of roads through the country, the consequent increase of trade, the possession of national property, and the feelings imbibed by such of the natives as had shared in the military glory of Napoleon, had all contributed to diminish the multitude of believers in the divine right of kings. There is no doubt that very many, in this part of France, were still devoted to the Bourbons, but even this devotedness hesitated at plunging blindly into a contest without regard to consequences.

The princess had soon decisive proof of the change which had taken place. She had scarcely set foot in her new abode, before her plans seemed in danger of being destroyed by her own instruments. Charette was the generalissimo of twelve divisions. Out of those twelve divisions, the chiefs of seven, in the name of their followers, protested against the immediate commencement of hostilities, and dismissed the men to their homes. They were willing, they said, to shed their blood as individuals for the duchess; but they trusted she "would not assume before God and man the terrible responsibility of dragging their peasants into an attempt which would prove but a sanguinary and useless piece of rashness," as La Vendée could effect nothing when reduced to its own means. To these humane and honest counsellors a nickname was given by the more obstinate Bourbonists; they were called Pancaliers, in allusion to a species of Poitevin cabbage, which rapidly attains a growth of three or four feet, and then becomes worthless.

The Pancaliers, as they were opprobriously termed, were, however, soon reinforced by an eminent personage of the Carlist party. The Marquis de Coislin, at whose suggestion the duchess is said to have placed herself in

her present situation, was struck with alarm as they approached the brink of the precipice, and he made an earnest effort to hold her back. In a well-written and reasoned report, he laid before her the state of La Vendée; the picture was not of a cheering kind. It represented, that there were few arms, and many of them unfit for service; that powder was still more scarce, much of that necessary article having been seized by the enemy or spoiled in concealment; that supplies could not, as in former times, be expected from England; that the royalist departments were closely pressed by an army of fifty thousand men; and that, at the moment, the chiefs could call to their standard only a few men endowed with supernatural courage, and some others selected from among those who had nothing to lose. It therefore recommended the deferring of active hostilities till the foreign powers had made a movement on the frontiers, or till the daily increasing wretchedness of the working classes had produced extensive disaffection; and it predicted that, in case of the royalists acting prematurely, scarcely a month would elapse ere La Vendée would cease to exist, and the last resource of the monarchy would be lost.

Disheartening as this report was, the reply of the duchess showed that she was rather irritated than daunted by it. After having somewhat reproachfully alluded to the professions and statements which had induced her to re-enter the kingdom, she added, "I should deem my cause for ever lost, were I obliged to fly from this country, which I shall naturally be forced to do unless arms be taken forthwith. I shall then have no resource left but to lament, far from France, my having relied too much upon the promises of those in whose favour I have braved every danger in order to fulfil mine." She therefore reiterated her command, to take up arms on the day originally named. "It now remains

for me, sir," said she, "to call your attention to the army. It will ensure our success; and it is our duty to use towards it all possible means of persuasion. You will therefore take care to disseminate my proclamations and ordinances two days beforehand; and you will not commit any act of hostility against it, until you have exhausted all means of conciliation. Such is my positive will." It appears from a letter of the Marquis de Coislin, that the reward to be held out to deserters was their being admitted to form a regiment of guards, and to obtain their discharge, if they wished it, at the end of the campaign.

In her resolution to stand the chance of a contest, the duchess seems to have been mainly influenced by the hope of a defection among her enemy's forces. That hope proved as illusory as others. Yet there was nothing absurd in her entertaining it; on the contrary, especially when she called to mind the fidelity which a large portion of the soldiers had displayed during the Three Days, she might, not irrationally, conclude that there were many who would be eager to rally round her standard. Nor, independent of this, should she be hastily blamed for her wish to try what might be done in the field. Unless she meant to abandon the cause, it was incumbent on her now to make a struggle. She might think it improbable that delay would give birth to a better opportunity. The new royalty was as yet unconsolidated; the republicans were furiously assailing it; and vigour on her part might bring into action many of her supporters, who at present were loth to put their ease and fortunes to the hazard. Every month that the Orleans dynasty continued to exist was likely to add to its strength; it discouraged resistance, and formed a link in the chain of prescription. Besides, she was anxious that her son should be indebted for his crown to the arms of French-

men alone ; she had a rooted dislike, at once honourable and politic, of a restoration effected by foreign invaders ; she recoiled from the idea of her offspring being exposed to the taunt which had been thrown out against Louis XVIII.—that he had entered his kingdom along with the baggage-waggons of the enemy. These considerations may at least palliate her venturous obstinacy.

A circumstance, however, occurred, by which her firmness was transiently shaken. The letter, by which she announced to the royalists of Paris that she had ordered a rising in La Vendée, had filled them with melancholy apprehensions. They had not the slightest hope that any benefit could be derived at present from an insurrection in the western departments, and were desirous to postpone that measure till the government was still more embarrassed, and had rendered itself thoroughly unpopular by the harshness of its conduct. They therefore resolved to send one of their number, for the purpose of urging her to desist from her purpose. After some difficulty in finding a fit envoy, their choice fell on the eloquent Berryer, a man equally well known for his talents and for his attachment to the dethroned family. He was the bearer of a note to the duchess, in which the sentiments of the party were briefly embodied by M. de Chateaubriand.

At Nantes, M. Berryer had an interview with Marshal de Bourmont, who had arrived there two days before him, and, despairing of success to the Vendéans, had already directed a short suspension of their movements. It was not without encountering considerable peril that M. Berryer journeyed to the sequestered spot where the duchess was concealed. Even when he was come within sight of the place, he could reach it only by wading through a marsh, into which he sank up to his knees. He was at length admitted into the humble abode of

Monsieur Charles—that being the name by which the princess was known. She was then asleep in bed. Following an old woman up a rickety staircase, which was on the outside of the house, and did not seem to be over-firmly connected with the building, M. Berryer was introduced into a small chamber on the first floor. There the object of his search was in bed, "upon a wooden bedstead clumsily made with a hedging-bill. She had sheets of the finest lawn, and was covered with a Scotch shawl of green and red plaid. On her head she had one of those woollen coifs worn by the women of the country, the pinners of which fall over the shoulders. The walls of the room were bare, the apartment was warmed by an awkward stove of plaster of Paris, and the only furniture, besides the bed, was a table covered with papers, upon which were two brace of pistols, and in a corner, a chair, upon which lay the complete dress of a peasant boy, and a black wig."

The task which M. Berryer had to perform was one of extreme difficulty. All his powers of argument and rhetoric were tried to the utmost, and were barely sufficient to effect his purpose. It was not till three o'clock in the morning that he wrung from the duchess a reluctant assent to the relinquishment of her plan. Her tears and interjections of despair proved how severely she felt the sacrifice which was extorted from her. Whatever may be thought of the tenacity with which she adhered to the scheme of lighting up a civil war, it is impossible not to admire the noble feeling which prompted it. When she at last yielded to the prayers of M. Berryer, she exclaimed, "Well! it is settled; I must quit France; but I will not return, you may depend on it; for I will not come in with foreign armies. They are only waiting, as you well know, for a proper time; then, when the day comes, they will demand my

son. Not that they care much more about him than they did about Louis XVIII. in 1813; but he will be a means of their having a party at Paris. Well! but they shall not have my son; they shall not have him upon any consideration! I would rather he should labour in the mountains of Calabria. Look you, M. Berryer, if he is to purchase the throne of France by the cession of a province, of a city, of a fortress, of a house, nay, of a poor cottage such as I now inhabit, I give you the word of a regent and a mother that he shall never be king."

At four in the morning, elated with the triumph which his eloquence had obtained, M. Berryer took leave of the duchess: only a few hours were to elapse before he was again to see her. She had promised to meet him at noon, and return with him to Nantes. At that city she was to be provided with a false passport, under cover of which she was to traverse France, and leave the country by the route of Mount Cenis. But this project, which was by no means free from danger, was destined to be abortive. The duchess afforded a proof, that "he who's convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still." After having anxiously waited for her till the evening, M. Berryer received a despatch, to let him know that she had changed her mind. She had, she said, linked too many interests with her own to fly from the consequences of her entrance into France, and allow them to weigh upon others; and she was therefore resolved to share, to the very last extremity, the fate of those whom she had brought into peril. At the same time she wrote to the Marshal de Bourmont in a similar strain. She closed her letter with these stimulating words: "I call every man of valour to my standard; God will aid us in saving our country; no danger, no fatigue shall discourage me; I will appear at the very first meetings." The only alteration which was made in her plan was the

adjourning the commencement of the insurrection to the third and fourth of June. The die being now irrevocably cast, M. Berryer returned in despair to Nantes.

The signal given by the duchess was obeyed by the most enthusiastic of her partisans. In various districts of the four departments already mentioned, assemblages of peasants, sometimes to the number of from twelve to fifteen hundred, took the field, headed in many instances by chiefs who had acquired reputation in the former royalist wars. But they began their enterprise under heavy disadvantages. Looking forward to a struggle in the west of France, the government had increased its force in that quarter to a formidable amount. It had been equally active in intercepting correspondence, and diving into the plans of its opponents. We have seen that among a considerable portion of the Carlists there was a strong reluctance to appeal at this moment to the sword. In that portion of them which was animated by a more fiery spirit, there seems to have been a want of concert, and of a well-combined system of operations. Their bands were insulated fragments, not portions of one great and regulated whole. To this must be added, that seventeen years had elapsed since any one of the individuals composing these bands had met an enemy in battle.

Yet, undisciplined as they were, and unfamiliar with scenes of carnage, the peasants, on many occasions, displayed a bravery and steadiness which proved that the Vendéan character had not grown degenerate. The duchess herself did not shrink from taking a share in their perils. In at least one hot engagement, that of Viellevigne, she was present, dressed the wounded with her own hands, and escaped from the enemy only by changing horses with Charette, who narrowly avoided being made prisoner.

The most desperate action which occurred during this brief campaign, was fought at the chateau of Penissière-de-la-Cour, about four miles from Clisson. The chateau was occupied by forty-five young men, all of good families; their leaders were two brothers, who had been officers in the royal guards. Two peasants, who had learned to play upon the light-infantry bugle, formed their military band. On the sixth of June, the chateau was invested by about two hundred of the government troops. As they had not a sufficient strength to defend the approaches, the leaders barricaded the doors, and stationed their men in the ground and first floors. A bugler was placed on each floor, who never ceased to play during the whole of the contest. Twice were the assailants driven back by the well-directed volleys of the scanty garrison. While they were preparing for a third attempt, a ladder was raised against the gable end of the house, and a mason was sent up to make a hole in the roof, and throw lighted combustibles into the garret. The upper part of the building was speedily in a blaze. Undismayed, however, by this alarming circumstance, the defenders plied their muskets so vigorously, that their enemies were again repulsed. Encouraged by the arrival of a reinforcement, the besiegers once more rushed forward, and at last succeeded in reaching the door, which the sappers and miners set to work to break open. Finding that the bottom of the house was no longer tenable, the party in it retreated to the story above, and made holes in the floor, through which they poured a hail of shot upon the soldiers who were entering. The latter, whom the muzzles of their opponents' pieces almost touched, were unable to stand their ground; they hastily retreated amidst shouts of "Long live Henry the Fifth!"

Lighted torches and dry wood were now thrown into

the rooms on the ground floor, and in a few minutes a furious conflagration was raging. Thus placed between flames above and below, and the bayonets of the besiegers in front, the garrison resolved to sally out. But as no sally could have a probability of success, unless the attention of the enemy was diverted from it by a heavy fire of musketry, the leaders inquired if there were any who were willing to devote themselves, in order to give their companions a chance of safety. Eight nobly stood forward to make the sacrifice. Their names are unknown; in ancient days they would have been enrolled among heroes. Thirty-five men, with one of the bugle-players, were to attempt the sally, while eight, with the other musician, were to keep the adversary occupied at the front of the chateau. One of the brothers led the sallying band; the other staid behind. They embraced and parted, with no hope of meeting again in this world.

Having made a breach in the back wall, the sallyers rushed out, and marched at a quick pace in the direction that was unguarded, and where they could reach the shelter of a hedge. Three of them fell, and the bugler received three balls in his body, but still persisted in playing. The rest of the gallant band effected their retreat.

But, in the meanwhile, what became of the self-immolated victims that were left in the chateau? The flames had by this time burnt through the rafters under their feet, and were making a fearful progress overhead. Fortunately there chanced to be a sort of recess in the wall, which was large enough to contain them. They had scarcely taken refuge there, when the floor of the room, which they had quitted, fell in with a terrible crash. The whole pile of building was now wrapped in fire, and, as all was silent within its walls, the besiegers

believed that their work was accomplished. They accordingly marched homeward, and, at night-fall, the Vendéans quitted their perilous place of shelter, and rejoined their comrades.

Had all the Bourbonists of the four departments been animated with the same spirit which inspired those of La Penissière-de-la-Cour, and had they combined their operations, the military force of the government, large as it was, would certainly have been incompetent to quell them without a long and terrible struggle. But this, as we have already seen, was far from being the case. The consequence was, that the Duchess of Berri, instead of holding some safe central position, from which she could issue her orders and instructions as regent, was obliged to seek a precarious asylum in remote holes and corners. For a few days she resided at Paulx, a small town situated on the verge of the departments of the Lower Loire and La Vendée. But, in little more than a week, her partisans were put down in all quarters, and she became a hunted wanderer. Her pursuers followed continually on her track, and sometimes were on the very point of seizing her person. One day her harness and saddle were captured; on another she lost her wardrobe, and was compelled to fly with no other clothes than those which she had on. A whole night's sleep was never enjoyed by her; for danger perpetually beset her on every side. Yet, desperate as her circumstances were, no remonstrances, arguments, or entreaties, could prevail on her to withdraw from France. She clung tenaciously to the last fragment of her shipwrecked hopes. The chapter of accidents might, she thought, produce something favourable, which, if she were on the spot, might be turned to account; to abandon France would, on the contrary, be to seal irrevocably the banishment of herself and her son.

As it was not probable that the duchess would much longer be able to evade the pursuit which was kept up by columns incessantly traversing the country in all directions, and as she obstinately persisted in not quitting the kingdom, the Vendéan chiefs formed the plan of providing her with an asylum at Nantes, where she had many zealous friends. Their plan, however, went much further than to the attainment of this object. They hoped that her disappearance would induce the military authorities at Nantes to send the rest of the feeble garrison out in search of her, which would afford an opportunity of introducing into the city, on a market-day, a multitude of Chouans, in the disguise of peasants. The castle was then to be seized by a sudden onset, the duchess transferred to it, Nantes declared to be the temporary capital of France, and the deposition of Louis-Philippe, and the regency of the princess, to be solemnly proclaimed: with a view to these proceedings, a house as close as possible to the castle was selected for the residence of the royal visiter. The scheme was magnificent; it had only one fault, that of being impracticable.

By what means the duchess could be safely conveyed into Nantes now became a subject of serious debate. She herself cut the knot of the difficulty, by deciding that she would enter the city on foot, dressed as a peasant-girl, accompanied by Mademoiselle Eulalie de Kersebec, in the same attire, and by M. de Mesnard, in the garb of a farmer. The distance to Nantes, from the cottage where she had slept on the previous night, was nearly fourteen miles.

Before the duchess had been half-an-hour on the road, her feet were so severely galled, by the coarse worsted stockings and heavy-nailed shoes, that she found it would be impossible to complete the journey, unless she got rid of these encumbrances. Quietly seating herself on the

bank of a ditch, she took them off, put them into her capacious pockets, and went onward barefoot. She had not gone many paces when, looking at the legs of the country-girls who passed by, it occurred to her that the whiteness and delicacy of her own might give rise to suspicion. To remedy this, she took some dark-coloured earth from the road-side, rubbed her legs all over with it, and resumed her walk.

"This sight," (remarks General Dermoncourt, who has narrated her adventures,) "it must be confessed, was an admirable theme to draw philosophical reflections from those who accompanied her. They beheld a woman who, two years before, had her place of Queen Mother at the Tuileries, and possessed the palaces of Chambord and Bagatelle; who rode out in a carriage drawn by six horses, with escorts of body-guards resplendent with gold and silver; who went to the representation of theatrical pieces acted expressly for her, preceded by runners shaking their torches; who filled the theatre with her sole presence; and, on her return to her palace, reached her splendid bed-chamber, walking upon double cushions from Persia and Turkey, lest the floor should gall her delicate little feet. This woman, the only one of her family, perhaps, who had done nothing to deserve her misfortunes, they now saw, still covered with the smoke of the action at Viellevigne, environed with danger, proscribed, a price set upon her head, and whose only escort and court consisted of an old man and a young girl,—going to seek an asylum from which she might perhaps be shut out, clad in the garb of a peasant, walking barefoot upon the angular sand and sharp pebbles of the road. And it was not she who suffered, but her companions: they had tears in their eyes, and she, laughter, jests, and consolation in her mouth."

When Nantes at last appeared in sight, the duchess

put on her shoes and stockings. At the bridge of Pyrmile, on the left bank of the Loire, she got into the midst of a detachment, at the head of which was an officer who had formerly belonged to the royal guards, whom she recognised as having been frequently on duty at her palace. She, however, passed undiscovered. In the town she was startled by some one tapping her on the shoulder. It was an old apple-woman, who was unable to replace upon her head a basket of fruit, which she had set on the ground. "Pray help me to lift my basket, my good girls," said she, "and I will give each of you an apple for your pains." The duchess promptly seized one handle, bade her companion take the other, and the basket was hoisted to its proper situation. The old woman was going away without remembering her promise, but the duchess caught hold of her arm, and said, "Stop, mother! where's my apple?" While she was eating the fruit, she chanced to cast her eyes on a large posting-bill which was displayed on a wall. It was highly interesting to her; for it announced that the four insurgent departments were under martial law, and that a price was set upon her head. In spite of the remonstrances of Mademoiselle de Kersebec, who was trembling with terror, and conjured her to quicken her pace, the princess would not stir till she had read it through. Its contents, she said, too nearly concerned her, for her not to obtain a knowledge of them.

At length the royal fugitive reached her place of refuge. The residence provided for her was at No. 3, Rue Haute du Château, from whence she could gaze upon the towers of that castle in which her partisans vainly hoped to proclaim her regent. The apartment which was prepared for her was of the humblest description. It consisted of two small rooms, on the third story, forming what the French call a mansarde, a

sort of garret in the roof. But it had been chosen because it afforded the means of fitting up a hiding-place which was not easy to be discovered. This concealment was a recess, which was within an angle, closed by the chimney of the innermost room. An iron plate, which was opened by a spring, was the door of this retreat. A bell, of which the wire reached to the bottom of the house, gave the signal to retire when danger was apprehended.

For five months the duchess of Berri remained in her seclusion, undiscovered and unbetrayed. Rumours were indeed occasionally abroad, that she was within the walls of the city; but they originated rather in surmise than in knowledge. The secret was known only to a very select circle of zealous adherents, who kept it with religious care, and suffered no one to approach her of whose fidelity the shadow of a doubt could be entertained. To a female so personally and mentally active as she was, the confinement in which she lived often produced an almost unbearable weariness. Barefoot journeys, hairbreadth escapes, and even the tumult of the combat, would have been far more welcome. A part of the day was dedicated to her correspondence, which was always written by her own hand; the tedium of the remaining hours was beguiled, or mitigated, sometimes by painting flowers and tapestry, and sometimes by employments of a less elegant kind. Among her labours of the latter class was the pasting of grey paper on the walls of her humble abode.

Strict as were the precautions taken by the friends of the princess, they at length failed to answer their purpose:

> "For neither man nor angel can discern
> Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
> Invisible, except to God alone."

It was by a hypocrite that she was betrayed. Had

her betrayer been prompted by a wish to rescue France from the calamities of civil war, and to prevent the liberty of a great people from being put in jeopardy by the restoring of a race which had become odious, the motive might have sanctified the deed; though, even then, a man of honour would have deeply lamented, that a paramount and imperative duty commanded him to give up to her enemies a high-minded female, who was periling her existence in a struggle for what she, however unwisely, deemed the right of her son, and the benefit of her adopted country. But the being in question had no such plea to urge. He was a mere mercenary caitiff, the basest of the base, whose name will be a by-word and a scorn through all future time.

Hyacinth Simon Deutz, the traitor by whom the duchess was sold, was about thirty years of age. He was born at Cologne, and was originally a Jew. In the early part of his career he is said to have been a journeyman-printer, belonging to the celebrated establishment of Didot, in the French capital. So violent was his real or pretended zeal for the Mosaic law, that he threatened to destroy M. Drach, a Rabbi, his sister's husband, who had become a Catholic. But no long time elapsed before he manifested a tendency to follow the example of his relative. He, no doubt, calculated that his change of religion might be made a lucrative speculation. Drach introduced him to the archbishop of Paris, and the prelate advised him to proceed to Rome; giving him, at the same time, a strong letter of recommendation to cardinal Cappellari, the prefect of the Propaganda. Pius the Eighth, who then wore the tiara, received him graciously, and directed archbishop Astini to undertake the task of initiating him in the Catholic faith. Either some scruples of conscience as to the change really haunted the mind of Deutz, or, which is more probable, he thought

that the difficulty of achieving his conversion would enhance its value; and the consequence was, that, for a time, he appeared to hesitate and waver as to the course he should pursue. At length, his doubts were dispelled, and he was baptised. His sponsors were an Italian princess, and baron Mortier, the chief secretary of the French embassy. He was now in the receipt of a pension from the funds of the Propaganda, and was patronised by many eminent personages.

In spite, however, of his semblance of extreme devotion in public, suspicions soon arose with respect to Deutz, and, by degrees, nearly all his patrons dropped off. Tired of his equivocal situation, he obtained a few thousand francs from cardinal Cappellari, with which he purposed to settle as a bookseller at New York. He quitted Rome, but whither he went remains a secret. It is only known that the money was all spent before the ensuing year, 1831, at which period he was in France, whence he once more bent his course to Italy. On his arrival in the latter country, he found that his former patron, cardinal Cappellari, had been raised to the pontifical throne, under the title of Gregory the Sixteenth. To his great satisfaction, he found, too, that the friendly sentiments of his holiness towards him were not diminished. At this moment the duchess of Berri was in Italy, preparing for her expedition to Provence. She was in correspondence with, and aided by, the despotic rulers of Russia, Spain, and Portugal, and was in want of an acute and resolute agent, to whom she could entrust some important missions. Deutz was warmly recommended to her by the pope; and, after having had several interviews with her at the town of Massa, he was taken into her confidence. The first services in which he was employed he is said to have performed with great ability, and with much apparent zeal; and by

this means he obtained a firm hold upon her good opinion.

At the time when the prospects of the duchess were blighted at Marseilles, Deutz was in Paris. In conjunction with an agent of Don Miguel, he was endeavouring to raise a loan, which was to be divided between the duchess and the Portuguese prince, on condition that the latter should send to the Vendéan coast a quantity of arms and ammunition, equivalent to a part of the money received by him. While he was thus engaged, the police discovered that he was an agent of the princess. The lure of a bribe was immediately held out to him by some of the subalterns of the government. But Deutz, though willing to be a traitor, was too cunning to treat with underlings, who might, perhaps, be conveniently disavowed by their superiors. He knew the value of what he had to sell, and would negotiate with no less a personage than the Minister of the Home Department. The minister consented, and the bargain was struck between them; the price paid for the treachery has been stated at an enormous sum. The betrayer, accompanied by a commissary of police, was then despatched to La Vendée, under the name of M. Hyacinth.

The task which Deutz had undertaken was not wholly without difficulty. He knew that his intended victim was in Nantes, but he knew not in what part of the city she resided; and we have seen that the secret was carefully confined within the circle of a few prudent friends. He contrived, however, to make her acquainted with his arrival, and request an audience. But, fearing some stratagem of the police, the duchess refused to see him, unless she were previously assured of his identity, by his giving the despatches to her messenger. Twice Deutz declined to comply with this condition. The

refusal probably arose from his imagining that he was suspected, and that she would break off all intercourse as soon as she obtained the papers. At last, after the lapse of a fortnight, he yielded, and gave to a third person some important documents.

The doubts and fears of the duchess were now removed, and she granted an interview. It took place on the evening of the last of October, and continued for an hour and a half. Still, though this was a step in advance, it was not enough to enable him to complete his perfidious purpose. He was a stranger in the place, he did not even know to what street he had been led, and he had some reason to suppose that she had received him at the house of a friend; she having been in the habit of doing so on former occasions. An attempt to arrest her, without being certain of success, would be exceedingly impolitic, as it would induce her friends to redouble their precautions. He, therefore, requested a second conference; and urged as a reason for it, that the hurry of mind, caused by seeing her royal highness, had made him forget to communicate to her some matters of the greatest consequence. Desirous to hear these additional particulars, and having also despatches to give him, she appointed a meeting for the sixth of November.

At the appointed hour, Deutz was conducted to the residence of the duchess, which he had already reconnoitred in the course of the day. Doubtful of his fidelity to them, as they well might be, his employers had taken care that his motions should be watched by police agents. When he was introduced to the princess, he met with a startling reception. Pale and agitated, and crumpling up a letter in her hand, she advanced towards him, and fixed her eyes upon his countenance, as though she would read his very soul. "Sir!" said she, "do you know what they write to me from Paris? they tell me that I

am betrayed; is it by you?" Deutz was struck dumb by this unexpected interrogation. The duchess held out to him the despatch, and added, "You see, sir, that I am to be arrested to-morrow. Do you know anything about it?"

Deutz was too completely cased in brass to be long disconcerted. He saw, too, that the duchess had no positive evidence against him; that she had nothing more than a vague suspicion, which did not point to any definite object. He accordingly rallied. Assuming the tone and air of injured innocence, he lamented his hard fate, and ascribed to his wounded feelings the consternation which at first he had displayed. In the strongest terms he asseverated his integrity and loyalty to her cause; and, in proof of his incorruptibility and devotedness, he pleaded the strict economy with which he had executed the missions she had entrusted to him. The plea, as far as regards his economical management, appears to have been valid, and the duchess was hastily led to conclude from it that his other assertions were no less worthy of credence. She declared, in consequence, that she believed him incapable of such baseness; and during the remainder of the audience, which lasted an hour, she manifested her wonted confidence in his zeal and honesty.

Even now Deutz was doubtful whether this was the abode of the princess. But as he was descending the stairs, the dining-room door being ajar, he saw the table laid out for a party of seven, which convinced him that she would at least dine there. He therefore speeded to the house of M. Duval, the prefect, and advised him to quicken his movements, that the blow might be struck before the dinner was over. Orders had previously been given to the military force to hold itself in readiness. Twelve hundred men were now divided into three

columns, and put in motion, and the quarter in which the duchess resided was speedily invested on all sides.

It was moonlight, and the duchess of Berri was seated at the window, contemplating the antique towers of the castle, when M. Guibourg, a royalist barrister, who had taken shelter in the same house with her, chanced to look out, and saw the glittering bayonets of a body of troops, which was rapidly advancing to the spot. "Hide yourself, for God's sake, madam; hide yourself instantly," he exclaimed. She immediately hastened up stairs, followed by M. Guibourg, M. de Mesnard, and Mademoiselle Stylite de Kersabiec. When the secret recess was opened, it became a question, not of etiquette but of prudence, which should enter first; the passage being so narrow and difficult, that the soldiers might, perhaps, reach the place before the last of the party could get in. The duchess put an end to the debate, by ordering the tallest to lead the way. M. de Mesnard and M. Guibourg obeyed. Mademoiselle Kersabiec wished to yield precedence to her royal highness, but the duchess smiled and said, "When a skilful general is effecting a retreat, Stylite, he always takes his station in the rear." The duchess then followed her, and she was in the very act of closing the aperture when the soldiers made their appearance.

The commander of the troops, General Dermoncourt, now left to the police the business of making a search. When, after having taken into custody the inmates of the lower part of the house, the commissary, M. Joly, entered the mansarde, he exclaimed, "Here is the hall of audience." This speech was sufficient to convince the duchess that Deutz was her betrayer. On the table was the crumpled letter, which she had shown to that miscreant. This removed from the mind of Joly all doubt

of her being here, and a rigorous search was accordingly commenced.

While a line of troops in the streets barred all egress from the place, and sentries kept guard in all the rooms, the police agents pried into every possible and impossible corner. Sappers and miners, with hatchets and hammers, sounded the walls and floors, and architects examined each room, and compared the external and internal structure, to ascertain whether there was any vacant space, in which a human being could be hidden. Even drawers, cupboards, and other articles of furniture, were unlocked or broken open, to dislodge the concealed fugitive. A fresh impulse was given to the exertions of the searchers, by their finding in one of the apartments, some printed papers, trinkets, and plate, which obviously belonged to the person whom they pursued. Still, their toil was unavailing. On reaching the mansarde, the architects, who either did not or would not perceive the contrivance, declared that concealment here was much less possible than anywhere else. The police, on hearing this, proceeded to the adjoining houses. They were soon hammering with such violence upon the walls contiguous to the recess, that several lumps of plaster fell upon the duchess and her companions, and they began to fear that they should be crushed by the fall of the partition. Below stairs, meanwhile, the police were trying all means to wring information from the female servants. One of these servants, Mary Boissy, the cook, was taken to the castle, and thence to the barracks. Threats being found of no use, bribes were next brought into play. Sums, each time increasing in amount, were successively spread before her; but she scorned these tempting proffers, and persisted in asserting that she had no knowledge of where the duchess was to be met with.

Tired by a bootless search of many hours' continuance, the police agents, at an advanced period of the night, converted for a while their siege into a blockade. The prefect withdrew, leaving behind him the police commissaries, and a number of gendarmes, to keep watch. Sentries were distributed throughout the rooms; there were two of them in the apartment which contained the secret recess. Externally, the house was still beleaguered by the troops.

Let us now see how the duchess and her companions fared within the narrow limits to which they were confined. A more painful situation for four persons cannot well be imagined. The closet into which they were crowded was about three feet and a half long, and was in shape a truncated triangle; the one end being eighteen inches wide, the other not more than half as much. The sloping roof came down so low, that the tallest of the party could scarcely stand upright, even by placing their heads between the rafters. Nor was this all. By the cold damp air, which penetrated through the interstices of the slating, they were chilled to the bones; and they did not dare to make the slightest motion, lest their enemies should overhear them. No one, however, could think of complaining; for the duchess endured all these disagreeable circumstances without a single murmur.

The grand object, which a crowd of eager and active men had hitherto failed to accomplish, was at length brought about by chance. Less patient of suffering than the party in the recess, the two gendarmes, who kept watch in the mansarde, became so cold that they could no longer bear it. One of them, therefore, procured some dry turf, and lighted a fire on the hearth. The cast-iron plate, which formed the back of the fireplace, formed also the door of the concealed recess. At first, the duchess and her companions, who were nearly

frozen, were delighted with the change of temperature. But their pleasure was soon converted into alarm. The wall itself grew so hot that it could not be touched without pain, and the iron plate had almost acquired a red heat. To add to their misery, the search in the adjoining house was recommenced by the workmen, who battered the wall with such fury that it seemed every instant on the point of falling in. Yet, even in this terrible dilemma, placed between flames and ruins, the light-hearted princess could not refrain from now and then indulging in a smothered laugh at the guard-house wit of the two gendarmes. At last, one of the gendarmes talked himself asleep, and the other, being sufficiently warm, allowed the fire to go down. The danger of being burnt was thus removed, but the danger of being crushed seemed to increase; for the workmen were evidently close to them, every blow brought the plaster in showers on them, and the wall was so cracked that, through the chinks, they could see their persecutors. But at the moment when all appeared to be lost, the workmen suddenly abandoned their labour, and the duchess began to cherish a hope that she might yet escape. There was no such good fortune in store for her.

Wishing to have a nap in his turn, the waking gendarme aroused his comrade. The latter, who had become cold again during his sleep, felt the necessity of reviving the fire, and he set to work vigorously. As the turf did not give out sufficient heat, he threw on it several bundles of a Carlist journal, called the Quotidienne, which chanced to be in the room, and he was soon gratified with a rousing blaze. More important effects than he looked for were the result of this. "The paper," says General Dermoncourt, who witnessed the catastrophe of the drama, "produced a dense smoke,

and a greater heat than the fuel which had been used the first time. The prisoners were now in imminent danger of suffocation. The smoke passed through the cracks made by the hammering of the workmen against the wall, and the plate, which was not yet cold, soon became heated to a terrific degree. The air of the recess became every instant less fit for respiration: the persons it contained were obliged to place their mouths against the slates, in order to exchange their burning breath for fresh air. The duchess was the greatest sufferer, for, having entered the last, she was close to the plate. Each of her companions offered several times to change places with her, but she always refused.

"At length, to the danger of being suffocated was soon added another, that of being burned alive. The plate had become red-hot, and the lower part of the clothes of the four prisoners seemed likely to catch fire. The dress of the duchess had already caught twice, and she had extinguished it with her naked hands, at the expense of two burns, of which she long after bore the marks. Each moment rarified the air in the recess still more, whilst the external air did not enter in sufficient quantity to enable the poor sufferers to breathe freely. Their lungs became dreadfully oppressed, and to remain ten minutes longer in such a furnace would be to endanger the life of her royal highness. Each of her companions entreated her to go out, but she positively refused. Big tears of rage rolled from her eyes, and the burning air immediately dried them on her cheeks. Her dress again caught fire, and again she extinguished it; but the movement she made in doing so pushed back the spring which closed the door of the recess, and the plate of the chimney opened a little. Mademoiselle de Kersabiec immediately put forward her hand to close it, and burned herself dreadfully.

"The motion of the plate having made the turf placed against it roll back, this excited the attention of the gendarme, who was trying to lull the time by reading some numbers of the Quotidienne, and who thought he had built his pyrotechnic edifice with greater solidity than it seemed to possess. The noise made by Mademoiselle Kersabiec inspired him with a curious idea. Fancying that there were rats in the wall of the chimney, and that the heat would force them to come out, he awoke his comrade, and they placed themselves, sword in hand, one on each side of the chimney, ready to cut in twain the first rat that should appear.

"They were in this ridiculous attitude, when the duchess, who must have possessed an extraordinary degree of courage to have supported so long as she had done the agony she endured, declared she could hold out no longer. At the same instant, M. de Mesnard, who had long before pressed her to give herself up, kicked open the plate.

"The gendarmes started back in astonishment, calling out, 'Who's there?'

"'I,' replied the duchess. 'I am the duchess of Berri; do not hurt me.'

"The gendarmes immediately rushed to the fireplace, and kicked the blazing fuel out of the chimney. The duchess came forth the first, and, as she passed, was obliged to place her hands and feet upon the burning hearth: her companions followed. It was now half-past nine o'clock in the morning, and the party had been shut up in this recess for sixteen hours without food. She was pale, her head bare, her hair standing up over her forehead like that of a man. Her dress was a plain merino of a brown colour, burnt in several places at the bottom, and she had small list slippers on her feet. As soon as she emerged from the recess, she gave in charge,

to one of the gendarmes, a bag which incommoded her, containing thirteen thousand francs in money, part of it in Spanish coin."

The duchess desired to see General Dermoncourt, who was below stairs. To him she surrendered herself, saying, at the same time, in a tone of strong emotion, "General, I have nothing to reproach myself with; I have performed the duty of a mother in trying to recover my son's inheritance." The only request she made was, that she might not be separated from her companions in misfortune. Of all the officers, civil and military, there was only one who did not treat the royal prisoner with the respect which is due to every female, and the compassionate kindness which no man of honour and feeling will deny to a fallen enemy. This exception was the prefect, a swinish animal, by the name of Duval, who, on his recent assumption of office, had been treated by the citizens of Nantes with a concert of rough music, which seems to have been richly deserved.

On the arrival of Count d'Erlon, the general-in-chief, it was settled that the duchess should immediately be transferred to the castle. As the distance was but short, the removal took place on foot. The duchess took the arm of General Dermoncourt, to lead the way; and, as she was going, she cast a backward glance at the mansarde and the now open chimney plate, and said, "Oh! general, if you had not waged war with me after the fashion of St. Laurence's martyrdom, which," added she, laughing, "was unworthy of a brave and loyal knight, you would not now have my arm under yours."

In their way to the castle, they passed through a double line of soldiers, behind which an immense crowd was congregated. By some of the multitude, who had suffered much from the civil war, angry looks were darted, and threatening murmurs uttered against the

princess; but the firm countenance of her escort prevented any further manifestation of the popular displeasure. By the time she arrived at her destination, her strength failed, and General Dermoncourt was obliged to exert all his strength to support her. It was a failure of the body, and not of the mind. When she reached the apartment in which she was to remain, she told the general that she would willingly eat something; "for," added she, "I was going to dinner when you came, and I have eaten nothing for the last six-and-thirty hours."

To assist in beguiling the weary hours of confinement, the duchess expressed a wish to be furnished with various public journals. Among those for which she asked were some that were powerfully hostile to her cause. With respect to the Courrier Français, which was one of them, the reason assigned by her for perusing it does credit to her candour and understanding. "I love all that is frank and honourable," said she, "and the Courrier is frank and honourable." There is something affecting in the language which she used to account for her desiring to see L'Ami de la Charte. Her voice had a tone of deep sadness while she said, "As to *that* paper, general, I have another motive for wanting it. In that journal I am always called Caroline; it is the name of my childhood, and I regret it, because that which has been conferred upon me in my womanhood has never brought me good fortune."

During the short period that the duchess was allowed to remain at Nantes, her spirits never flagged, and she conciliated even her political adversaries by her frank and engaging manners. Occasionally she adverted to the subject of her baffled enterprise, and the motives which prompted her to undertake it. "I came to France," said she, "under an illusion with regard to the public feeling. I thought that the whole kingdom would rise

in my favour, and the army would join me. In short, I expected a species of return from Elba."

On being asked why, when she found that all was lost, she did not quit the country, she assigned the following reasons for her conduct:—"From the moment I had come to put myself at the head of my brave Vendéans, I resolved to submit to all the consequences of the insurrection. What! they rose for me, they risked their lives for me, and I could desert them! Never! I promised that their fate should be mine, and I have kept my word with them. Besides, I should have been your prisoner long ago, I should have given myself up to you, to put an end to the thing, but for one fear. I knew very well that as soon as it was known I was a prisoner, I should be claimed by Spain, Prussia, and Russia. The French government, on the other hand, would have had me tried, which is natural enough. The holy alliance would never have suffered me to appear before a court of assize; for the dignity of every crowned head in Europe would be compromised by it. From such a conflict of interest to coldness, and from coldness to war, is only a step; and I have already told you, that I would never become a pretence for a war of invasion. 'Everything for France and through France,' was the motto I had adopted, and from which I had determined not to depart. Besides, who would assure me that France, if once invaded, would not be divided? I will have the whole of it, or none!"

Of her son she spoke with that enthusiastic fondness which becomes a mother. "He is," said she, "a brave child; very mad like me, very obstinate like me; but, like me, devoted body and soul to France."

In anticipation of the event which had now taken place, the government had, for some months, been making arrangements in the citadel of Blaye, on the Gironde, for

the reception of the duchess. The idea of being sent from Nantes was by no means pleasing to her. "All my fear is," said she to General Dermoncourt, "that I shall be sent elsewhere. I am sure they will not leave me here; I am too near the focus of insurrection. No matter: they are more embarrassed than I am, general; you may depend upon that."

After having been kept for two days in the castle of Nantes, the duchess was put on board a steam-boat, to be sent to St. Nazaire, at the mouth of the Loire, whence she was transferred to the Capricieuse brig, which conveyed her to Blaye.

At Blaye the duchess remained for several months, respectfully treated, but carefully watched. But though she was kept in a state of compelled quiet, her partisans were abundantly active with pen and voice. Her enemies were no less so. While the one absurdly treated her incarceration as an act of flagrant injustice, the other bitterly censured the government, for interposing to save her from being brought to trial. Numerous petitions were presented to both houses of the legislature, by her friends, many of which were couched in language hostile to the reigning monarch, and to the revolution which had placed him on the throne. Some of them, and these must have excited a smile, contended that the princess had come to France with solely pacific intentions, her only design being to persuade her partisans in the south and west to lay down their arms; one petition demanded that registers should be opened throughout the kingdom, for the people to decide, by their votes, whether she had gone beyond her maternal rights and duties, in claiming the crown for her son, and whether she had designed to benefit or injure the country; and others were signed by persons whose confidence in her was evidently boundless, since they offered to become hostages for her. In

the chamber of deputies, these petitions gave rise to long and vehement debates, when a report was brought up from a committee, to which they had been referred. The ministers, however, succeeded in carrying the question for the order of the day; by which decision those who wished to liberate and those who wished to prosecute her were equally foiled, and the disposal of the princess was left in the hands of the government.

Before the duchess had been two months at Blaye, rumours began to be spread that her health was suffering from the insalubrity of that place. These gave rise to new petitions, or rather remonstrances, on the part of her friends. In the house of peers, the duke of Dreux-Brezé, an ardent Carlist, complained of the neglect with which the petitions had been treated, considered her imprisonment as an arbitrary act, and represented the place where she was confined as being one which was noxious to life. To this the ministers replied, that Blaye was notoriously a healthy spot, and they insinuated that the duke might be suspected of regretting that she had not been left in Vendée, to perpetuate a civil war. In the mean while, some consistency was given to the rumours, by the circumstance of two eminent physicians having been hastily despatched to the duchess.

Another turn was now taken by these rumours. It was hinted by some of the liberal journals, that the indisposition of the duchess did not arise either from captivity or unwholesome air, but from a more homely cause; in a word, that she was pregnant. At this villanous calumny, as it was termed, the most violent of the Carlists took fire; and their chivalrous indignation prompted them to challenge to mortal combat all who dared to impeach her immaculate purity. They even went so far as to make out lists of Carlist combatants, good and true knights, who were willing to fight to the

death in vindication of her honour; and these lists were sent in defiance to the offices of the liberal newspapers. Those who were thus braved were not backward in taking up the glove; similar lists were sent in return to the Carlists; and it seemed not improbable, that the antique encounters, of several on a side, would be revived in France. Duels actually took place, at Rouen, Lyons, and Paris, in which severe wounds were inflicted, but without any fatal result. More were on the point of being fought, when the police interfered, and a stop was put to this new species of mania.

But even had the police not intervened, the madness would soon have been cured, by a declaration, which was sent from the duchess herself. An article, bearing her signature, was officially published in the Moniteur of the 29th of February. "Pressed by circumstances," said the princess, "and by the measures which the government has ordered, although I have the most weighty reasons for keeping my marriage secret, I think that I owe it to myself and to my children, to declare that I was privately married during my residence in Italy."

Men of weak minds are with difficulty brought to confess that they have been in the wrong. Decisive as this evidence was, there were some persons who refused to give credence to it. Their plea, or their pretext, was, that the duchess was in durance, and, consequently, that no act of hers could be valid. The public, however, laughed at their absurd scepticism, and waited with a considerable degree of curiosity to learn the name of her husband.

Two months elapsed before the public curiosity was gratified. On the tenth of May, the duchess gave birth to a daughter. She then formally made known the name of the man to whom she was united. Her choice had fallen on count Lucchesi Palli, second son of the prince of Campo Franco, the viceroy of Sicily.

The liberation of the duchess was delayed no longer than was necessary for her to recover her strength. She was embarked at Blaye on the tenth of June, and was conveyed to Palermo. As soon as she was gone, a royal ordinance was issued, by which the four western departments were relieved from martial law, to which they had been subjected for the previous twelve months. Since that period, no movement has been made in Vendée by the Carlists; and, schooled by the result of her first attempt, the duchess of Berri seems to have given up all connexion with politics and arms.

THE ATTEMPT OF CHARLES II. TO RECOVER THE ENGLISH CROWN; HIS DEFEAT AT WORCESTER; AND HIS WANDERINGS TILL HIS ESCAPE FROM ENGLAND.

WHEN, regardless of good faith, honour, and the national character, the Scots gave up, or rather sold, to his irritated enemies, the misguided and unfortunate Charles the First, they certainly did not foresee that his death on the scaffold would, ultimately, be the result of the disgraceful bargain which they concluded. Their sole object was to make him an instrument for extracting as much money as possible from those with whom they were dealing; they were not sanguinary, they were only mean. When, therefore, they found that the king was about to be brought to trial, and that, in all probability, his life would be the forfeit, they deemed it necessary to take some steps to ward off the danger which hung over him. They were, besides, animated by another powerful motive—an utter abhorrence of the Independents, who were now dominant in England. On the sixth of January, the Scots commissioners, in London, addressed to the speaker of the House of Commons, on the part of the Scots parliament, a long letter, indignantly protesting against the trial of the monarch, the recent expulsion and imprisonment of several members of the legislature, the neglect of the solemn League and Covenant, and the manifest intention of "introducing a toleration of all religions and forms of worship." No answer being given by the Commons, the commissioners, on the twenty-second, repeated their protest, in still more forcible terms. Speaking in the name of the Scots parliament and people,

they declared, that "it will be a great grief to their hearts, and lie heavy on their spirits, if they shall see their trusting of his Majesty's person to the honourable houses of parliament of England, to be made use of to his ruin;" that they "abominate and detest so horrible a design against his Majesty's person;" and that, "as they are altogether free from the same, so they may be free from all the evils, miseries, confusions, and calamities that may follow thereupon to these distracted kingdoms."

Both these protests were referred to a committee, and the committee was in no haste to perform its task. When the answer was given to them, Charles had been dead nearly three weeks. It was not till the seventeenth of February that the reply appeared. It bore the title of a Declaration of the House, and was of considerable length. There was nothing in it that could gratify the Scots. Though never debased by invective or abuse, its language was confident and reprehensive, tinged at times with sarcasm, and occasionally with something like contempt; its tone was that of a well-bred superior checking a meddling and wrong-headed inferior. On one point alone—the defence of the king's execution—it was manifestly weak. With respect to the question of tolerance it was more successful; and the manner in which this question was treated must have given grievous offence to the zealots of the covenant. "For the toleration of all religions and forms of worship, that this letter objects," says the reply, "we know not whom they intend in that charge. As for the truth and power of religion, it being a thing intrinsical between God and the soul, and the matters of faith in the Gospel being such as no natural light doth reach unto, we conceive there is no human power of coercion thereunto, nor to restrain men from believing what God suffers their judgments to be per-

suaded of; but if they mean only the outward and public forms of profession or worship, we know no such universal toleration endeavoured or intended amongst us; neither yet do we find any warrant to persecute all that do not worship God, or profess to believe in the same form that we do."

The Scots commissioners seem to have been stung to the quick by this declaration, and they resolved to depart suddenly, without taking leave; but in their flight they aimed a Parthian shaft at the rulers of the commonwealth. They left behind them an angry and imperious remonstrance, bitterly censuring the parliament of England for its misdeeds, and warning it neither to tolerate "idolatry, popery, prelacy, heresy, schism, or profaneness," nor to "wrong king Charles in his succession, as righteous heir of the crown of these kingdoms." But paramount above all stood their claim, that "reformation of, and uniformity in, religion may be settled, according to the covenant; and particularly that presbyterian government, the confession of faith, directory for worship, and catechism, may be established!"

The parliament was not slow to resent this arrogant declaration. It passed a resolution, declaring the paper to be false and scandalous, and intended "to raise sedition, and lay the grounds of a new and bloody war in the land;" and it denounced the penalties of treason and rebellion against whoever should give aid to the Scots in their mischievous designs. An order was also issued, by the commons, to set a guard over the commissioners, and prevent all communication with them, except in as far as might be requisite for the supply of their necessities. The commissioners were gone; but they were followed to Gravesend, stopped as they were embarking, and brought back to London. The commons then voted, that they should be sent back to Scotland by land, under

a guard; and this vote was carried into effect. This was followed by a vote, directing that the military force should receive an addition of four thousand foot, "for the better securing Berwick and Carlisle, and the other new garrisons in those parts."

It was not alone by the remonstrance of the commissioners that the resentment of the English parliament was excited. Even before that obnoxious document was presented, the Scots parliament had taken a step which placed the two governments in a hostile position. At the beginning of February, it solemnly proclaimed the accession of Charles to the throne. Had only the crown of Scotland been in question, the English rulers would have had no just cause of quarrel; but the Scots parliament took upon itself to declare him king of England and Ireland; and its doing so was, in fact, a declaration of war against the new commonwealth.

But though the Scots had recognised Charles as their sovereign, it was by no means their intention to make him their master. They, therefore, took care to specify, that, before he should be put in possession of the regal power, he "should give satisfaction to the kingdom, in those things which regarded the safety of religion, the union between the two kingdoms, and the welfare and peace of Scotland, according to the national covenant, and the solemn league and covenant of the two kingdoms." Deputies were despatched to the Hague, where Charles then resided, to make known to him his recognition by the parliament, and the terms upon which alone he would be suffered to exercise his authority.

Charles felt no gratitude for the limited loyalty of the Scots. The very name of the rigid covenanters was distasteful to him, and he set little value upon a crown the privileges of which were to be curtailed at their pleasure. In holding a lofty idea of his kingly rights,

he already proved himself to be a true scion of the Stuart race. But there were other reasons why he received with indifference the overtures of his Northern subjects. He had been invited to Ireland, where, at this moment, under the guidance of Ormond, the royal affairs were in a prosperous condition. In that country he would have to encounter none of those annoyances which he knew awaited him in Scotland, and thither he therefore resolved to go. Besides, he was not without hopes of recovering the Scottish diadem on his own terms; the Hamiltonian party were making efforts in his favour, and, which was still more gratifying to him, the daring and indomitable Montrose was eager to raise again the royal standard in his own country. To Montrose the king gave a commission to raise troops in Germany, and make a descent in Scotland.

The flattering visions which deluded Charles with the prospect of unrestricted sovereignty in Ireland, were soon dispelled by the republican arms. Convinced that the speedy reduction of Ireland was of vital importance, the rulers of the new commonwealth resolved upon a strenuous effort for its accomplishment. A formidable army was sent to Ireland, with Cromwell at its head; and in September he began his career of conquest by the storming of Drogheda, and by the terrific slaughter that ensued. Before the end of the following May he had nearly completed his sanguinary work; and what remained to be done was effected by Ireton, Ludlow, and the dissensions of the royalists themselves.

Thus shut out from Ireland, Charles thought it prudent to manifest a readiness to listen to the propositions of his Scottish subjects. Having found it expedient to quit Holland, and also met with so cold a reception in France as to discourage him from staying there, he was now residing in the island of Jersey. There he gave audience

to Winram, laird of Libberton, who was charged with a message from the Scots committee of estates, that they wished to treat with him, and desired that some town in the Low Countries might be named, at which a conference might be held between his Majesty and their commissioners. Breda was the place fixed upon by the king. With what good faith he entered upon this negotiation may be known from the circumstance of his having written to Montrose, apprising him of Winram's arrival, and urging him to hasten the invasion of Scotland, in the hope that the success of that enterprise might save Charles from the mortification of complying with the demands of the covenanters.

The Scots parliament and the general assembly of the church having settled the conditions which should be imposed upon the king, their commissioner proceeded with them to Breda. Charles was required to exclude from his presence all excommunicated persons; to swear to the observance of the covenant; to ratify all acts of parliament establishing the presbyterian church government and its forms of worship; to observe those forms himself, and cause them to be observed in his household; and to consent that all civil affairs should be regulated by the parliament, and all ecclesiastical by the general assembly. The commissioners had no power whatever to modify any of these articles; they were only to receive his assent or refusal. Charles objected to swear to the covenant; and, while he agreed to the establishment of presbyterians in Scotland, he merely claimed the private exercise of his own religion. His objection and his claim were declared to be inadmissible; but he still continued to negotiate, in the expectation that Montrose, who had landed in Scotland, would make such progress as would either overthrow the zealots of the covenant, or at least compel them to treat with the monarch on more favour-

able terms. This hope was crushed by the defeat and death of Montrose,—a death, the circumstances of which stamped the brand of infamy on his brutal and base-minded conquerors.

To comply with the terms dictated by his Scottish subjects was now the only resource which remained to Charles. He therefore set his hand to them, with the exception of the article relative to his taking the covenant; which, however, he promised to sign also, if it should be insisted upon when he arrived at Edinburgh. He sailed from Scheveling, under an escort of Dutch men-of-war, and arrived in the Frith of Cromarty on the twenty-third of June. He was, however, not suffered to land before he had signed and sworn to the covenant.

This was a foretaste of what was in store for him. Though he was invested with the external marks of royalty, he soon found that he possessed neither power, nor influence, nor respect; he was not admitted to any share in the public councils, or allowed to have any connexion with the military force. While he was carefully secluded from all in whom he had been accustomed to confide, he was surrounded by men who did not dissemble their hatred of his principles and opinions, and was hourly beset by the clergy, who domineered over, lectured, and censured him, construed his most trivial actions into heinous offences, and descanted upon the sins of his father and the idolatry of his mother. To have raised up an insurmountable barrier against any future attacks on the religion and liberties of the people, would have been a work worthy of all praise in those who were at the head of affairs in Scotland; but the manner in which they sought to achieve this desirable end, proved them to be men of cold hearts, muddy intellects, and narrow minds.

While the events which have just been described were in progress, the breach between the English and Scots was daily growing wider. Before Cromwell set out to Ireland, another paper war had taken place between the parliaments of the two countries, the advantage in which was not gained by the Scots. It was only the necessity, on the one side, of pursuing the war with vigour in Ireland, and, on the other, the want of military and pecuniary means to support a contest, that for the present kept the hostile parties from settling their disputes by wager of battle. They both, however, looked forward to that inevitable event, and made their preparations accordingly; a considerable force was arrayed by the Scots, and the English parliament voted a large addition to its army, and recalled Cromwell, whose victories in Ireland had rendered his presence no longer necessary for the subjugation of that unfortunate island. The treaty concluded with Charles by the Scots, the language held by them, and the warlike measures which they were adopting, convinced the English parliament that hostilities were imminent, and they wisely determined to save England from invasion, by carrying the war at once into the heart of Scotland.

At the head of the northern expedition Fairfax and Cromwell were placed, the former as captain-general, and they were directed to begin their march without delay. Both the generals expressed their readiness to accept the command. But, after the lapse of a few days, Fairfax began to waver; he felt, or pretended to feel, scruples as to the lawfulness of making a war of aggression upon their Scottish brethren. These scruples certainly did not originate in his own breast, for, only a short time before, he had agreed to be the leader of that war which he now deprecated as unlawful; and it cannot be supposed that he had not previously meditated upon

this important subject. His conversion was, in truth, the work of the Presbyterian ministers, and of their zealous patroness, his wife, by whom he was hourly beset. Perhaps, too, a dislike, for more than one reason, of having Cromwell as a colleague, was not without its influence. Remembering his past services, the council of state paid him the compliment of appointing a committee, consisting of Cromwell, Lambert, Harrison, and Whitelocke, to confer with him, explain the necessity of marching into Scotland, and remove the conscientious doubts and fears which oppressed his mind. In the conference, all the members of the committee strenuously exerted themselves to change the sentiments of Fairfax; Cromwell, in particular, was earnest in his entreaties, and is said even to have shed tears of sorrow and vexation that they failed in their object. We may doubt the sincerity, or at least the permanency, of his grief. The arguments advanced by the committee were irrefragable; those of Fairfax were pitifully weak. In conclusion, he resigned the command, and Cromwell was appointed in his stead, with the title of captain-general of all the forces in England.

The parliament now came to a vote, that "it was just and necessary for the army of England to march into Scotland forthwith," and it issued a declaration elaborately, and in some parts eloquently, stating the grounds on which the war was undertaken. This was followed by a still more remarkable paper, issued in the name of the lord general Cromwell and his council of officers, and bearing the singular title of "A Declaration of the Army, to all that are Saints and Partakers of the Faith of God's Elect in Scotland." Far from being written in that kind of spirit which its title might lead us to expect, this is a calm, argumentative, and dignified exposition of the wrongs which had been done to England,

and the motives and feelings of those who were marching to demand redress for them. There was nothing in it that could irritate, unless indeed—and this was likely enough—the furious presbyterians might take offence at the religious tolerance which it inculcated, and which was alien from their nature *. Supplementary to this was a brief address to the people of Scotland in general, reminding them of the strict discipline which the English forces had recently observed in their country, promising equal strictness on the present occasion, and calling on them to stay quietly in their habitations, and not be misled by the craft and subtilty of those who had provoked the war.

Cromwell was not one of those who suffer the grass to grow beneath their feet. On the third day after he received his commission, he was upon his way to the

* "As for the presbyterian, or any other form of church government," says the declaration, "they are not by the covenant to be imposed by force; yet we do and are ready to embrace so much as doth or shall be made appear to us to be according to the word of God. Are we to be dealt with as enemies, because we come not to your way? Is all religion wrapt up in that or any one form? Doth that name or thing give the difference between those that are the members of Christ and those that are not? We think not so. We say, faith working by love is the true character of a Christian, and, God is our witness, in whomsoever we see anything of Christ to be, there we reckon our duty to love, waiting for a more plentiful effusion of the spirit of God to make all those Christians, who, by the malice of the world, are diversified, and by their own carnal-mindedness do diversify themselves by several names of reproach, to be of one heart and one mind, worshipping God with one consent. We are desirous that those who are for the presbyterian government should have all freedom to enjoy it; and are persuaded, that if it be so much of God as some affirm—if God be trusted with his own means, which is his word powerfully and effectually preached, without a too busy meddling with or engaging the authorities of the world, it is able to accomplish his good pleasure upon the minds of men, to produce and establish his good purposes in the world concerning the government of his church."

north. Orders had already been given to put the troops in motion from various quarters, and concentre them in the neighbourhood of York. From that rendezvous they continued their march to the border, and reached Berwick before the middle of July. After having been feasted at York by the lord mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs, Cromwell arrived at Newcastle on the fifteenth, where a fast was kept, and the declaration, which has just been noticed, was agreed upon in council. His army, which consisted of fourteen or fifteen thousand men, was still encamped at Berwick.

While the English republicans were thus preparing for a decisive struggle, the Scots were not remiss in collecting their resources for the contest. But their fanaticism deprived them of half their strength, by inducing them to refuse the co-operation of all who were not filled with a burning zeal for the covenant, and a consequent abhorrence of whoever was less intemperate or more enlightened than the zealots. They, however, succeeded in getting together an army, of about sixteen thousand foot and six thousand horse, the command of which was given to David Lesley, a soldier who had learned the art of war in the German campaigns of the great Gustavus. Scarcely more than a fifth of this number had seen actual service. Lesley, therefore, determined not to commit the fortune of his country to the risk of a battle, in which the troops of his enemy, well trained and habituated to victory, would have too preponderant an advantage. It was his plan to choose and entrench good positions, to wear down the strength and spirit of the invaders by a tedious and unprofitable war, and make fatigue, famine, and disease his allies. The clergy had done their best to procure for him a part of these auxiliaries; they had deeply impressed their flocks with an idea that Cromwell was an incarnation of

the Evil One, and that, without regard to sex or age, the people would be slaughtered by his sanguinary followers. The villages were in consequence abandoned, whatever could be carried off was removed, what could not be removed was destroyed, and the hostile line of march was converted into a desert. Cromwell had partly foreseen this, and had directed a fleet, with provisions, to attend him along the coast; but the supply afforded by this means was imperfect and irregular, and was liable to be suddenly suspended. It seems an unaccountable oversight that, at the outset, he did not occupy and strengthen Dunbar, and there establish his magazines.

Cromwell entered Scotland, from Berwick, on the 22d of July, and, after a march of only four miles, halted at Mordington, on the verge of the border, where he remained for two days. He seems early to have become conscious of the difficulty of penetrating into a country which had been rendered a foodless solitude. On the 25th he reached Dunbar, where he "got some small pittance from the ships," which enabled him to proceed to Musselburgh. It was not till the republican army was approaching the latter town that it saw the face of an enemy, and then nothing more than an insignificant skirmish occurred. On the day week after his crossing the frontier he came before the Scottish capital, and there for the first time he saw the congregated hostile force. There was nothing encouraging in what he saw. Lesley, with excellent judgment, had selected a position naturally strong, which he had made intangible on all points, by flanking redoubts and batteries. His right was covered by the castle of Edinburgh, his left by Leith and its fort, the guns of the latter sweeping nearly the whole front of the line. A chain of outposts occupied all the eminences and defensible spots in the vicinity of this position.

The republican general was now brought to a stand. During the whole of a day and night of incessant and drenching rain he lay within sight of the Scots, unable to advance and unwilling to retire. Want of provisions and stress of weather at last compelled him to begin his retrograde march to Musselburgh. As soon as the republican army was fairly in motion, the watchful Lesley poured forth his cavalry upon its rear, which was thrown into disorder by the charge. Cromwell, however, brought up his horse to its support, and "a gallant and hot dispute" ensued, which terminated in the discomfiture of the Scots. In this sharp engagement Major-General Lambert's horse was killed under him; he was wounded with a lance in two places, and was for a short time in the hands of the enemy.

The English army reached Musselburgh in a sorry condition. It was suffering heavily from want of sleep and provisions, and from the constant rain and the miriness of the roads. But it was not allowed to recover itself in quiet. Lesley, aware of its plight, despatched Strachan and Montgomery with a considerable corps to attack it in its quarters. The Scots leaders arrived at Musselburgh between three and four in the morning, and made such a spirited attack that the piquets were driven in, and a regiment of horse was broken. Cromwell, however, had expected this attempt, and was consequently prepared to repel it. The Scots soon found themselves assailed by a superior force, and were ultimately routed, and pursued to the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, leaving behind them a considerable number of slain and prisoners. These repulses of the Scots, though honourable and gratifying to the victors, were of no solid advantage; the scantiness of supplies for the army still clogged its operations, and Lesley had yet to be drawn or forced from his formidable position. The

enemy, says Cromwell, in his despatch to the council of state, hopes "we shall famish for want of provisions, which is very likely to be if we be not timely and fully supplied."

Having rested and refreshed his army, Cromwell proceeded to carry into execution a plan which he had devised, for obliging Lesley to quit his advantageous position. The intention of the republican general was to move to the south-westward of Edinburgh, and threaten the communication of the Scots with the western counties. Accordingly, on the thirteenth of August, he again marched from Musselburgh, and took post in the Pentland hills, within sight of Edinburgh. This movement produced no other effect than to fatigue his army; for, in the course of two days, the scarcity in the camp drove him back to his recent quarters.

While, with such indifferent success, Cromwell was wielding the sword, he was also wielding the pen, and not with an unskilful hand. He addressed to the general assembly of the kirk of Scotland, a letter, which was deficient neither in point, spirit, nor shrewdness. He displayed equal ability in an answer to Lesley, who had transmitted to him a declaration, from the commissioners of the general assembly, with respect to "the stating of the quarrel whereon the Scottish army is to fight."

It seemed, indeed, as though the theology of Cromwell were destined to make more impression than his cannon. He had artfully descanted on the singular inconsistency and sinfulness of rigid covenanters fighting for the cause of a prince who abhorred their doctrine; and his arguments and sarcasms were not wholly lost. While he was encamped on the Pentland hills, conferences on the subject had taken place between several of the officers on the out-posts, and some of the Scots did not scruple to acknowledge, that "they had thoughts

of relinquishing Charles, and to act upon another account."

This feeling appears to have been daily gaining strength in all quarters among the furious adherents to the covenant. The throne of Charles began to be in at least as much jeopardy from those who called themselves his subjects, as from those who were his declared and deadly foes. It had been intended that his coronation should take place on the fifteenth of August; but that ceremony was postponed, because he refused to sign a paper which no man possessing a spark of delicacy or feeling would have pressed on him, and to which no honest and high-minded prince would ever have set his hand. Seemingly determined to persevere in his refusal, he retired to Dunfermline. Thither he was followed by the marquess of Argyle, and the earl of Lothian, who prevailed upon him to affix his signature to this disgusting composition. The English parliament might truly have said—as they had said with respect to his taking the covenant—that "he swallowed it like ill-pleasing physic for a desperate cure." But the cure was not wrought. Charles only disgusted his friends, without propitiating his enemies; he acquired, and deserved, the reputation of a hypocrite and a deceiver, without securing even the momentary benefit which is sometimes derived from hypocrisy and deceit.

This paper bore the title of "A Declaration by the King's Majesty to his subjects of the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland." Well might Charles exclaim, as he is said to have done before he yielded, that if he were to sanction it, he should never dare to look his mother in the face. He was here made to "sound the very base string of humility." He humbly and repeatedly acknowledged his "guiltiness before God," attributing it to "education and age, evil counsel and

company;" entreated the continued "prayer and supplication" of his people, to move Heaven in his favour; admitted the criminality of his father; branded his mother as an idolatress; promised to have "no friends but the friends of the covenant;" declared that he "doth now detest and abhor all popery, superstition and idolatry, together with prelacy, and all errors, heresy, schism, and profaneness, and resolves not to tolerate, much less allow, any of these in any part of his dominions;" and; that nothing might be wanting to fill up the measure of his falsehood and disgrace, he protested that he had "a full persuasion of the justice and equity of all the heads and articles of the covenant," and that "he had not sworn and subscribed to it, and entered into the oath of God with his people, upon any sinister intention and crooked design, for attaining his own ends; but, so far as human weakness will permit, in the truth and sincerity of his heart; and that he was firmly resolved, in the Lord's strength, to adhere thereunto, and to prosecute to the utmost of his power all the ends thereof, in his station and calling, really, constantly, and sincerely, all the days of his life!"

This worthless and wicked farrago—wicked, because in no writing was truth ever more flagrantly violated, or the sacred name of the Deity taken in vain—drew forth, from the English parliament, a commentary, in which it was dissected, paragraph by paragraph. Its inconsistencies, contradictions, and false pretences, were laid bare, and animadverted upon, with much force of argument, stinging sarcasm, and well-merited contempt. To Charles this republican answer must have been gall and wormwood; especially that part of it in which the parliament declared, that his words "did in no small measure reach to the acknowledgment of the just hand of God upon his father and mother," and that "it had

reason to bless God, and admire his providence, that out of the mouth of the son there had, in the sight of the whole world, been brought forth a justification of the sentence passed and executed upon the father." In this instance the logic of the parliament was sophistical, but it was not the less calculated to wound the feelings of the monarch.

While this war of the pen was going on, that of the sword was not slackened. Having received a sum of money for the pay of the soldiers, and secured provisions enough for a few days, Cromwell, on the seventeenth, once more moved from Musselburgh to the westward, and took up a position on the Pentland hills. But the wary policy of Lesley afforded no opening of which his opponent could take advantage. He had, besides, adopted such precautions as greatly embarrassed the republicans. Dalkeith, which was now in their rear, was held by a Scottish garrison, and he had stationed detachments in several castellated mansions; among which were Dalhousie on the South Esk; Craigmillar, between Edinburgh and Musselburgh; and Red Hall, and Collington, on the Water of Leith. These posts cramped the movements of the invaders, and endangered the conveyance of their convoys and stores. More than a week having passed without anything being accomplished, Cromwell, as a last resource, resolved, on the twenty-seventh, to move in the direction of Falkirk and Stirling, with the hope of drawing out Lesley, and finding a favourable opportunity to give battle. In drawing out Lesley he succeeded; in everything else he failed. Lesley made a rapid march behind the little river which is called the Water of Leith, and fronted his antagonist. But to reach the Scots leader, or to elude him, was impossible. With few intervals, the whole course of the Water of Leith was, at that period, a morass, scarcely

passable when no opposition was made, and impassable in the face of an enemy. A cannonade was kept up for several hours between the two armies, the only result of which was a fruitless waste of human life. Cromwell himself was in some danger on this day. In reconnoitring the position of the Scots, he advanced so near that a carbineer took aim at him. The republican general laughed at the failure of this attempt, and shouted out to the man, that "if he had been a soldier of his, he would have cashiered him for firing at such a distance."

Foiled in all his endeavours to bring Lesley to action, or to cut him off from the west, his army, weakened by sickness, which was rapidly spreading, and his provisions exhausted, Cromwell was obliged to break up from the Pentland hills, and fall back upon Musselburgh. He halted for the night at no great distance from Edinburgh. The night was exceedingly tempestuous, and the morning wet, but Lesley did not let these obstacles stand in his way. Ceasing to press upon the republican rear, he hastily passed between Edinburgh and Leith, with the intention of placing his army between the English and their supplies. Cromwell discovered this design only just in time to frustrate it, by a forced march to the coast. "By that time it was light," says Cromwell; "we recovered into a ground where they could not hinder us from our victuals, which was a high act of the Lord's providence to us."

To remain at Musselburgh, under the present circumstances, was impossible for the English army. The coast between Berwick and the Frith of Forth is an almost unportuous coast, and the difficulty of landing provisions was sometimes rendered insuperable by a change of the wind. The republican army was also thinned by a violent dysentery; fourteen hundred sick had already been

sent to England, and there were several hundred more in a helpless state. Cromwell, therefore, determined to retire to Dunbar, and fortify that place, that he might establish in it an hospital and a magazine. But even to make his way to Dunbar was now become an onerous task. The Scots were elated beyond measure with having baffled the invaders, whose distressful condition they likewise well knew, and they had besides been reinforced by three regiments. Lesley pressed close on the heels of the foe during the march to Haddington, and charged the rear brigade of horse with such vigour, that it would have been lost, had not, says Cromwell, "the Lord in his providence put a cloud over the moon."* At midnight, he fell again upon the republicans, in Haddington, but was repulsed. It is probable, that he rather hoped to weaken and dishearten them, by these repeated encounters, than to make at the moment any serious impression. In this he succeeded; for his antagonists reached Dunbar in a pitiable state, and were scarcely able to save their hindmost infantry from destruction. Captain Hodgson, who was present, emphatically describes the English force as being "a poor, shattered, hungry, discouraged army."

At a short distance from Dunbar commences a chain of mountains, which occupies the south of Haddingtonshire and the north of Berwickshire, and curving round through the counties of Selkirk and Peebles, joins the range of eminences which begins at Cheviot, and stretches, under various denominations, into the south-west of

* Mr. Foster, in his valuable Life of Oliver Cromwell, (Lardner's Cyclopædia,) has fallen into a trifling error with respect to this skirmish. Lesley did not make his attack on the republican army before it reached Musselburgh, but between Musselburgh and Haddington, when the greatest part of it had entered the latter place. I mention this merely to avoid the imputation of having myself misstated the fact.

Scotland. That portion which is situated in the shires of Haddington and Berwick, bears the name of the Lammermuir hills—a name which can never be heard without recalling to the mind the remembrance of departed genius. From Dunbar to Berwick, the sole road for the retreat of the invading army was, for some miles, through defiles, egress from which might be rendered difficult, if not impracticable, by a vigilant and determined enemy. The pass of Cockburn's Path, seven miles from Dunbar, is one of the most formidable of these defiles, "where," says Cromwell, "ten men to hinder are better than forty to make way." It is intersected by three streams, one of which runs through a wooded ravine, a hundred and sixty feet in depth. Over this chasm, which was then a serious obstacle, there is now a bridge of four arches, called Peese-bridge, three hundred feet long, and rising to an elevation of nearly a hundred and thirty feet above the water *.

Cromwell entered Dunbar on the first of September. His situation was such as might well inspire him with sinister forebodings. His force was dwindled down to about seven thousand five hundred foot, and three thousand five hundred horse, who were exhausted and dispirited by sickness, privations, and ill success: Lesley, on the contrary, was at the head of sixteen thousand foot and six thousand horse, well provided, in good health,

* This pass was always looked upon as a fatal obstacle to a retreating army. In the Burghley Papers, there is a statement made by Edward VI., in which the young king says, "In the month of September, Anno Domini 1547, the Lord Admirall (Seymour) told mee, that my Lorde Protectour (Somerset) went to Scotland, but that he shulde never passe the Pease without losse of a great nombre of men, or of hymself, and therefor that he spent a great summ of money in vayn." Seymour's prediction was, however, falsified by the bravery of the English army, and the folly of the Scots, in fighting the battle of Pinkie.

and animated by the foil which they had given to the English, and the prospect of having them at their mercy. So confident of success were the Scots, that they taunted the republicans, and are affirmed to have even deliberated as to what extent they should wreak their vengeance upon them. "Here began the pride of the Scots army so to swell," says the Act for appointing a Thanksgiving, "as they quite forgot an overruling Providence; their scouts upbraiding us, 'they now had us safe enough and that they had afforded us a summer's quarters, they hoped to have it quickly repaid them, when they came to take up their winter-quarters; intending,' as they said, 'to convoy up our rear for us to London.' Yea, so far had their passion blinded them, and their presumption prevailed upon them, that, as we were informed by some of their own, they sat in consultation what conditions it was fit they should offer us; whether or no quarter was to be allowed to any for their lives, and to whom only, and upon what terms."

The Scots were not without seemingly valid reasons for expecting a complete triumph. It was not only that the English army was far inferior in strength—for English armies had more than once shown that they little heeded disparity of numbers, and Cromwell was not a man to shrink in such a case,—but the Scots had so much the vantage-ground, that the chances were incalculably in their favour, with scarcely the necessity for exertion on their part. They had less occasion for the sword than for the mattock and the spade. Thoroughly acquainted with the country in which he was acting, Lesley turned all its local circumstances to account. He took up a strong position at Doonhill, at the eastern extremity of the Lammermuir range, and despatched a considerable detachment to occupy the defile of Cockburn's Path. The republicans confessed, that

"the ground Lesley had gotten upon was inaccessible," and that they could not possibly engage him on it without extreme danger. In this embarrassing situation, Cromwell held a council of war, in which a suggestion to embark the foot, and endeavour to break through with the horse, was rejected, only because the violence of the wind and the surf would not admit of its execution. All that could be done, therefore, was to keep the army in readiness for taking advantage of any erroneous movement which the enemy might make, and to send out a strong reconnoitring party to the right, to see whether a vulnerable point could be found in the position of Lesley.

To ensure entire success, the Scots had now only to hold their ground till famine and disease had done their work upon the enemy; and this was Lesley's intention. But he was not master in his own camp. What his skill had gained was thrown away by blind and presumptuous fanaticism. The preachers who attended the army were loud in their censures upon the backwardness of the general, and in exhortations to the soldiery, to pour down upon their unrighteous foes, over whom they promised them, in the Lord's name, a full and easy victory. By these vain and mischievous men the Old Testament was ransacked for examples, to stimulate auditors who were but too well disposed to hear and confide in their misleaders. They succeeded to their hearts' content; the clamour for battle became so incessant and imperative, that, in spite of his better judgment, Lesley was compelled to give way. He began by edging the right wing of his horse down towards the sea, and reinforcing it by about two-thirds of his left wing of cavalry; at the same time he inclined towards the right the foot and artillery. By this movement he interposed a larger portion of his force directly between the English

army and Berwick, but he lost all the benefit of his original well-chosen position.

From Broxmouth, the seat of the Roxburgh family, Cromwell, who was there with Lambert and Monk, perceived the Scots descending into the plain. His joy at the sight was irrepressible, and throwing up his arms towards heaven, he exclaimed, "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands!" Night was now approaching, and prevented an immediate combat; but he resolved that, at day-break, he would fall upon them. It was not, however, till six in the morning of the third of September, that he could commence the battle by which the fate of his army must be decided.

Six regiments of horse, and three and a half of foot, formed the first line of the commonwealth army. Lambert, Fleetwood, Whalley, and Twistleton, headed the horse; the foot was commanded by Monck. The second line was composed of the brigades of colonels Pride and Overton, and the artillery, with two regiments of horse. "The Lord of Hosts!" was the battle-cry of the assailants; "The covenant!" was that of the Scots. The first shock took place between the cavalry of the two parties, and it was terrible. Cromwell owns "that it was a very hot dispute at sword's point." No decisive effect was produced by it. The first line of English foot was entered into action against the Scots' right wing. It was met with such spirit by the Scots, that it was compelled to give ground. Cromwell, however, was at hand, to remedy the check which it had received. "My own regiment," says he, "under the command of lieutenant-colonel Goffe and my major White, did come seasonably in, and, at push of pike, did repel the stoutest regiment the enemy had there, merely with the courage which the Lord was pleased to give; which proved a great amazement to the residue of their foot." There was at

least one Scotch brigade which was not thrown into "a great amazement" on this occasion. Though it was fiercely assailed "at push of pike and butt end of the musket," it stood firm till "a troop of horse charged from one end to the other of it, and left it to the mercy of the foot." But here ceased all display of courage on the part of Lesley's army. The English cavalry was now sweeping the field, and charging the enemy's horse and foot with all the vigour that a desire for glory and revenge could excite. At this moment the sun arose from the sea, and Cromwell exclaimed, "Now let God arise, and his enemies shall be scattered!" He was answered by a universal shout from his troops. And scattered the Scots were. It was only by their right wing that any resolution had been manifested; and when that was overthrown, all was lost. In less than an hour they were put to total rout. Cavalry and infantry were mingled in the wildest confusion, throwing away their arms, and flying in panic terror, like a flock of scared sheep, before the victorious republicans, who "had the chase and execution of them near eight miles." Three thousand of the Scots were slain in the battle and pursuit, and about ten thousand were made prisoners, among whom were two hundred and forty-three officers, of all ranks, from an ensign up to a lieutenant-general. The whole of the baggage and cannon of the vanquished, fifteen thousand stand of arms, and two hundred standards, were the trophies of this memorable day.

Such were the weakness and destitution of the army by which this great victory was achieved, that the want of hands and supplies compelled Cromwell to dismiss five thousand prisoners, who were "almost starved, sick, and wounded." For the escort of the remainder to Newcastle, a more than equal number, he could spare only four troops of horse. The fate of the prisoners

who were marched to Newcastle was lamentable: a few contrived to escape, but, famished and toil-worn, numbers dropped by the way, several were killed to intimidate their companions from flying or resisting, and, in less than two months, more than two thousand were swept off by dysentery, and the constitutions of those who survived were fatally shaken. A part of their sufferings must be ascribed to themselves; "they were so unruly, sluttish, and nasty," says Sir Arthur Haselrigge, "that it is not to be believed; they acted rather like beasts than men." Nor were their filthy habits their worst offence. He adds, that "they were exceedingly cruel to one another. If any man was perceived to have any money, it was two to one but he was killed before morning, and robbed; and if any had good clothes, he that wanted, if he was able, would strangle the other, and put on his clothes."

Lambert was promptly sent forward with six regiments of horse and one of foot, and was speedily followed by Cromwell with the remainder of his forces. Edinburgh and Leith surrendered to the conqueror, but the castle of Edinburgh, amply supplied and garrisoned, refused to open its gates. A circumstance occurred, which gave rise to a singular correspondence between its governor, Dundas, and the republican general. The ministers of Edinburgh having taken refuge in the castle, Cromwell courteously informed Dundas that they should have free liberty to preach in their churches without molestation. Through the channel of Dundas, the ministers returned a half querulous, half insolent answer, in which they talked of persecution exercised against their brethren in England, Ireland, and Scotland—intimated that the promise of safety was deceptious, and declared that they "were resolved to reserve themselves for better times." Cromwell replied with as much spirit

as he had fought, showed the falsehood of their assertions and the fallacy of their arguments, and ended by reducing them to silence.

Though the season was far advanced, the weather unfavourable, and the roads broken up by the rains, Cromwell made an effort to reap some farther advantage from his victory. He marched to within cannon-shot of Stirling, with the purpose of storming that town; but he found it so strongly guarded, that he was obliged to relinquish his enterprise. This disappointment seems to have soured him; for, in his despatch to the council of state, after having announced that some of the inhabitants of the Scots capital had returned home, he concludes with a bitter piece of satire. "I thought," says he, "I should have found in Scotland a conscientious people and a barren country: about Edinburgh it is as fertile for corn as any part of England, but the people generally given to the most impudent lying, and frequent swearing, as is incredible to be believed."

There being, at this season, little further to be gained by military operations, Cromwell tried what could be done by pacific overtures. He accordingly addressed to the committee of estates, which was then sitting at Perth, a letter, written in a moderate and conciliatory strain, calling upon the Scotish government "to give the state of England that satisfaction and security for its peaceable, quiet living" with Scotland, which circumstances justified the commonwealth in demanding; in which case the Scots "might have a lasting and durable peace, and the wish of a blessing upon them in all religious and civil things." To this communication no answer was returned by the committee; but it seems to have produced the main effect which Cromwell perhaps expected from it,—that of exciting, among a part of the people, a dislike to the continuance of the war.

Early in December, the Scots were foiled, and sustained considerable loss, in an attempt which they made, with a body of cavalry, to fall by surprise upon the quarters of Lambert, who was posted at Hamilton, near Glasgow. But this repulse was far less injurious to them than was the surrender of Edinburgh castle, which took place on the 24th of the same month. Cromwell had, for some time, been making approaches to the castle, and forming mines, but apparently with little prospect of success; for he himself declares, in his despatch to Lenthall, the Speaker, "I must needs say, not any skill or wisdom of ours, but the good hand of God, hath given you this place." By this event the republicans obtained a firm footing to the south of the Forth. For some days previously to the surrender, Cromwell was in correspondence on the subject, with Dundas, the governor. It has been supposed, that Dundas was prevailed upon by the theological reasonings of the republican general. If such was the case, this is perhaps the only instance on record in which the gates of a fortress were opened by a theological argument. Cromwell was highly elated by this easy and evidently unexpected conquest. "Indeed this mercy," says he, "is very great and seasonable. I think I need say very little of the strength of the place, which, *if it had not come as it did*, would have cost much blood to have attained, *if at all to be attained;* and did tye up your army to that inconvenience, that little or nothing could have been attempted whilst this was in design, or little fruit had of any thing brought into your power, by your army hitherto, without it." These few words are an irreversible sentence of condemnation upon Dundas; and only leave us in doubt whether it is to treachery, cowardice, or folly, that his conduct must be imputed.

So ended the campaign of 1650. To Charles, the

defeat at Dunbar afforded no occasion for sorrow. It rather, on the contrary, seemed to open to him a prospect of being, in some measure, relieved from the slavery in which he was kept by the zealots who surrounded him. In this day of their tribulation they might, he hoped, be led to accept of aid from men of a less fiery zeal, and to allow him a larger share of respect and influence than he had hitherto enjoyed. But, at first, their disasters appeared to have only given a keener edge to their fanaticism and moroseness. Instead of attributing to their own ignorance and presumption the calamity which had befallen them, they perversely set it down to their having committed the sin of not having sufficiently weeded out from their ranks all the lukewarm and the malignants. "A total purgation of the royal household, especially of such as were English," was carried into effect; the duke of Buckingham being the only Englishman who was exempted from this proscription. The situation of Charles is thus described by Sir Edward Walker, who was an eye-witness of it:—"He is outwardly served and waited on with all fitting ceremonies due to a king, but in his liberty not much above a prisoner; sentinels being every night set about his lodging, few daring to speak freely or privately to him, and spies set on his words and actions. His bed-chamber is not free to himself; the ministers almost daily thrusting in upon him to catechize and instruct him, and, I believe, to exact repetitions from him. In a word, he knows nothing of their counsels, either military or civil, but what they please to communicate to him."

The man who could submit to hold a crown upon such conditions, must have a strong stomach for kingship. Even Charles, little delicate as he was, was at last rendered desperate, and resolved upon flight. There was still on foot, in the mountains, a body of royalists,

of the Hamilton party, under General Middleton. Through the medium of Frazer, a physician, a correspondence was opened between Charles and the general. The result was, that Charles made up his mind to join the royalists in the Highlands. He contrived to escape secretly from Perth; but, after having proceeded forty miles, he was overtaken by Montgomery, with a troop of horse, and was induced to return. In Scottish history this elopement of the monarch bears the name of "the start."

It might have been supposed, that such a flagrant proof of the king's hatred of them would have drawn upon him additional indignities from the violent covenanters. Such, however, was not the case. There were serious reasons why the king should not be driven to extremity. A majority of the nobles began to be disgusted by clerical domination, and disposed to shake off a yoke which wounded at once their interest and their pride; in the army, very many of the officers and soldiers were irritated at the preachers, to whose arrogance, false promises, and fatal counsel, they rightly attributed the recent defeat; and recruits, to fill up the gap caused by that defeat, came in so tardily, that it was absolutely necessary to widen the circle from which they were to be drawn. A compromise was, therefore, effected. It was resolved by the Scots parliament, that, on publicly manifesting their repentance, the Hamiltonians and others, who had been declared incapable of holding office, should be permitted to serve their country. While a majority of the zealots were thus yielding to circumstances, Charles was acting a part which was equally distasteful to him. He affected an extraordinary regard for Argyle, and went so far as to throw out hints of an intention to marry one of the daughters of that nobleman. In supposing that by such conduct he could delude Argyle, or gain respect

from him, he must have had a much meaner opinion of the earl's understanding than he was warranted in entertaining. Nor was he more successful in producing unanimity among his subjects. The resolution of the parliament was solemnly protested against by multitudes, several civil and military functionaries desisted from serving in consequence of it, and five of the western counties manifested the most inveterate hostility to a measure which they regarded as an infamous and wicked falling off from the righteous cause. Scotland was divided between the factions of the resolutionists and the protesters.

While affairs were in this unsatisfactory state, the coronation of Charles took place. He was crowned, at Scone, with considerable pomp, on the 1st of January, 1651; the diadem was placed on his head by Argyle. But, even on this high festival day, he was not allowed to escape without feeling the lash of his clerical preceptors. A sermon was preached before him, by a Mr. Douglas, who, modestly assuming to be the mouth-piece of the Saviour, assured the king, among other things of the same kind, that "if he did not continue steadfast to the ends of the covenant, (which he had then again sworn in the most solemn manner to observe,) the controversy was not ended between God and his family." It is not strange that such men as Douglas and his brethren should abhor Cromwell, who had told them, that "the ministers of England were supported, and had liberty to preach the gospel, though not to rail; nor, under pretence thereof, to overtop the civil power, or debase it as they pleased."

From listening to such rugged censors, Charles passed to the more grateful occupation of levying forces, for the defence of his newly-received crown. It was principally from the north that the levies were drawn, and the

recruiting was carried on there with success. This is admitted to be the fact by Cromwell himself. "They have chosen," says he, "all their new colonels, being the most popular and beloved men, with whom we hear the people rise very willingly; so that I think we may certainly conclude they will have a numerous army before long." At this moment, he was pondering, but in vain, on the means of crossing the Forth, and checking the levies; nor was he wholly without fears of a Scots incursion into England, and a royalist outbreak in the northern counties.

In the course of the winter and spring, an army, of a reputable magnitude, was once more set on foot. It consisted of about fifteen thousand infantry, and three thousand cavalry. The king was its nominal leader, having under him Hamilton and Lesley; but the latter was in fact the commander. The campaign was not opened till a late period. The republican army was kept inactive by the want of forage and supplies, but still more by the want of its general. Cromwell was attacked by a severe fit of illness, and for some time was in great danger. Two physicians, doctors Wright and Bates, were sent by the council of state to attend him, and he slowly recovered. It was not till the latter end of June that he was in a condition to resume the direction of his forces. Lesley, in the mean while, had taken up a strong position at the Torwood, in front of Stirling, and on the road to Falkirk, and had improved it so much by art, as to render any attempt upon it an almost hopeless enterprise. Here he meant to make his stand; confining himself strictly to the defensive, and wearying out his antagonist. This time he had not to fear that his well-conceived plans would be frustrated by fanatical folly; and he might hope, that the remembrance of their forefathers' prowess on the field of Bannockburn—a field

which was now before their eyes—would rouse up every latent spark of courage and patriotism in the breasts of his soldiers. Cromwell soon found that he had a difficult task to perform. He made various trials to bring his opponent to action, none of which succeeded; he could neither provoke nor manœuvre Lesley from his post at the Torwood. Once he half resolved to venture upon an attack; but, on second thoughts, he relinquished a scheme which at best was fraught with peril, and if he failed, might be fatal.

The pertinacity with which the Scottish general adhered to his Fabian system, and his unassailable position, was extremely embarrassing to Cromwell. The summer was wearing away without his having attained a single object, and he looked forward with serious uneasiness to a winter campaign, which would be ruinous to his troops, and heavily expensive to the commonwealth. He candidly owns, that he knew not what course to take. "We can truly say," declares he, "we were gone as far as we could in our counsel and action, and we did say one to the other, We knew not what to do." Desperate diseases are said to require desperate remedies; and so Cromwell seems to have thought. The plan which he at last adopted was venturous even to rashness, and scarcely offered a medium between complete success and signal discomfiture, perhaps destruction. What he purposed, was nothing less than to transport the great body of his forces to the north of the Frith of Forth, in order to cut off the supplies which the royal army received from Fife and the neighbouring counties. Famine would then, he hoped, expel Lesley from a camp which set arms at defiance. To carry this scheme into execution, he must divide an army already too weak, and convey the major part of it over an arm of the sea, which, for more than forty miles, is nowhere less than

nearly two miles in width, and in general is far wider. This was throwing open the south of Scotland, and something more, to the Scots, committing his communications to the mercy of the winds and waves, and bringing his army into jeopardy, should a retreat become needful. Yet even these adverse circumstances he resolved to brave, rather than encounter the toil and expense which would result from continued inaction. Besides, if his assertion may be credited, he looked upon this measure as dictated by Heaven itself; and consequently he could not, without impiety, be doubtful of its success. In using such presumptuous language, was he a deceiver, or self-deceived?

About nine miles to the westward of Edinburgh, the Frith of Forth is suddenly contracted to a width of less than two miles, by a peninsula, which protrudes from the coast of Fife. Midway between Queens-ferry and North-ferry is the small rocky island of Inchgarvie, on which was a fort, with sixteen pieces of cannon and a Scottish garrison. The communication between Fife and the Lothians is kept up by the ferry at this part of the Frith, and it was here that Cromwell designed to pass over his troops. To call off the attention of Lesley, he moved in the direction of Stirling, as far as the Carron water, and made a semblance of intending to give battle. Colonel Overton, in the mean while, with fourteen hundred foot, and some horse and dragoons, effected a landing on the North-ferry. On the following morning, he was joined by Major-general Lambert, with two infantry and two cavalry regiments. Lambert arrived just in time to save Overton's detachment from being, in all probability, either captured or driven into the Forth. A Scots division, of four thousand men, led by generals Brown and Holborne, was about to fall upon Overton. The combined republicans now became the assailants;

and, after an obstinate conflict, the Scots were utterly defeated, with the loss of two thousand slain, and five or six hundred prisoners. This victory was followed by the surrender of the Fort of Inchgarvie. While this was going on, Lesley made a movement towards Fife, by the Alloa road, but learning that Cromwell was preparing to take advantage of his absence, he returned, and resumed his position at the Torwood.

As soon as Lesley was reseated in front of Stirling, Cromwell hastened to pursue his operations to the northward. Leaving four regiments of horse and as many of foot to protect Edinburgh, he marched rapidly to Queensferry, where he passed the Forth with the remainder of his army. Without losing a moment he pushed on to Perth, there being nothing in the way that could impede his progress. Perth, which commands the passes into the north-eastern counties and the Highlands, was in no condition to resist an enemy. Its old walls were in a dilapidated state, and it was otherwise unprovided with adequate means of defence. It had doubtless been considered as quite safe while Lesley held his ground on the Forth. In four-and-twenty hours after his arrival, Cromwell became master of the town. This speedy surrender has been ascribed in part to the place being commanded on all sides within half cannon-shot, a circumstance which would be of some weight, but that it happened not to exist. To secure his conquest, Cromwell began the erection of a citadel, but the completion of this work he was soon under the necessity of delegating to other hands. When the tidings reached London, of his having advanced to Perth, the parliament resolved to strengthen its military force, and it accordingly authorised the Council of State to raise a body of infantry, to the number of four thousand men, exclusive of officers. This was a prudent and

well-timed measure, from which much benefit was ultimately derived.

A march through Strathallan upon Perth, either to give battle to Cromwell, or to watch and embarrass his movements; a march eastward from Stirling, to act upon the rear of the enemy's line of operations; and a rapid movement upon Edinburgh, to disperse the scanty republican corps which had been left in that quarter; were all within the choice of Lesley. Neither of them was adopted. Charles had resolved to stake his fortune upon one desperate cast of the die, by penetrating into England, and hurrying forward to the capital. He sanguinely hoped that, during his progress, his partisans in the northern and midland counties would throng to his standard, and that his enemies would be disheartened and kept down by the republican army being too distant to succour them. This daring project received the sanction of the Scots generals and statesmen, some of whom were eager for fame and revenge, while others wished to give the enemy "work in England, rather than consume their countrymen with a lingering war, and make the seat of it in Scotland." Argyle alone dissented; he, foreboding evil, laboured strenuously, but ineffectually, to dissuade Charles from his purpose. The opposition of Argyle was, indeed, not likely to prevail with a monarch who hated him. On the last day of July the Scottish army broke up from the Torwood, and began its route to the border, in the direction of Carlisle.

Though, for some time past, the probability of a Scottish irruption into England had often entered the thoughts of the Commonwealth rulers and generals, considerable alarm was excited by that probability being converted into a certainty. Till now such an event had been looked upon as fraught with no great danger; because it

was believed either that the Scots would merely make a diversion with a part of their force, which might be easily repelled, or that, if a regular invasion were attempted, Cromwell and his army would be at hand to confront the invaders, and perhaps inflict on them a heavier blow than they had received, only three years before, at the battle of Preston. But, in the present case, circumstances were changed. By his venturous movement to Perth, Cromwell had placed himself at such a distance from the scene of action, that he was several marches in the rear of the royal army, and, as the parliament had no adequate force collected in England, irreparable mischief might be done before he could bring his veterans to the rescue.

Cromwell himself was evidently staggered by this sudden manœuvre of Charles. In his despatch to the parliament, his apprehensions and embarrassment repeatedly become visible, in spite of his efforts to conceal them; and he writes in an apologetical tone, which shows how strong an impression he supposes to have been made upon his employers by the danger which threatens them.

"I do apprehend," says the general, "that if he goes for England, being some few days' march before us, it will trouble some men's thoughts, and may occasion some inconveniences; of which I hope we are as duly sensible, and have been, and I trust shall be, as diligent to prevent, as any. And indeed this is our comfort, that, in simplicity of heart as to God, we have done to the best of our judgments; knowing that if some issue were not put to this business, it would occasion another winter's war, to the ruin of your soldiery, for whom the Scots are too hard in respect of enduring the winter difficulties of this country, and been an endless expense of treasure to England in prosecuting this war.

" It may be supposed we might have kept the enemy from this, by interposing between him and England, which truly I believe we might; but as to remove him out of this place, without doing what we have done, unless we had a commanding army on both sides of the river of Forth, is not clear to us; or how to answer the inconveniences afore mentioned, we understand not: We pray therefore that, seeing that there is a possibility for the enemy to put you to some trouble, you would, with the same courage, grounded upon a confidence in God, wherein you have been supported to the same things God hath used you in hitherto, you would improve the best you can such forces as you have in readiness, or may on the sudden be gathered together, to give the enemy some check, until we shall be able to reach up to him, which we trust in the Lord we shall do our utmost endeavour in. And indeed we have this comfortable experiment from the Lord, that this enemy is heart-smitten by God; and, whenever the Lord shall bring us up to them, we believe the Lord will make the desperateness of this counsel of theirs to appear, and the folly of it also. When England was much more unsteady than now, and when a much more considerable army of theirs, unfoiled, invaded you, and we had but a weak force to make resistance at Preston, upon deliberate advice we chose rather to put ourselves between their army and Scotland, and how God succeeded that, is not well to be forgotten*.

* The argument of Cromwell, with respect to his success in 1648, is sophistical, and he no doubt was well aware of its being so. But it answered a double purpose; it served to tranquillise the fears of the numerous tribe who do not scrutinise an assertion which comes from high authority, and it at once recalled to the public recollection one of his most splendid exploits, and inspired confidence in his talents and resources. There is no parity between the two cases of Scotch invasion. In his masterly operations against

"This is not out of choice on our part, but by some kind of necessity; and it is to be hoped will have the like issue, together with a hopeful end of your work; in which it is good to wait upon the Lord, upon the earnest of former experiences, and hope of his presence, which only is the life of our cause."

But though Cromwell was alarmed, as well he might, he lost no jot of his promptitude, energy, and presence of mind. Leaving Monk with a sufficient strength to carry on the war in Scotland, he instantly bent his march to the southward, and reached Edinburgh on the 4th of August. Major-General Harrison, one of the most active and intelligent of the Commonwealth officers, who, with three thousand horse and some foot, was then in the neighbourhood of Berwick, was directed to push on, in an oblique direction, for the purpose of gaining, or getting in advance of, the left flank of the royal army, and clogging the king's movements towards the British capital. Major-General Lambert, with between three and four thousand cavalry, was ordered to track, in the first instance, the footsteps of Charles, to retard his progress through the northern frontier counties, and then to form a junction with Harrison. Cromwell himself, with nine regiments of foot and the rest of the horse, proceeded by forced marches from Leith to New-

the Scotch, in 1648, Oliver, after his junction with Lambert, penetrated from Yorkshire into Lancashire, by the vale of the Ribble, descended upon the rear of the Scotch army, routed it, and *never lost sight of it* till it was entirely broken up. He then, and not till then, turned to the northward, to encounter Monroe, who was advancing through Cumberland, with a reinforcement from Scotland, consisting of twelve hundred horse and fifteen hundred foot. After the battle of Preston, and the action at Winwick, the safety of the country was never for a moment in danger. Far different was the situation of affairs in 1651; Cromwell was then taken unawares, and Charles had gained, by several days' march, the start of the republican army.

castle. At a somewhat later period, a division, under Fleetwood, bent its course from the south to unite with Cromwell, Lambert, and Harrison. On their way, all the commanders rallied round them the militia and trained bands of the country through which they passed, and took vigorous measures to prevent the resources of the country from falling into the hands of the enemy.

The parliament, in the meanwhile, was not idle. It strained every nerve to augment its forces, and to strike terror into the heart of the royalists. Among the measures which it took for this purpose was the passing of three acts. The first of these empowered the commissioners of the militia to raise troops and money, and revived all military commissions formerly granted by the ordinance of the legislature or the council of state. The second, which bore the title of Instructions to the Commissioners of the Militia, enacted that all dwellers within the late lines of communication should give a written statement of all ordnance, arms, and ammunition in their possession, and should not, without leave of the commissioners, dispose of any within ten days after the passing of this act; that no arms whatever should be allowed to be carried by any sequestered person, or who had been in arms for the king, or who had not taken the engagement; that a list of the names and conditions of their lodgers, should be given in by all householders; that, for the prevention of tumultuous meetings, all parents and masters of families should keep their sons and servants close to their business; and that if any of their sons or servants absented themselves from their houses for twelve hours, such parents and masters as did not give an account thereof to the commissioners of the militia, should be liable to sequestration. The last act denounced the penalties of high treason against

whoever should hold correspondence with, or afford any relief whatever to, the "traitor," Charles Stuart. Offenders against this act were to be tried by martial law. In every quarter the people responded, with at least apparent zeal, to the call of the parliament.

It was on the 6th of August that, after a march of six days from the Torwood, Charles set foot on the soil of England. He was immediately proclaimed king, at the head of the army, amidst the roar of cannon; and the ceremony was repeated, on the following day, at Penrith. "This poor place," says Lord Lauderdale, in a letter to Lord Balcarras, "has given us a day's bread and cheese, which is our first supply in England." From his letter, and those of the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Wentworth, it appears that, at this moment, the king's forces amounted to about fourteen or fifteen thousand foot, and six thousand horse; that all the rogues, as the duke irreverently calls the rigid covenanters, having left them, the army was wholly devoted to the king; that the troops were under such excellent discipline that they had not taken the worth of sixpence since their arrival; and that men enough might be procured if the king had but arms to give them. At Penrith, the son of Lord Howard of Eskrig came over, with a part of his troop, to the royal army, and was knighted by the king.

Charles halted for a day at Penrith to rest and refresh his men, and then pushed forward, by Kendal, to Lancaster. To accelerate his march as much as possible, he mounted as many of his infantry as he could find horses for. Again he halted at Ellel Moor, four miles to the south of Lancaster, and then continued his course through Preston and Wigan to Warrington, on the Mersey, which latter place he reached on the 16th of August.

In his passage through Westmoreland and Lancashire,

his army is said to have been much thinned by desertion, and to have been joined by a very small number of royalists. It must be remembered, however, that there was little time given for the friends of Charles to array themselves under his standard; his resolution to invade England having been suddenly taken, and his march pursued with considerable rapidity. At Preston he was met by the Earl of Derby, who had landed at Wyerwater, from the Isle of Man, with three hundred men, sixty of whom were cavalry. The earl took his leave of Charles at Warrington, and returned to the centre of Lancashire, to collect and organise the king's partisans in the north-western counties. In a few days he got together about fifteen hundred men, and might have become formidable to the republicans, had not his career been cut short by Colonel Robert Lilburne, who, with much inferior number, routed and utterly dispersed the royalists at Preston, before the close of the month *.

* That the partisans of Charles were numerous in the north-west of England, especially in Lancashire, is rendered certain by Colonel Lilburne's despatch relative to the engagement at Preston. "After the king's departure, the earl, with the force he headed," says Lilburne, "did not only much encourage the enemy, but also discourage all the well-affected in these counties of Lancashire and Cheshire, and whereof he thought himself wholly master, as indeed he was (none in those counties being able or daring to appear against him), and began to beat drums and raise men in all places where he came; and would have been very strong in a short time, not only through the access of many malignants, papists, and disaffected persons, but that assistance the ministers, and those called Presbyterians afforded, and would have more abundantly appeared; for they are the men who are grown here more bitter and envious against you than others of the old cavaliers' stamp. The power of the Almighty was very much seen in the total overthrow (I hope) of that wicked design which was laid and hatched not only here, but through the whole north of England, which was getting into the like posture, as you may further understand by those papers I have here sent you." He adds, "The country now begins to bring in

While Charles was speeding through Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, his indefatigable opponents were pressing forward with still greater swiftness to frustrate his designs. On the 12th of August, Cromwell crossed the Tyne at Newburn, near Newcastle, and encamped at Ryton. He was in motion again on the 14th; and on the 20th he arrived at Doncaster, a march of about a hundred and twelve miles. From the metropolis, towards which he was wending his course, he was still a hundred and sixty miles distant. It is therefore not wonderful that, at London, the citizens and the parliament felt extreme disquiet, which in some was heightened into absolute terror, and that many began to despair of the republican cause. Harrison and Lambert, meanwhile, moved with so much celerity, that they got the start of Charles. They effected their junction on the 14th in the neighbourhood of Preston, whence they continued their route to Warrington, to defend the passes of the Mersey. Their united force was eight thousand horse, a thousand dragoons, and about three thousand foot. The two generals lost no time in endeavouring to spoil the fords between Warrington and Manchester, and taking whatever other measures might contribute to retard the march of the royal army.

Harrison and Lambert did not, however, make at Warrington that vigorous defence which their preparations seemed to promise. Though they had previously resolved to accept a battle, they now deemed it prudent to decline a serious engagement in their present position. The reason assigned for this change was, that the ground was unfavourable for cavalry. Nothing more than a slight skirmish took place at the bridge, which the republicans had barricaded. The post was defended no longer

prisoners, and to show themselves to me, though before but a few appeared."

than was necessary to give the generals time to complete their arrangements for effecting a retrograde movement. They retired by the Knutsford road, avowedly with the intention of making a stand on Knutsford Moor; though it may be doubted whether they had any such purpose. The royal army crossed the Mersey impatient for action, Charles himself being at the head of the van, which consisted of his own life-guards. For some distance the royalists pressed hard upon the republican rear, but the pursuit was soon discontinued, and the republican leaders accomplished their retreat in good order, and with scarcely any loss *.

* In his Memoir of Oliver Cromwell (Lives of British Military Commanders), Mr. Gleig says, "The republicans had, moreover, by carrying the militias along with them, swelled the amount of their force to nine thousand men; and encouraged partly by that circumstance, and partly by the issue of a skirmish at Wigan, where Lord Derby sustained a defeat from Colonel Lilburne, they made a dash to destroy the bridge. But in this they failed, the advance of the royalists being already in possession; nor were they more successful in an effort to arrest the progress of the king by a show of hazarding a battle."

On more than one point, the reverend writer is evidently in error. In the first place, he understates the parliamentary force. A letter from Major-general Desborough, at Warrington, dated the day before the royal army effected the passage of the Mersey, says, "we have here some 8000 horse, 1000 dragoons, and about 3000 foot, to maintain this pass at Warrington till the general come up with his infantry, who is expected here within some three or four days, these counties being chiefly for foot service; and in the mean time, the counties from all hands are drawing up to us." Here then are twelve thousand men, which we may suppose to have hourly received some increase from the county levies. In the next place, the defeat of Lord Derby at Wigan could not have "encouraged" the republicans to defend the pass at Warrington; for this plain reason, that his lordship's defeat did not take place till the 25th of August, nine days after the Mersey had been crossed by the royal forces. Mr. Gleig also states, that Lord Derby had but 300 men, and that "he permitted himself to be surprised." It is true that, when he landed

It seems difficult to account rationally for the conduct of Charles, in not forcing the republican commanders to

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from the Isle of Man, the earl had only that number of followers; but we learn, from the despatch of Colonel Robert Lilburne, who defeated him, that his lordship had increased his force to "about 14 or 1500 strong." So far was Lilburne from surprising the earl, that he honestly avows that he "endeavoured to decline" a combat, and that he was driven to fight against his will. "The enemy," says he, "perceiving us to draw off, quickly advanced upon us with their horse and foot, which we perceiving, and that we could not go off safely enough, we fell to dispute with them, which lasted almost an hour; our horse not being able to do any service but in lanes, and they overpowering us much in foot, made the business so very difficult, that we hardly knew whose the day would be for so long."

The authors of the continuation of Sir James Mackintosh's History, and of The Lives of British Statesmen, both speak of "a momentary check" given to the Scotch army at Warrington. The republican commanders themselves, however, did not pretend to have obtained even that slight advantage.

I am at a loss to discover on what grounds Mr. Gleig asserts, it "was not the interest" of Charles to fight "thus far from the capital." It would appear, on the contrary, that it was much his interest to strike a decisive blow against one of his adversaries, while they were yet unable to act in concert, and he could attack them in succession from a central point. Separately, each of them was inferior in strength to Charles. Of Harrison, the nearest and most annoying of his pursuers, who hung close upon his flank, and cramped his movements, it was clearly the interest of Charles to disembarrass himself without delay; the more especially that Fleetwood was advancing with a force from the southern counties. As the king's infantry was more than twice as numerous as that of Harrison, and his cavalry not much weaker, he had a fair chance of being victorious. A victory gained by him would have produced a wonderful effect on the minds of his friends and his foes. His own army seems to have expected a battle. Harrison says, "As they fell on, they cried, 'Oh, you rogues! we will be with you before your Cromwell comes;' which made us think they would press to engage us with all speed." He declares, too, that "in reason it seems to be much their interest to seek out and force me to a battle before my Lord General comes up with the foot and train of artillery."—For these reasons, in addition to those which I have

come to a battle. He could not hope that a fairer opportunity would offer. The enemy were inferior in numbers, and were evidently doubtful as to the issue of a contest. Generals who felt themselves not strong enough to defend the left bank of the Mersey, approachable in that quarter by only a single bridge, and that bridge covered on the right bank by the town of Warrington, could hardly have expected to fight under better auspices in a less advantageous position. Harrison and his colleague well knew, that to detain Charles on the northern bank of the Mersey, even though the detention were but for a day or two, was an object of such importance as to justify their running some risk; and, consequently, their abandonment of this vantage ground was a proof that they were convinced of their inability to meet him in the field. But what motives can we ascribe to Charles for his having declined the combat *? It cannot be urged, that he was desirous to avoid delay, and preserve his force unbroken. If we admit that he still intended to penetrate to the capital, which, however, admits of dispute, it is obvious that, as Harrison and Lambert

urged in the narrative, I must dissent from the opinion of Mr. Gleig.

* There has, I acknowledge, been a cause assigned, which could justify the king in not having forced the republicans to a battle. Clarendon tells us, that David Lesley was low-spirited and full of fear, and assured Charles that, well as the troops looked, "they would not fight." I must take leave to consider this story as improbable. Had the Scotch army been in such a state, the king would, no doubt, have been unwise to risk a combat. But, in that case, a retreat ought to have been commenced without loss of time. Nothing less than absolute madness could have prompted Charles to render escape hopeless, by penetrating six marches farther into England, at the head of soldiers "who would not fight;" unless, indeed, having implicit faith in the proverb, that a coward driven with his back to the wall will fight the devil, he expected to make them derive courage from despair.

were interposed between London and his army, he must at last contend with them, and that, too, when their ranks had been swelled by daily reinforcements, and when his retreat, in case of failure, must be fraught with far greater peril than it now would have been.

It is no less unaccountable that Charles should have chosen for the passage of the Mersey, a spot where the width and peculiar curvature of the river, with a town in front for a bridge-head, presented serious obstacles to his attempt. Had the town been barricaded, it could not have been stormed without considerable loss, and he would still have had to carry the bridge, and dislodge the republican army. This, if I may use a familiar expression, was taking the bull by the horns; for he had no cause to suppose that the position would be passively yielded to him. There is also another reason, apparently still more cogent, which should have dissuaded him from moving in this direction. By taking the route to Warrington, he left entirely open to Lambert and Harrison their proper line of retreat, and thus enabled them to keep that start of him which they had gained by their previous rapid advance, and to unite at pleasure with the rest of the parliamentary armies. It would seem that, by a swift and stolen march to the left, from Preston, Chorley, or Wigan, he might have succeeded in crossing the Mersey some miles above Warrington, and turning the flank of his opponents. By this movement he would have cut them off from the direct road to the metropolis, and rendered almost impracticable, or at the least much retarded, their junction with Fleetwood and Cromwell. It is not improbable that, while they were thus insulated, he might have found an opportunity to strike such a blow at them as, for some time to come, would have palsied their operations.

At this moment, Charles was but a hundred and eighty-

four miles from London, while Cromwell, notwithstanding his eagerness to press forward, had not as yet proceeded further than the vicinity of the Tees, two hundred and forty miles from the metropolis. The king was at the least four days a-head, and those four days, rightly employed, might have given him a chance for the crown. Everything, however, depended upon daring, which, in some situations, is prudence. Safety is not always to be found in the middle course. But the counsels of Charles had begun to be "sicklied o'er with that pale cast of thought" which is destructive to "enterprises of great pith and moment." There can, I think, be little doubt, that at this period, if not earlier, he abandoned the plan of marching to London, and resolved to take up a position behind the Severn. In Wales, and in the counties between the Mersey and the Severn, especially in Worcestershire, he had many partisans, whom he probably hoped to rally round his standard, so as to enable him to maintain a defensive war, during the continuance of which his friends, in England and Scotland, relieved from the pressure of the republican forces, would have an opportunity of rising in his favour. Under certain circumstances, this new scheme might have been feasible; under those which actually existed, it proved fatal.

From Newcastle to Warrington, Harrison and Fleetwood had moved obliquely, in a south-western direction, to forerun the royal forces; they now desisted from their close watch upon the king, and directed their march, from the west towards the south-east, through Congleton, Leek, Cheadle, and Abbots Bromley, to the confines of Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Warwickshire, in order to put themselves in communication with the main army under Cromwell. Notwithstanding this change in their line of march, they still preserved the power of timely interposing between the king and the metropolis.

While the parliamentary leaders were retiring by the Knutsford road, the king pursued his way to Northwich, and thence to Stoke, near Nantwich, where he halted on the eighteenth. "Their councils seem very unsteady," says Harrison, who was active in procuring intelligence of all the royalist movements. From more than one cause the king was, in truth, labouring under serious embarrassment. He had discovered that the committee of ministers, or, as it was called, the presbytery of the army, were as rabidly hostile as ever to the cavaliers, and would accept of no aid except from subscribers to the covenant. Major-general Massey was then in Lancashire, soliciting the ministers of that county to exercise their influence with the people in the king's behalf; he was the bearer of a letter to them from the committee, in which letter the mischievous fanatics who wrote it had passed a sentence of proscription upon those whom they denominated malignants. Charles now wrote to Massey, desiring that he would burn this impolitic missive, and hasten back to the royal army*.

From Nantwich Charles moved forward to Blore Heath, and thence to Tong-Norton, not far from Shifnal, in Shropshire. From Tong he sent a summons to

* This letter, which was dated "From Stoke, three miles from Nantwich, August 18, late," was intercepted and published by the republicans. "Major-general Massey,—I am informed," says Charles, "that, by some mistake, a clause is added to the letter from the presbytery of the army to the ministers of Lancashire, which may be very dangerous, by breeding division amongst those that would own me: for I hear they do add to the letter a desire that consideration be taken of men's former malignancy. How dangerous this may be, and how inconsistent with a former expression of the letter of the kirk of Scotland, owning this army, I leave you to judge. Therefore I would have you burn the letter, and then I am sure it is lost, and can do no hurt. Haste you to the army, where you will be of very great use the way we are to march. I am your affectionate friend, CHARLES R."

Colonel Mackworth to surrender the town of Shrewsbury. The possession of this place would have been greatly advantageous, and he was led to believe that the governor was not ill disposed towards him. Mackworth, however, answered his summons, and rejected his offers of reward, in a decided and even contemptuous tone. Charles, therefore, continued his march to Worcester, at which city he resolved to make a stand*. In his progress through Worcestershire, the king received a considerable accession of partisans. "They have persuaded the people," says lieutenant-general Fleetwood, "that there is no such man alive as my lord-general Cromwell, and that we have no army left. Upon this account, they have had more additions of men in Worstershire than in all England besides."

It was on the 22d of August that the king, at the head of his vanguard, consisting of about five hundred horse, appeared before Worcester. The city was held

* The entrance of Charles into Worcester, and the benefit which he hoped to derive from the possession of that city, are thus stated, by the parliament, in the "Act for setting apart the 24th of October, 1651, for a day of public thanksgiving." "On the 22d of August, about noon, the enemy, with 500 horse and dragoons, entered Worcester, than which no place seemed more to answer all his ends; it being a city seated on the Severn, within twelve miles of five counties, near unto Gloucester, the forest of Dean, and South Wales, where Massey (who was a little before called off from the earl of Derby to serve this design) pretended his greatest interest to be; and, by gaining that place, the enemy well knew he should be master of all the passes upon the Severn, from Shrewsbury to Gloucester; and (there not being one hundred of the parliament's forces within twenty miles of him) he might be the more secure for refreshing his wearied men, employ his interest to get what additional strength he could from those parts, or at least make it a winter war; and thereby gain time for foreign assistance, and better opportunity for his agents to stir up tumults in England, and for the raising of a new army in Scotland under the earl of Leven, (whom he had left general there for that purpose,) to come also into England."

by a small number of militia and horse, who made a show of resistance, to give time for the removal of the magazine. Their retreat was quickened by the conduct of the townsmen, who generally declared for the king; some of the boldest of the citizens fired out of the windows upon the republicans, while the latter were striving to make head against the royal army. Finding that it was impossible to prolong the defence of the place, the slender garrison gave up the contest, and effected its retreat to Gloucester. The gates were thrown open by order of the town-council, and Charles made his entrance amidst the triumphant acclamations of his friends. He was proclaimed on the following day, and issued a manifesto, calling upon the people to rally round him. This was succeeded, two days afterwards, by a general rendezvous, in the Pitchcroft, of those who came forward in obedience to his call; they are said to have amounted to about two thousand, among whom were several persons of rank and fortune. Before the close of the month, the king was also joined by the earl of Derby, with a few royalists, who had escaped from the rout at Preston. The strength of the king's army was variously estimated, at from twelve to sixteen thousand men; the last of these estimates is perhaps the nearest to the truth.

Charles, it must be owned, was not without a rational reason for concluding that he might maintain himself in the position which he now occupied. Worcester*, situated

* A singular mistake is made by Mr. Gleig with respect to the situation of Worcester. "Having," says he, "approached his enemy from the east, Cromwell saw himself cut off from giving an immediate assault by the waters of the Severn, along the right bank of which the city of Worcester is built." He has been followed by two able writers. The author of the continuation of Sir James Mackintosh's History speaks of Worcester as being "lined by the Severn;" evidently meaning thereby that the Severn contributed to render it a defensible position against Cromwell.

on the left bank of the Severn, over which it has a bridge, connecting it with the suburb of St. John's, was a walled city, the capability of which for defence had already been manifested. In 1646, it had resisted the republican forces from March till July. From the outset of the war, it had been strongly attached to the royal cause; it was one of the first to declare for the late monarch, and the last to submit to his enemies. In its rear flows the Severn, a navigable river, nearly a hundred yards wide, on which, except that of Worcester, there was then no bridge between Bewdley and Upton, the former fourteen miles above the city, and the latter, ten below it. On the right bank, little more than two miles from Worcester, the river Teme forms, at nearly a right angle, a junction with the Severn, and covers the southern approach to the suburb. The nature of the ground on both sides of the city is not unfavourable to defensive operations. Behind the line of the Severn stretches the principality of Wales, where Charles had many zealous partisans. Independent of these circumstances, which might induce Charles to make his stand here, he was probably influenced by another consideration,—the hope of also obtaining possession of Gloucester, where Massey, who once so gallantly defended that fortress, was supposed to have considerable influence. From the confession of the republicans themselves, it appears that the safety of Gloucester was at one moment endangered.

The author of the "Lives of British Statesmen" almost copies the words of Mr. Gleig. Worcester, however, like most of the principal towns on the river in question, is *not* on the right bank of the Severn, but on the left bank, which is the eastern. Had Worcester been on the right bank, Cromwell would, no doubt, have directed his march so as to effect a passage at some point between Bridgenorth and Worcester, instead of approaching the stream at a spot where it is of greater magnitude, and was guarded by an enemy who had abundant reason to be vigilant and resolute.

But, whatever might be the natural advantages of the position which the king held, it is obvious that, unless they were promptly and skilfully turned to account, they must be of little avail. To repel the powerful army which was advancing, every military resource must be called into play. With an army not more than half as strong as that of his antagonist, it was clearly not the policy of Charles to risk everything on the issue of an immediate battle, all the chances of which were so fearfully against him; on the contrary, prudence dictated to guard with sleepless vigilance the line of the Severn, to strengthen and repair the old works of Worcester, and protect by field-works all the defensible points and approaches round the city; to weaken and tire out the enemy by a lingering and harassing warfare, and thus to gain time, which, in such cases, is among the best of allies. Opportunity and hands were not wanting for the performance of the necessary labour, there being men in abundance, and no republican troops having come up till six days had elapsed. But, says a royalist officer in his narrative, when "they came before us at Worcester the city was neither fortified nor provisioned." Fleetwood asserts, indeed, that, three days after their entrance into the city, the leaders of the royal army "were different and uncertain in their councils" as to what should be done, and that it was only in compliance with the earnest entreaties of the mayor, sheriff, and some of the aldermen, that they were prevailed on to think of fortifying the place when it was too late to do it effectually. Beyond putting into some sort of repair the work which was called the Fort Royal, no considerable progress seems to have been made in defensive measures.

The formidable opponent of the king was, meanwhile, rapidly approaching him. From Doncaster, which, as we have seen, he reached on the 20th, Cromwell, proceeding

through Nottingham, Coventry, Warwick, and Stratford-upon-Avon, arrived, on the 28th, at Evesham. Here his junction was effected with the corps of Lambert and Harrison, and with that of Fleetwood, which had marched from the southern counties by the way of Banbury and Shepstone. On the following day, the whole came in sight of Worcester, and Cromwell fixed his head-quarters at Spetchley, in the house of Judge Berkely, about two miles to the south-east of the city. On the 31st, he was further reinforced by three thousand troops, from Suffolk and Essex, under Sir Thomas Honiwood and Colonel Cooke. His strength now amounted, at the least, to thirty thousand men.

Cromwell had not been many hours before Worcester when an event occurred which was the forerunner, and in some measure the cause, of a fatal catastrophe. The highly important pass of Upton was confided to Major-General Massey, who occupied it with five hundred horse. Upton is seated on the right bank of the Severn, and is approached by a bridge, the only one between Worcester and Gloucester. On the Upton side, the bridge was commanded by a church, which stood at the termination of it. It may be supposed that nothing would have been omitted that could give security to a post of such importance. This, however, was not the case; and it is astonishing that Massey, a soldier who had acquired reputation, should, in a whole week, have done nothing to provide against attack, and at last have allowed himself to be taken by surprise. Without "any design or expectation" of being able to do more than reconnoitre, Lambert, with a body of horse, marched towards Upton on the 28th, while Cromwell was taking up his quarters at Spetchley. With equal surprise and pleasure, he found that the royalists had been as careless as an enemy could wish them to be. An arch of the bridge was, indeed, broken,

but there was a piece of timber left across it, which affordod a passage. The post was also slenderly and negligently guarded. Lambert, who had advanced with only a few men to reconnoitre, instantly saw his advantage, and seized upon it. Twenty dismounted troopers with carbines crept over the piece of timber, and took possession of the church. Massey was at length awakened to his danger, and made an attempt to dislodge the republicans. He was too late. As fast as his troops came up, Lambert dismounted them, and sent them over; and, after a short contest, Massey was wounded, and driven in disorder from the field. Not a man was lost by the assailants.* The victor did not delay a moment in send-

* This short contest at Upton has been magnified by some writers into a desperate engagement, which may almost vie with the struggles at Lodi and Arcole. Mr. Gleig thus narrates it:— "While Cromwell diverted the attention of the royalists by a display of troops opposite the town, General Lambert suddenly led a division towards Upton, of which the bridge had been cut only in part, and its defence entrusted to General Massey. Lambert attacked his opponent with inconceivable fury. Though a single plank traversed the stream, his pikemen pushed steadily onwards, while his cannon and musketeers swept the space in their front, and his cavalry made repeated attempts to gain the opposite bank by swimming. For some time the combat was maintained on both sides with great obstinacy. Massey felt that this was the key of his master's position, and he maintained it with the gallantry of a devoted partisan; but he received at last a severe wound, and was carried from the field. A panic instantly seized his troops. After having repeatedly driven the republicans from the very end of the plank, all steadiness now forsook them, and they retreated, carrying their disabled chief along with them, in the utmost confusion. In a moment Lambert had won the opposite bank; the broken arch was promptly and sufficiently repaired; and, before nightfall, 10,000 chosen men took their ground along the course of the Teme."

The author of "Lives of Eminent British Statesmen" speaks of "a desperate struggle;" and the continuator of Sir James Mackintosh's History of England asserts that the bridge "was gallantly defended; but the vigour with which Lambert charged the bridge

ing to Fleetwood for a reinforcement of foot, and, before the day was out, a large part of Fleetwood's division was established at Upton. Expecting that an effort would, of course, be made to recover a post of such vital

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with his foot, while his horse forded or swam across the river, dislodged the royalists, and put the republicans in possession of both banks."

Now, let us see how the fact really stands. As commanders are not accustomed to underrate the exploits of their own troops, we may unhesitatingly put faith in Lieutenant-General Fleetwood's description of this tremendous conflict. He thus writes from Upton, on the day after the republicans had become masters of the place: "My lords, yesterday Major-General Lambert, with *a regiment of horse from us, three troops of dragoons, and some horse from the army,* marched up *to see* the pass here, and *finding a very slender guard upon it* ordered *some few dragoons* to possess the church that commands the pass, which they accordingly did *without any considerable opposition.* Major-General Massey was here, and commanded in chief; he had not above 500 horse, besides some few dragoons with him; and though the number of ours were very inconsiderable to Massey's, yet the Lord gave them not heart *to make any great resistance, but ran away.* We killed some few of their horses and men; Massey himself wounded in his hand. This mercy which we have got, *without the least drop of blood,* is great; the Lord, I trust, will direct us to a right improvement thereof. That which we thought would have been a work of much difficulty and time in gaining the pass, the Lord hath been pleased to make easy. *As soon as our men had gained the pass, Major-General Lambert sent to me for some foot to make it good;* and accordingly I mounted about 300 behind our horse, and ordered the foot to march after us with what speed they could, which they did with so much cheerfulness that they were soon after us at this town." The statement published by the parliament is of a similar tenor. It declares explicitly that there was no "design or expectation at that time to gain the pass."

There is little of "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" in this despatch. It proves, however, among other things, that Lambert's division was not sent to attack the pass, but to reconnoitre it; that not only the pass, but also the church itself which commanded it, was carried "without any considerable opposition;" that there were no cannon "sweeping the space in front;" no re-

importance, Fleetwood prepared to make an obstinate resistance; but he was left unmolested by the royalist generals, though his position, ten miles from the main army, would have been hazardous, had it been promptly and vigorously attacked by a superior force.

While the royal army remained wholly inactive on the side of Upton, it acted with little more vigour, and no success, on the side of Worcester. An incessant fire was indeed kept up from the city, but with far more of noise than execution. "They shoot all day excessively at our horse and foot," says a republican despatch, "as if they feared never to want powder or bullets." A sally, which was attempted on the night of Cromwell's arrival, was beaten back in an almost bloodless encounter, there being only one of the besiegers wounded, and three of the assailants slain. On the following night it was determined by a council of war, at which Charles presided, that a second and more formidable sally should be made. The object of this was to drive the republicans from a house about a mile south of the city, in which they had stationed two hundred men, and also to attack a part of the camp. For this purpose, a select body of horse and

peated "attempts of cavalry to gain the opposite bank by swimming;" and no infantry, either pikemen or musketeers, "pushing steadily onward;" the skirmish having been decided by the cavalry alone, and the foot not having been sent for till they were required to secure the fruits of Lambert's success. Mr. Gleig is equally in error as to the date of this event. The capture of Upton took place on the 28th of August, and not, as he represents it, on the 3rd of September. He singularly contradicts himself, too, upon this point; for in the next page he describes Charles as ordering the bridges over the Teme to be destroyed on the 1st of September, in consequence of the loss of Upton.

In adding these notes, I have not been actuated by a fondness for cavil and censure, but merely by a desire to justify myself for having given in the text a statement which differs so much from the narratives of other writers.

foot, to the number of fifteen hundred, marched out through Silbury gate. This second effort was as bootless as the first. The republicans were informed of the design of their opponents, and did not wait for the onset. When the royalists were within two hundred yards of the post, they were met by the enemy, and compelled to retire into the city, with the loss of several men, among whom was Major Knox. He was slain in a skirmish with Colonel Fairfax's regiment. "Coming very boldly up," says an account of the action, "and leaping over a hedge, he rushed upon a stand of pikes, and so lost his life in a vapour." This sneering description is less creditable to its unchivalric writer than it is to the gallant officer whose fall it commemorates.

During the week that elapsed between his coming before Worcester and his leading the republicans into action, Cromwell was busily occupied in making arrangements to strike a decisive blow. A vigorous cannonade and bombardment were kept up against the beleaguered city. To carry into effect the plan of operations which he had formed, and which embraced both banks of the river, it was necessary for him to construct, in the vicinity of the place, a bridge over the Severn; and, as all the boats had been removed by the royalists, he was obliged to have a sufficient number conveyed on cars, from Pershore, Evesham, and other towns upon the Avon. Confident of victory, he likewise took measures to reap all its advantages; he sent Lilburne, with a thousand horse, to secure the pass at Bewdley, and despatched orders to the militia, the trained bands, and the troops in garrison, to occupy positions for intercepting the retreat of the routed enemy.

The third of September was the day chosen by Cromwell for giving battle; it was the anniversary of the victory at Dunbar. We may believe that, like Napoleon,

Cromwell thought the judicious choice of a day might inspirit his troops, and deject his antagonists, and thus tend to the gaining of another triumph; but the parliament, at a subsequent period, seems to have feared that a belief in fortunate days might be generated, and, therefore, gravely informed the people, that the conflict took place "in pursuance of former councils, the execution of which Providence had delayed till that day, without any such predetermination on their part." In such language there is at least as much vanity as piety.

It was on the right bank of the Severn, which the strange abandonment of Upton had thrown open to him, that Cromwell determined to assail the royalists. His success in that quarter would interdict all retreat, by closing against them the roads which lead to Salop, Herefordshire, and Wales. His great numerical superiority allowed him to venture upon that dividing of his forces which, had the scales been more equally balanced, would have been an impolitic and dangerous measure. A considerable portion of his army was already on the right bank, and Cromwell now ordered a bridge of boats to be thrown over the Severn, that he might render the whole of his force available in any direction. The spot selected for the bridge was about a mile south of the city, a little above the confluence of the Teme with the Severn.

Early in the morning, the troops in the neighbourhood of Upton, led by Fleetwood, Dean, Ingoldsby, Gott, and Gibbons, began their march towards the Teme, the bridges on which river had all been destroyed by the royalists. The republicans did not reach the scene of action till between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. The construction of the bridge over the Severn had, meanwhile, been going on. It was not till Fleetwood's van came in sight of the city that an alarm of the enemy's

approach was given, and orders were issued to put in motion that part of the royal army which was posted in the suburbs of St. John's. While the troops of St. John's were getting under arms, Charles himself proceeded towards the Teme, to direct Major-general Montgomery and Colonel Keith to maintain to the last the pass at Powyck, and to send a detachment to interrupt the forming of the bridge over the Severn. He then returned to Worcester.

The second and most important of the orders given by Charles was of no effect; the republicans succeeded in the difficult operation of bridging the Severn, nor does it appear that they met with any serious opposition in doing so. That the royalists should have suffered such a measure to be carried into execution while they were yet masters of the right bank, and when it would seem that the frail structure might have been shattered by merely setting heavy bodies adrift down the stream, is almost incomprehensible. As soon as the bridge was finished, reinforcements, led by Cromwell in person, poured in upon Fleetwood, and another bridge, within pistol-shot of the principal one, was speedily thrown over the Teme, beween Powyck and the Severn. The communication between the various parts of Cromwell's army was now complete.

The struggle on the Teme had commenced before the arrival of Cromwell. The royalists had lined all the hedges, from Powyck to the Severn, with musketeers, and they maintained their ground against Fleetwood with great gallantry. Every hedge and wall was obstinately disputed. The constantly increasing numbers of the republicans, and the enthusiasm inspired by the presence of Cromwell, enabled the assailants at length to drive back these outposts upon the main body, which was drawn up in Wyckfield, beyond Powyck bridge. There the royal army made a resolute stand. For two hours the

battle raged without intermission, and with no decided advantage on either side. The vigorous exertions of Cromwell, and a determined charge of his cavalry and pikemen, finally turned the scale against the royalists, and compelled them to begin their retreat. Still they withdrew in tolerable order, fighting "from hedge to hedge" as they receded. Their retreat was quickened into a rout, by the approach of another body of the enemy, which, crossing the Teme on the Hereford road, had turned their flank, and now came into action. They were closely pursued and driven over the bridge, at the foot of which the victors established themselves; and thus all egress from Worcester, on the western side, was completely closed. In this contest, Keith, among others, was taken prisoner, and Montgomery was severely wounded.

On the right bank of the Severn all was now irrecoverably lost. In this conjuncture, Charles determined upon taking a step which is the only one on the royal side, throughout the whole conflict, that wears a military aspect, or which afforded any chance of turning the fortune of the day. Calculating that the republican array on the east of the river must be much weakened by the large detachments made from it, and that the enemy would not have time to repass the Severn, he resolved to make an abrupt and impetuous attack, with the whole of his forces, upon that part of Cromwell's army which was stationed before Worcester. At this critical moment, could the bridge have been destroyed or seriously injured, there is no saying what might have been the result. Perhaps, too, the movement decided upon by Charles would have had a better prospect of success, had it been attempted before the royalists were completely overthrown on the western bank, and while the troops led by Cromwell were still indispensable to achieve the victory

in that quarter. The sudden calling away of Cromwell, in the midst of the battle, would, at least, have suspended the progress of Fleetwood, or his remaining would have tended to discourage that part of the republican army which was contending against the king.

The afternoon was far advanced when Charles "poured forth at the several gates of the city all his horse and foot" upon the enemy's positions in front of Worcester*. The main attack was made from Sidbury gate, and was led by the king, accompanied by the dukes of Hamilton and Buckingham, Lord Grandison, Sir Alexander Forbes, and many other of the English and Scottish nobility. It was soon found that the hope of having to contend with only a minor portion of the hostile bands was fallacious. The watchful Cromwell had discovered or divined the manœuvre of his royal antagonist, had repassed the Severn with a reinforcement, and was now prepared to meet the coming attack. The royalists, nevertheless, advanced with determined spirit. A sanguinary contest ensued, which was maintained by them for nearly three hours. So resolutely did they charge at the outset, that the republicans recoiled before them. To follow up, or even retain, their advantage was beyond their power. Their valour was baffled by the fatal facility which Cromwell possessed of bringing up fresh troops from the western bank of the river. Yet, even when their ammunition was expended, they continued the fight with the butt-ends of their muskets. Numbers, seconded by skill, at last prevailed, and the weary and overborne royalists began to give way. The horse were the first to fly, and

* The battle is generally represented as having raged, on both sides of the river, during the whole of the day. It seems clear, however, from the despatches of Cromwell, and the statement in the Act for a Thanksgiving, that this representation is erroneous, and that the two conflicts were not simultaneous, but successive.

their example was contagious to the foot. Cromwell did not allow time for his antagonists to rally; his victorious soldiers pressed on so furiously at the heels of their flying foes, that they drove them through Sidbury gate, and entered the city along with them. In their hot pursuit they left behind the Fort Royal, which was held by fifteen hundred men. The commanding-officer was now summoned by Cromwell, but he refused to surrender. His means of defence appear not to have been equal to his courage. The fort was directly carried by storm, the garrison was put to the sword, and a violent cannonade was opened upon the city from the guns of the captured fort.

In Worcester, meanwhile, all was confusion and dismay. It was in vain that the king rode up and down among the panic-stricken Scotch horse and foot, urging them, by every consideration of honour, royalty, and self-preservation, to rally and make a stand. Finding them deaf to all his arguments and entreaties, he despairingly exclaimed, "Shoot me dead on the spot, rather than let me live to see the sad consequences of this day!"

In various parts of the town, bands of royalists, principally English, still struggled to hold their ground, not with the hope of victory—that hope was dead—but to gain time for retiring in better order. By the gallantry of one of these bands, at the head of which were the Earl of Cleveland, Sir James Hamilton, Colonels Wogan and Carlos, and other brave men, the escape of Charles was greatly facilitated. A desperate charge which they made upon the republicans in the High Street checked his pursuers, and enabled him to mingle with the crowd of horsemen that were flying through St. Martin's Gate; yet so closely was he tracked, that he is said to have quitted a house by the back door, while his enemies were entering by the front. The last feeble effort of

the royalists was made at the town-hall, where several of them fell, and many were taken prisoners. At night-fall, three thousand of the vanquished were lying lifeless on the field of battle, and thrice that number were captives *.

When Charles found that there was no chance of rallying a sufficient force to attempt a regular retreat, he began to deliberate on the best mode of providing for his own safety. Deeming it impossible to make his way back to Scotland, and perhaps having no very strong desire to revisit that country, his first impulse was to

* The situation of the royalists, in the afternoon and evening of this disastrous day, is well described by one of the king's officers, who was an eye-witness. "His majesty," says he, "behaved very gallantly with his own regiment of horse and the Duke of Hamilton's. He broke a regiment of foot, and forced back a considerable body of their horse; but at last, our horse being overpowered, ran away, though the king strove to make them stand.

"The king being closely pursued, and our men stopping the passage, was forced to quit his horse, and climb up our half-raised mount, and there so encouraged the foot, that the enemy retired with loss. The king perceiving the enemy too numerous, and our men worsted, drew them within the walls, where it was long disputed; then the king, taking a fresh horse, rode to the cavalry, with intention to rally them, and scour the foot from the walls. But it was in vain; for Middleton was wounded; the chief horse officers dismounted, slain, or I do not know where; David Leslie rode up and down as one amazed, or seeking to fly he knew not whither;—for they were so confused, that neither threats nor intreaties could persuade them to charge with the king.

"What became of his majesty afterwards, I know not. God preserve him; for certainly a more gallant prince was never born. Towards the evening all things looked very horrid: alarms in every part of the city, and a certain report that the enemy had entered one end of the town; and we of the horse trampling one upon another, much readier to cut one another's throats than defend ourselves against the enemy. In this confusion, at last, we got out of the town, and fled as fast as we could; and in the head of us (as appeared next morning) were our two Lieutenants-General."

proceed rapidly to London, which city he hoped to reach as early as, if not before, the news of his defeat. But this scheme he could not carry into effect; for he was entangled, and hurried on in a northward direction, by the throng of fugitives. "We had such a number of beaten men with us of the horse," says the king in his narrative, "that I strove, as soon as ever it was dark, to get from them; and though I could not get them to stand by me against the enemy, I could not get rid of them, now I had a mind to it."

At length, with about sixty gentlemen and officers, among whom were the Duke of Buckingham, the Earls of Derby and Lauderdale, and Lord Wilmot, the king contrived to slip out of the main north road, "letting all the beaten men go along it," and directing his course to the right hand; "not knowing very well which way to go," says he, "for it was then too late for us to get to London on horseback, riding then directly for it; nor could we do it, because there was yet many people of quality with us that I could not get rid of."

Before they had gone many miles, they ran into a peril of which at the time they were unconscious. They took their way through a town "short of Wolverhampton," which, probably, was Stourbridge. It was at that moment occupied by a troop of the parliament cavalry. Fortunately for them, the officer in command, strangely forgetting his duty, had neglected to post any guards, so that, favoured by the night, they passed through undiscovered. It was not till afterwards that they learned the danger to which they had been exposed. A march of twenty-five miles brought them at daybreak to White Ladies, near Tonge Castle, situated between Shiffnal, in Shropshire, and the western border of Staffordshire. White Ladies was a private abode, the inhabitants of which had been described to Charles by Mr.

Gifford, one of his Salopian partisans, as being "honest people." The character was hardly deserved. There the king and his followers procured some bread and cheese, which seems to have been the first refreshment they had tasted since their overthrow at Worcester.

While they were engaged in this humble repast, a countryman brought intelligence that about three thousand of the royalist horse, with General Lesley, and some other officers, were hard by upon Tonge Heath, but all in utter disorder. On hearing these tidings, the officers, with the exception of Lord Wilmot, strongly pressed the king to join this body of troops, and endeavour to effect a retreat into Scotland. The king, however, was by no means inclined to follow their advice. He was of opinion that the country on their line of march would everywhere rise to intercept and hunt them down; and he felt no confidence in the prowess or devoted loyalty of his routed bands—"men who had deserted him when they were in good order, would not," he thought, "stand to him when they had been beaten." He therefore resolved to disguise himself, and proceed on foot to the metropolis. Lord Wilmot, who meant to take the same road on horseback—"in regard, I think (says Charles), of his being too big to go on foot"—was the only person whom he made acquainted with his resolution. In truth, all the rest of his train requested him to conceal from them his intentions, "because they knew not what they might be forced to confess." Though they had unanimously determined to join Lesley, they had evidently but little expectation of eluding their pursuers.

The misfortune which they anticipated was not slow in arriving. What Charles had foreseen actually took place. "We had no guides (says one of the royalist officers), so we often lost our way, yet reached Newport by the next morning, thirty miles on this side of Wor-

cester, and there thought to have refreshed ourselves, and marched for Scotland. But our enemies flew faster than we, and there wanted not considerable forces in every place to front us; and we were so closely pursued in the day by the army and garrison forces, and in the night by the country, that from the time we came out of Worcester till Friday in the evening that I was taken prisoner, seven miles from Preston, I nor my horse never rested. In the day we often faced the enemy, and beat their little parties back to their main body; but still those of us whose horses were tired or shot were lost, unless they could run as fast as we rode. In the night we kept close together; yet some fell asleep on their horses, or, if their horses staid behind, we might hear by their cries what the bloody country people were doing with them."

Charles, meanwhile, was beginning to carry his purpose into effect. It was at White Ladies that he assumed his disguise, and it was one of the most unking-like that can well be imagined. His hair was cut short to his ears, and his head was covered by a battered and greasy steeple-crowned hat, with turned up brims, and no lining or band. His shirt was coarse, and patched in various parts. His jerkin, of green cloth, had been on hard service till it was quite napless, and even rubbed almost white in some places. It was kept in countenance by an old leathern doublet, and equally old grey cloth breeches. On his legs, next to his skin, he had a pair of white flannel stockings, that had formerly been his boot stockings, and from which the tops were now cut off, to prevent detection. Over them was another pair, of green yarn, without feet, and plentifully darned at the knees. His heavy shoes were slashed, that he might walk with less pain; an advantage which was perhaps counterbalanced by the readiness with which

mud and gravel found an entrance into them. His hands were stained to conceal their natural whiteness, and in one of them he carried a long and crooked thorn-stick. As soon as he was thus equipped, he "flung his clothes into a privy-house, that no one might see that anybody had been stripping themselves."

When Charles had completed his metamorphosis, he sent for a countryman, named Richard Pendrell, for whose fidelity Mr. Gifford had pledged himself. There were several of the Pendrells, brothers, all of them Roman Catholics, and all staunch adherents of the fugitive sovereign. Charles had changed his clothes at the house of a Protestant rather than at one of their houses, because he meant to make a prolonged use of their services, and consequently avoided bringing suspicion upon them. One reason for his seeking refuge among Papists was, that he was aware of their having hiding-holes for priests, which he thought might serve to conceal himself in case of need.

Unlike the Pendrells, the man at whose house he disguised himself was not proof against the strong temptation of gold. "He came to one of them about two days after, asking where I was," says the king; "told him he might get a thousand pounds if they would tell, because there was that sum laid upon my head; but this Pendrell was so honest, although he knew at the time where I was, he bid him have a care what he did, for that I being got out of all reach, if they should now discover I had ever been there, they would get nothing but hanging for their pains."

It was well for Charles, therefore, that he quitted White Ladies as soon as he was attired in his rustic garb. Richard Pendrell conducted him to a neighbouring wood, near the verge of which, not far from the highway, Charles took his station, to watch whether

any pursuit was made. He had not been long there before a republican troop of horse passed by. This was the only alarm which occurred. The rain, which fell all day, was a fortunate circumstance, as it deterred the hostile scouring parties from penetrating into the wood. Here Charles remained from early morning till dark, without meat or drink, having had nothing since his hasty meal of bread and cheese. In the course of his conversation with Pendrell about going to London, he found that the countryman knew none of the gentlemen on the road to the capital. This, however, was of no consequence, as, on second thoughts, the king had changed his plan, and resolved to go over the Severn into Wales, where he had numerous friends, and whence he could procure a passage into France.

In pursuance of this new scheme, the king and Pendrell set out, after dark, to journey on foot towards the Severn, which river Charles designed to cross at a ferry, in the neighbourhood of Madely, between Bridgenorth and Shrewsbury. It was about midnight when they came near a water-mill, where they heard some people talking. Upon this Pendrell cautioned him to keep silence if any question were asked, as his not speaking in the accent of the country would betray them. "As we came near to the mill," says the king, "we could see the miller, as I believe, sitting at the mill-door, he being in white clothes. It being a very dark night, he called out, 'Who goes there?' and Richard Pendrell answered, 'Neighbours going home,' or some such like words. Whereupon the miller cried out, 'If you be neighbours stand, or else I'll knock you down.' On this, believing there was company in the house, the fellow bid me follow him close, and ran to a gate that went up a dirty lane, up a hill, and opened the gate. The miller cried out, 'Rogues! Rogues!' and thereupon some men came out

of the mill after us, who I believe were soldiers. So we fell a running, both of us up the lane, as long as we could run, it being very deep and very dirty, till at last I bid him leap over a hedge, and lie still, to hear if any body followed us, which we did, and continued lying down upon the ground about half-an-hour, when hearing nobody come, we continued our way over to the village upon the Severn."

Charles was now informed by Pendrell, that there lived in the town a loyal gentleman, Woolfe by name, who could give him a safe lodging during the day-time, because his house contained hiding-holes for priests. Fearing that this person might decline to harbour so dangerous a guest as he was, the king despatched Pendrell to inquire whether he would afford shelter to a man of quality, who dared not travel except at night. When Pendrell stated that it was one of those who had escaped from Worcester, Woolfe replied, that he would not risk his neck for any one, unless it were the king himself. Pendrell had been ordered not to mention the name of the person who sought a refuge; but the speech which he had just heard induced him, rather hazardously, to disclose the secret. Luckily, Woolfe was a staunch royalist, and he unhesitatingly declared, that he would gladly venture all he had in the world to secure his majesty. It was not, however, without much misgiving, and only because the dreaded daylight was at hand, that Charles resolved to accept the proffered service.

The information which Charles received from Woolfe was discouraging. There were at that moment two companies of militia in the town, the ferry was guarded, and every one who passed over was strictly examined. To conceal him in the house was impossible; for the hiding-holes had been discovered, and consequently, in case of suspicion arising, they would instantly be searched. The

only place where they would have a chance of being undetected was behind the hay and straw in his barn. Thither, after having eaten some cold meat, they accordingly repaired, and there they remained during the whole of the day. In the dusk they were visited by Woolfe and his son, who brought them some victuals. The latter was just come back from Shrewsbury, where he had been a prisoner. By both father and son, the king was strongly dissuaded from endeavouring to proceed towards Wales; the Severn being so jealously watched at every point where it could be crossed, that it would be impossible to elude the vigilance of the republicans. The result was, that Charles relinquished his intention of advancing in that quarter, and resumed his design of journeying to London. This change rendered it necessary for him and his guide to retrace their steps, as well for the purpose of making arrangements as to learn the motions of Lord Wilmot. "So we set out as soon as it was dark," says the king, "but as we came by the mill again, we had no mind to be questioned a second time there, and, therefore, asking Richard Pendrell whether he could swim or no, and how deep the river was, he told me it was a scurvy river, not easy to be passed in all places, and that he could not swim. So I told him, that the river being but a little one, I would undertake to help him over; upon which we went across some closes to the river side, and entering the river first to see whether I myself could go over, I found it was but a little above my middle, and thereupon taking Richard Pendrell by the hand, I helped him over."

Richard Pendrell conducted the king to a lone house, called Boscobel, which was situated close to a wood of the same name, nor far from White Ladies, and was inhabited by one of his brothers. The owner informed Charles that he had taken Lord Wilmot to the house of

Mr. Whitgrave, a Catholic loyalist, near Wolverhampton, where that nobleman would be safe. Charles learned, also, that there was at Boscobel a royalist major, named Carlos, one of the fugitives from Worcester. As he knew that this officer was trustworthy, he sent for him to consult with him, as to what was best to be done on the following day. Carlos was of opinion, that it would be equally dangerous to remain within doors or to go into the wood; the chances being that both places would be thoroughly searched. This was startling news to the king, but he was soon relieved. With that quickness of eye, and readiness of resource, which a soldier ought always to possess, Carlos had already discovered an excellent position. On an open spot, from whence all that approached could be seen at some distance, stood a large oak. The tree had been lopped about three years before, and had, in consequence, grown so thick and bushy, that the mass of foliage was impervious to the sight of a passer-by, though a person shrouded in it could see external objects. Carlos proposed that they should ensconce themselves in this tree, and the king assented to the scheme.

Having provided themselves with some bread and cheese and small beer, the king and Major Carlos took their station early in the tree, and there they remained till night. It was lucky that they had not sought refuge in the wood; as from their look-out they could perceive soldiers searching the thickest parts of the wood, and now and then peeping out, to see if any suspicious-looking individuals were visible in the neighbourhood. While the king was in the tree, one of the Pendrells went to Mosely Hall, the mansion of Mr. Whitgrave, about four miles to the north of Wolverhampton, to inquire whether Lord Wilmot was still there. He brought back word that his lordship was still there, and wished his majesty

to come, as there was a very secu[illegible]ing-hole in the house. At nightfall, therefore, t[illegible]ing, accompanied by Richard Pendrell, took his way to Mosely Hall, where he met with a warm reception. From thence he despatched Lord Wilmot to Bentley Hall, the seat of Colonel Lane, between Walsall and Wolverhampton, to consult with the colonel as to the means of reaching London. A feasible scheme for the king's escape out of the country was proposed by Colonel Lane. He had a cousin, the wife of a Mr. Norton, who lived in Somersetshire, two or three miles beyond Bristol. His plan was, that his sister should now pay a visit to their cousin, and should take his majesty with her, in the disguise of a servant. At Bristol he might readily, it was thought, find a vessel to convey him from England.

By this project, which was analogous to his own former design of obtaining a passage to France from Wales, Charles avoided the risk of visiting London. He adopted it, and the next night he went to Bentley Hall. His feet were by this time become so sore, from heavy shoes and long walking, that he was obliged to ride to Colonel Lane's. There he made a change for the better in his dress, by putting on "a kind of grey cloth suit," fit for his new character of a serving-man. On the following morning, the king on horseback, with Miss Lane behind him, a married sister of hers and her husband, and Mr. Lascelles, a cousin of the colonel, set forward on their journey. "But," says the king, "we had not gone two hours on our way before the mare I rode on cast a shoe, so we were forced to ride to get another shoe at a scattering village; and as I was holding my horse's foot, I asked the smith 'what news?' He told me there was no news, that he knew of, since that good news of beating those rogues the Scots. I asked him, were there

none of the English taken that joined with the Scots? He answered, that he did not hear that that rogue Charles Stuart was taken, but some of the others were taken, but not Charles Stuart. I told him that if that rogue was taken, he deserved to be hanged more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots. Upon which he said, I spoke like an honest man, and so we parted."

At Stratford-on-Avon the party was to divide; Windsor being the destination of Miss Lane's sister and brother-in-law. About a mile before they came to the town, a circumstance occurred which might have placed the king in jeopardy. They perceived a troop of cavalry at a short distance in front of them; the men had dismounted, and the horses were grazing by the road side. On seeing the troopers, the brother-in-law declared that he would not pass by them; he had, he said, been once or twice beaten by the parliamentary soldiers, and he would not risk being treated so again. Aware of the construction that might be put upon their sudden retrograde movement, Charles whispered to Miss Lane, that it would probably bring the troopers after them, and entreated her to prevent it. But no entreaty could prevail upon the timid gentleman to run the chance of being cudgelled. They went round to enter by another road, and came full upon the troopers, who had continued their march into the place. Either their flight had not been noticed, or it had not raised the suspicion of the officer in command, or he was less vigilant than is usual in such cases, for they passed on unquestioned.

Leaving the brother-in-law and his wife at Stratford, the rest of the travellers pursued their journey to Marston, between Stratford and Evesham, where they passed the night at a kinsman's of Colonel Lane. On the following night they slept at Cirencester, and next day they arrived in safety at Mr. Norton's, beyond Bristol.

The moment that Miss Lane entered the house of her relative she sent for the butler, and desired that he would take care of William Jackson, her attendant, who had lately been ill of an ague, and was yet weak and far from being recovered. The pale face of Charles, on whom fatigue, anxiety, and scanty food had produced their natural effect, gave the colour of truth to what she said. Pope, the butler, was a good-natured and loyal fellow, who, when Charles was a boy, had been servant to the prince's groom of the bed-chamber, and had afterwards been a trooper in the late king's army. He treated the new guest kindly, and kept him, as being an invalid, apart from the domestics. He was, however, not entrusted with the secret of the royal fugitive.

"The next morning, as we rose pretty early," says the king, "and I had a pretty good stomach, I went to the buttery hatch to get my breakfast, where I found Pope and two or three other men in the room, and we all fell to, eating bread and butter, to which he gave us very good ale and sack; and, as I was sitting there, there was one that looked like a country fellow sat just by me, who, talking, gave such a particular account of the battle of Worcester, that I concluded he must be one of Cromwell's soldiers. I asked him how he came to give so good an account of that battle; and he told me he was in the king's regiment, by which I thought he meant one Colonel King's regiment; but, questioning him further, I perceived that he had been in my regiment of guards, in Major Broughton's company, that was my major in the battle. I asked him what kind of a man I was, to which he answered by describing exactly both my clothes and horse; and looking upon me, he told me that the king was at least three fingers taller than I. Upon which I made what haste I could out of the buttery, for fear he should indeed know me;

as being more afraid when I knew he was one of our own soldiers, than when I took him for one of the enemy's."

Pope quitted the buttery along with the monarch. On their entering the hall, Mrs. Norton was passing by, and Charles, faithful to his assumed character, took off his hat, and stood with it in his hand. As he was taking it off, he observed Pope looking earnestly in his face. No suspicion was excited in his mind by this circumstance. But, in about half an hour, Lascelles entered his bed-room, in evident perturbation, and told him that, in spite of all assurances to the contrary, Pope maintained the pretended William Jackson to be the king. "Is he an honest man?" said Charles, who instantly made up his mind as to the most prudent course of action. Lascelles replied, that Pope had always been on their side, and that he dared trust him with his life. This was enough for Charles, and he ordered him to be sent for immediately.

The recognition of the king by Pope proved to be a fortunate occurrence. It seems certain that, had it not taken place, Charles would have been exposed to great danger. After thanking his majesty for his favourable opinion, and pledging himself to his service, Pope requested to know what were his plans, and warned him that, though Mr. and Mrs. Norton were good people, there were one or two in the house who were thorough rogues. The king told him that he meant to get a ship at Bristol, and desired him to go there that very day to learn whether there was one about to sail to France or Spain. He also informed him that he expected Lord Wilmot to arrive at Mr. Norton's before the day was out. Pope said, in reply, that it was lucky he happened to know his majesty; for that much mischief might have been caused by Lord Wilmot coming there openly, as

there were several people in the house by whom he was well known. His first care, therefore, was to go to meet his lordship, and lodge him at a neighbouring alehouse, till the darkness allowed him to be secretly introduced into the royal chamber. He then went to Bristol, but could hear of no vessel bound for France or Spain that would put to sea in less than a month or five weeks.

To remain so long a time in this quarter would have been hazardous for the king. He therefore consulted with Lord Wilmot and Pope, as to the step which must be taken. Pope had the merit of suggesting a place of refuge for the monarch. He stated that Colonel Francis Wyndham, a tried royalist, resided at the little village of Trent, which lies between Yeovil and Sherborne, about two miles to the north of those towns. "Being my old acquaintance, and a very honest man," says the king, "I resolved to get to his house; but the night before we were to go away, we had a misfortune that might have done us some prejudice; for Mrs. Norton, who was big with child, fell into labour and miscarried of a dead child, and was very ill, so that we could not tell how in the world to find an excuse for Miss Lane to leave her cousin in that condition; and indeed it was not safe to stay any longer there, where there was so great a resort of idle and disaffected people. At length, consulting with Mr. Lascelles, I thought the best way would be to counterfeit a letter from her father's house, old Mr. Lane's, to tell her that her father was extremely ill, and commanded her to come away immediately, for fear she should not find him alive; which letter Pope delivered so well while they were all at supper, and Miss Lane playing her part so dexterously, that all believed Mr. Lane to be in great danger, and gave his daughter the excuse to go away with me the next morning early."

The travellers passed the night at Castle Carey, and

arrived at Colonel Wyndham's on the following evening. Having lodged Charles in safety, Miss Lane and Mr. Lascelles returned to their homes in Staffordshire. The king was joined at Trent by Lord Wilmot, "whom," says he, "I still took care not to keep with me, but sent him a little before, or left him to come after me." It is probable that Charles was induced to act thus by the fear of being discovered through the indiscretion of his lordship, whom he could never persuade to put on any disguise, Wilmot always objecting that he should look frightfully in it.

A conference was speedily held, between Wilmot and Wyndham, as to the means of procuring a vessel for the king, the result of which was, that Wyndham visited Giles Strangways, a brother royalist, to learn whether he had any naval acquaintance at the western ports. Strangways had no connexion of the kind, and dared not venture on the coast to make inquiries; but he exhorted Wyndham, who was less closely watched, to seek for a ship himself, and he generously sent by him three hundred broad pieces for his majesty's use. This was a welcome supply to Charles, who had only a few shillings in his pocket, he having deemed it imprudent to carry a large sum about him, which, if he chanced to be stopped and searched, would tally but badly with his mean attire.

At length, a fair prospect seemed to open that the wanderings of Charles would be brought to a favourable close. At Lyme, Wyndham found a merchant, whom he could trust with the secret, and who hired a vessel to convey the king to France. On the day appointed by the merchant, Charles, in his disguise, with Mrs. Judith Coningsby, a cousin of Wyndham's, behind him, Lord Wilmot, Wyndham himself, and one of his servants, named Peter, proceeded to Lyme. There they were

directed by the merchant to go on to a village near a creek, at a short distance from Lyme, at which creek the passenger was to be taken on board. The wind was fair; and they sat up all night, anxiously awaiting the vessel, but she never came. In the morning, Lord Wilmot and Peter were despatched to discover the cause of the disappointment, and to ascertain whether the bark might be expected at night. In the meanwhile, Wyndham, Miss Coningsby, and Charles, went on to Bridport, where Wilmot was to rejoin them.

At Bridport they were in imminent danger of falling into the lion's mouth. "Just as we came into the town," says the king, "I could see the streets full of red coats, (Cromwell's soldiers,) being a regiment of Colonel Haynes's, one thousand five hundred men, going to embark to take Jersey. At which Frank Wyndham was very much troubled, and asked me what I would do. I told him we must go impudently into the best inn in the town, and take a chamber there, as the only thing to be done; because we should otherwise miss my Lord Wilmot, in case we went away anywhere else, and that would be very inconvenient both to him and me. So we rode directly into the best inn of the place, and found the yard full of soldiers. I alighted, and taking the horses, thought it the best way to go blundering in amongst them, and lead them through the middle of the soldiers into the stable, which I did, and they were very angry with me for my rudeness."

On entering the stable, Charles found that he had run out of one peril into a greater. Having called the ostler to assist in feeding the horses, he was greeted by him with, "Sure, Sir, I know your face." Though the king was rather startled, he preserved his presence of mind. He adroitly questioned the man as to where he came from, and learned that he had been ostler at an

inn at Exeter, near the house of a Mr. Potter, where Charles had resided in the time of the war. The king then said, that he must have been seen at Mr. Potter's, whom he served for more than a year. "'O then,' says the fellow, 'I remember you a boy there;' and with that was put off from asking any more about it; but desired we might drink a pot of ale together, which I excused, by saying, that I must go wait upon my master, and get his dinner ready for him, but told him my master was going to London, and would return about three weeks hence, when he would lay there, and I would not fail to drink a pot with him."

When dinner was over, they rode out of the town to join Lord Wilmot, whom they had seen pass by, and who had also seen them. He overtook the party, and informed the king that there had been some mistake between him and the master of the ship, but that he believed she might be ready on the next night. Not thinking it advisable to go to the village where he had set up, Charles went to another, about four miles inland. From this place he sent Peter to Lyme, to inquire whether the ship would be ready. The messenger returned with discomfortable tidings. The master of the vessel, though not in the secret, had become apprehensive of peril from the service for which he was hired, and had positively refused to perform it. Charles was, therefore, under the painful necessity of going back to the house of Colonel Wyndham.

The village of Trent was, however, no safe abode for the king. He had already had sufficient evidence as to the state of the rustics' feelings with respect to him. Hearing the bells ring one day, and seeing a mob gathering together in the churchyard, he sent a maid-servant to learn the cause. She brought word back, says Charles, "that there was a rogue, a trooper, come out of Cromwell's

army, that was telling the people he had killed me, and that that was my buff coat which he then had on. Upon which most of the village being fanatics, they were ringing the bells, and making a bonfire for joy of it."

Such being the disposition of the villagers, it is not wonderful that, after having been a fortnight among them, Charles should be desirous to change his quarters. He was, besides, "known to very many," by which, however well intentioned they might be, the chance of his being detected was materially increased. By the advice of Colonel Robert Phillips, who resided at Salisbury, the king removed to that neighbourhood. He was taken by the Colonel to Heale House, midway between Salisbury and Amesbury, the dwelling of a widow lady named Hyde. The colonel introduced him as one of his friends, but the widow knew him at first sight, though she had seen him only once, and that at a distance of several years. At supper he observed that she eyed him earnestly; but this gave him no uneasiness, as he intended to confide in her. Accordingly after supper he made himself known. Assuring him that she had an excellent hiding-place, she added, that she did not think it safe to trust any one but herself and her sister with the knowledge of his being there. She advised him, therefore, to take horse in the morning, as though he were going for good, and not to return till night, when she would contrive that all the servants should be out of the house. In compliance with this advice, Charles and Colonel Phillips rode to Stonehenge, spent the day in examining that mysterious structure, and came back to Heale at the hour which had been agreed upon. Mrs. Hyde introduced the king into his retreat, which he found to be convenient and skilfully contrived. There Charles remained alone for four or five days, his food being brought to him by Mrs. Hyde or her sister.

Ever since his disappointment at Lyme, his friends had been diligently endeavouring to procure for him the means of crossing the Channel. Robin Phillips (as the king familiarly called him) had even succeeded in engaging a vessel at Southampton; but, at the moment when he thought that every obstacle was removed, she was pressed by the parliament to carry troops to Jersey. Colonel Gunter, his friend, who lived in Sussex, was then commissioned to seek for a ship on that coast. He was fortunate enough to obtain one at Shoreham. At this time, Charles also received from Lord Southampton on offer of his services in aiding an escape. This offer was declined, the king not wishing to endanger his lordship when there was no absolute necessity for his so doing.

At two in the morning, accompanied by Colonel Phillips, Charles quitted Heale House to begin his journey to Sussex. When he had travelled about fourteen miles he was met by Colonel Gunter and Lord Wilmot. The party slept that night at Hambledon, beyond Bishops Waltham, at the house of Mr. Symonds, a brother-in-law of Colonel Gunter. Charles was still in his grey cloth suit, as a domestic, and Symonds had not been entrusted with the secret. "The master of the house was a very honest poor man," says the king, "who, while we were at supper, came, (he having all the day been playing the good fellow at an alehouse in the town,) and taking a stool, sat down with us. His brother-in-law, Colonel Gunter, talking very sullenly concerning Cromwell and all his party, he went and whispered his brother-in-law in the ear, and asked whether I was not some round-headed rogue's son, for I looked very suspiciously. Upon which Coloner Gunter answering for me, that he might trust his life in my hands, he came and took me by the hand, and drinking a

good glass of beer to me, called me brother roundhead.*"

* In his narrative, called "The last act in the miraculous Storie of his Majestie's escape," Colonel Gunter gives a more full, and much more ludicrous account, than is given by the king, of this meeting with Mr. Symonds. "In an hower's space (says he) we went to supper, being all placed promiscuously att a round table, and having halfe supt, in comes the colonel's sister's husband, Mr. Thom Symonds, whoe, as it plainly appeared, had beene in company that day. This is brave, said he; a man can noe sooner be out of the way, but his house must be taken up with I knowe not whome; and looking in the colonel's face, Is it you (said he) you are welcome; and as your friends soe they are all. Passing round the table, and viewing all the company, he said, These are all Hydes now; but peeping in the king's face, said of him, Heer's a Roundhead; and addressing his speech to the colonel, said, I never knew you keepe Roundheads' company before. To which the colonel replied, 'Tis noe matter, he is my friend, and I will assure you, noe dangerous man. Att which words, he clapt himself downe in a chaire next the king, and saying, Brother Roundhead, for his sake thou art welcome; all the whyle believing the king to be so indeede, and making himselfe (whether for feare or in courtesie) to be one too, as he could act it, the king all the whyle complying with him to all our admirations. Now and then he would sweare, before he was aware; for which the king reproved him, O dear brother, that is a scape, swear not, I beseech you. Nevertheless in that humor hee was hee plyed us hard with strong waters and beare, the king not knowing well how to avoid it; but as somebody or other when hee lookt asyde would take it out of his hand. Supper being ended, it being ten of the clock, the colonel beganne to bethinck himself, that the king had ridd nearly forty miles that day, and was to undergoe a very hard journey the next, and how to gett the king out of his company and to bed he could hardly devise. Yet the colonel whispered his kinsman in the eare, saying, I wonder how thou should judge soe right; he is a roundhead indeede, and if we could get him to bedd, the house were your owne, and we could be merry. Hee readily submitted, and the colonel presently (leaving the Lord Wilmot behinde) conducted the king and Colonel Robert Phillips (who lay in the king's chamber) to bedd."—Sir Walter Scott would have worked up into an admirable picture this sketch of the drunken cavalier and the king acting the part of a puritan. It would be no bad subject for a painter.

They began their journey at daybreak, and met with nothing noticeable till they arrived at Arundel Hill, where they came "full butt" upon the governor, Captain Morley, who was hunting. They, however, passed unmolested. When the king was told with whom they had fallen in, he laughingly replied, "I did not like his starched mustachios." At Houghton, they stopped at an alehouse, to get some bread and drink; and, as Colonel Gunter had taken the wise precaution of pocketing a couple of neats' tongues at Hambledon, they broke their fast very comfortably. "The neats' tongues," says the Colonel, "stood us in good stead, and were heartily eaten." At Bramber an incident occurred, which seemed to threaten them with shipwreck in sight of port. "We found," says Gunter, "the streets full of soldiers, on both sides the houses; whoe unluckily and unknown to mee were come thither the night before to guard; but luckily (or rather by a very special Providence) were just then come from their guard at Bramber-bridge, into the towne for refreshment. We came upon them unawares and were seene, before we suspected anything. My Lord Wilmot was ready to turne back, when I stept in and said: 'If we doe, we are undone. Let us go on boldly, and we shall not be suspected.' 'He saith well,' saith the king. I went before, hee followed, and soe passed through, without any hindrance. It was then between three and fower of the clock in the afternoone. We went on; but had not gone farre, but a new terror pursued us; the same soldiers riding after us as fast as they could. Whereupon the king gave me a hem; I slacked my pase, till they were come uppe to me, and by that tyme, the soldiers were come, whoe rudely passed by us, (being in a narrow lane) soe that we could hardly keepe our saddles for them; but passed by without any further hurt; being some thirty or forty in

number." Charles preserved his composure; but Lord Wilmot was thoroughly disconcerted by this meeting. The proximity of the soldiers so alarmed him, that he refused to stop at the neighbouring village of Beeding, where Colonel Gunter wished them to remain, at a friend's house, while he himself went forward to Brighthelmstone, to ascertain whether all was safe.

What followed till the king embarked, I will give in his own words. "When we came to the inn (the George) at Brighthelmstone, we met with one Mr. ——, the merchant who had hired the vessel, in company with her master (Nicholas Tattersal), the merchant only knowing me, having hired her only to carry over a person of quality, that was escaped from the battle of Worcester, without naming anybody; and as we were all together, viz., Robin Phillips, my Lord Wilmot, the merchant, and the master of the vessel, and I, I observed that the master of the vessel looked very hard on me. As soon as we had supped, the master called the merchant aside, and told him he had not dealt fair with him; for though he had given him a very good price for the carrying over that gentleman, yet he had not been clear with him; 'for,' says he, 'he is the king, as I very well know him to be so;' upon which, the merchant denying it, saying that he was mistaken, the master answered, 'I know him very well; for he took my ship, together with other fishing vessels, at Brighthelmstone, in 1648;' —which was when I commanded the king my father's fleet, and I very kindly let them go again. 'But,' says he, 'be not troubled at it, for I think I do God and my country good service in preserving the king; and, by the grace of God, I will venture my life and all for him, and set him safe on shore, if I can, in France.'* Upon

* Loyal as Tattersal appears to have been, Colonel Gunter, who apparently was rather prejudiced against him, repre[illegible] him as

which the merchant came and told me what had passed between them, and I therefore found myself under the necessity of trusting him; but I took no kind of notice of it presently to him; but, thinking it not convenient to let him go home, lest he should be asking advice of his wife, or any one else, we kept him at the inn, and sat up all night drinking beer, and taking tobacco with him.

"And here I run another great danger, as being confident I was known by the master of the inn (whose name was Smith). For as I was standing, after supper, by the fireside, leaning my hand upon a chair, and all the rest of the family being gone into another room, the master of the house came in, and fell a-talking with me, and just as he was looking about, and saw there was nobody in the room, he upon a sudden kissed my hand, that was upon the back of the chair, and said to me,—'God bless you, wherever you go. I doubt not, before I die, but to be a lord, and my wife a lady.' So I laughed, and went away into the next room, not desiring then any further discourse with him, there being no remedy against my being known by him, and more discourse might have raised suspicion. On which consideration, I thought it best to trust him on that matter; and he proved honest.

"About four in the morning, myself and the company before named (and also Colonel Gunter) went towards Shoreham, taking the master of the ship with us, on horseback, behind one of our company, and came to the vessel's side, which was not above sixty tons. But it

driving a hard bargain with respect to the passage-money, and insisting upon a bond to secure the value of the vessel, in case of its being lost. He admits, however, that at last Tattersal manifested much good will, and said, that "carry them he would, whatever became of it; and before he would be taken, he would run his boat under the water."

being low water, and the vessel lying dry, I and my Lord Wilmot got up a ladder into her, and went and lay down in the little cabin till the tide came to fetch us off; but I was no sooner got into the ship, and lain down upon the bed, but the master came into me, fell down upon his knees, and kissed my hand, telling me that he knew me very well, and that he would venture life, and all that he had in the world, to set me down safe in France.

"So about seven in the morning (October 15), it being high-water, we went out of the port, but the master being bound for Pool, laden with sea-coal, because he would not have it seen from Shoreham that he did not go his intended voyage, stood all the day, with a very easy sail, towards the Isle of Wight, only my Lord Wilmot and myself of my company on board. And as we were sailing the master came to me, and desired me to persuade his men to use their endeavour (with me) to get him to set us on shore in France, the better to cover him from any suspicion thereof. Upon which I sent to the men which were forward a boy, and told them truly, that we were two merchants, that had had some misfortunes, and were a little in debt; that we had some money owing us at Rouen, in France, and were afraid of being arrested in England; that if they would persuade the master (the wind being very fair) to give us a trip over to Dieppe, or one of the ports near Rouen, they would oblige us very much; and with that I gave 'em twenty shillings to drink, upon which they undertook to second me, if I would propose it to their master. So I went to the master, and told him our condition, and that if he would give us a trip over to France, we would give him a consideration for it; upon which he counterfeited a difficulty, saying it would hinder his voyage; but his men, as they had promised,

joined their persuasions to ours, and at last he yielded to set us over."

At five o'clock in the afternoon, being then off the Isle of Wight, the master put the helm about, and steered direct for the French coast. It was near break of day when the welcome land first came in sight. But they were destined to have one fright more. The tide failing, and the wind going round to the southward, they were obliged to cast anchor, within two miles of the shore. While they were in this situation, a vessel was seen to leeward, which, from 'her nimble working,' they suspected to be an Ostend privateer. France and Spain were then at war, and Charles feared that, finding them off a French port, the Spanish privateer might seize and carry them to England, or that Tattersal might sail back again, to avoid being captured. To prevent such a disaster, Charles determined not to wait for the rising of the tide, but to quit the ship as soon as possible. They were accordingly conveyed to the shore in the cockboat, which landed them at Fecamp, in the province of Normandy. Their fears were groundless; for the supposed privateer turned out to be a French sloop*.

Having procured horses at Fecamp, the king and his

* After the Restoration, Tattersal is said to have hit upon an ingenious plan to bring himself to the king's recollection. He brought up the Thames, and moored opposite to Whitehall, the vessel in which he had conveyed Charles to France. His plan was successful. He received a pension of £100 per annum, and was made a captain in the royal navy. He died in 1674, and was buried in St. Nicholas Churchyard, at Brighton. His epitaph, which, in execrable verse, gravely tells us that "he preserved the church, the crown, the nation;" that "all the world was in debt to his memory," for saving "Charles the Great;" and that "earth could not reward the worth him given;" can scarcely fail to excite a bitter smile, when we call to mind the many circumstances that brand with indelible disgrace the reign of Charles the Second!

companion hastened onward to Rouen. Their appearance was evidently not calculated to gain for them a favourable reception from a Norman innkeeper. They went to an inn in the fish-market, one of the best in the city, "where," says Charles, "they made a difficulty to receive us, taking us, by our clothes, to be some thieves, or persons who had been doing some very ill thing, until Mr. Sanbourne, a merchant for whom I sent, came and answered for us." At Rouen, they stayed for a day, to provide themselves with more seemly attire, and then proceeded to Paris, near which city they were met by the Queen-dowager, Henrietta Maria, with whom they made their entrance into the French capital.

THE ESCAPE OF THE EARL OF NITHSDALE.

In the rebellion of 1715, the object of which was to place on the throne the son of James the Second, several Scottish peers were involved. Among them was William Maxwell, Earl of Nithsdale. He was taken prisoner at Preston, brought to trial early in 1716, and found guilty of high treason. Nithsdale was a descendant from the brave Sir Eustace Maxwell, who distinguished himself by his unalterable fidelity to the cause of Robert Bruce. The subsequent Maxwells seem to have been as firmly attached to the Stuart family, as their ancestor had been to the Bruce. During the Civil War, between Charles the First and the Parliament, two of the earls Nithsdale bore arms, and took a very active part, on the side of the monarch. It is chiefly to this circumstance, and to his being a catholic, that the wife of Earl William attributes the severity which was experienced by her husband. "He being," says she, "a Roman catholic upon the frontiers of Scotland, who headed a very considerable party, —a man whose family had always signalised itself by its loyalty to the royal House of Stuart, and who was the only support of the catholics against the inveteracy of the whigs, who were very numerous in that part of Scotland—would become an agreeable sacrifice to the opposite party. They still retained a lively remembrance of his grandfather, who defended his own castle of Caerlaverock to the very last extremity, and surrendered it up only by the express command of his royal master. Now, having his grandson in their power, they were determined not to let him escape from their hands."

The surrender of Preston took place in the middle of

November. Winter had set in with great rigour before the countess received the melancholy tidings that her husband was in the Tower, and that his life was in imminent danger. She heard, too, that he had manifested the utmost anxiety to have the consolation of seeing her. In those days when conveyances were of the most imperfect kind, a hasty journey to the British capital, at such a dreary season, was no light undertaking. But, consulting only her affection, this noble-spirited woman set off without delay. She rode to Newcastle, whence she proceeded to York by the stage. On her arrival at York, the country was covered to such a depth with snow, and the weather was so inclement, that it was impossible for the stage to continue its progress. Even the mail could not be forwarded. But, while her husband stood in need of comfort and succour, she was not to be stopped by the formidable obstacles which were opposed to her. She resolutely took horse; and, though the snow was generally above the horse's girths, she reached London, "safe and sound, and without any accident."

But, though she had happily accomplished her toilsome journey, there were still serious difficulties to be overcome. On her applying to the government to be allowed to see her husband, she met with a repulse; she was told that her wish could not be granted, unless she would consent to be shut up with him in the Tower. To this, however, she would not submit; and she assigned as her reason, that she was in a state of health which would not suffer her to undergo confinement. Her real motive for refusing was, that her being thus secluded would prevent her from soliciting in her husband's behalf, and, which was of far more importance, would render abortive a scheme which she had already formed to effect his escape. The negative which she had received

from the government did not prevent her from obtaining frequent interviews with her husband. "By bribing the guards," says she, "I often contrived to see my lord, till the day upon which the prisoners were condemned; after that, we were allowed, for the last week, to see and take our leave of them."

As soon as she arrived in London, she began her exertions to ward off the danger which impended over the man whom she loved. Her first applications were made to persons in office, or possessing political influence. The result would have disheartened any one less determined than she was to persevere. Not a single individual held out to her the slightest hopes. From every mouth she heard the dreadful assurance that, though some of the captives would be pardoned, it was absolutely certain that Lord Nithsdale would not be included in the number.

From a direct appeal to the sovereign there was little or no prospect of benefit. George the First is said to have expressly prohibited any petition being conveyed into his hands from the earl, and even to have taken precautions to avoid a personal supplication being made to him. Lord Nithsdale, however, was extremely anxious that the king should receive one; not, it appears, merely for his own sake, but because he flattered himself that it might excite an interest in favour of his wife. Though the countess felt convinced that the step would be unavailing, she consented to make the trial, for the purpose of satisfying her husband. "So the first day that I heard the king was to go to the drawing-room, (says Lady Nithsdale,) I dressed myself in black, as if I had been mourning, and sent for Mrs. Morgan (the same who accompanied me to the Tower); because, as I did not know his majesty personally, I might have mistaken some other person for him. She stayed by me, and told

me when he was coming. I had another lady with me (Lady Nairn), and we three remained in a room between the king's apartments and the drawing-room; so that he was obliged to go through it: and, as there were three windows in it, we sat in the middle one, that I might have time enough to meet him before he could pass. I threw myself at his feet, and told him in French, that I was the unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale, that he might not pretend to be ignorant of my person. But perceiving that he wanted to go off without receiving my petition, I caught hold of the skirt of his coat, that he might stop and hear me. He endeavoured to escape out of my hands; but I kept such strong hold, that he dragged me on my knees from the middle of the room to the very door of the drawing-room. At last, one of the blue ribbons, who attended his majesty, took me round the waist, while another wrested the coat out of my hands. The petition, which I had endeavoured to thrust into his pocket, fell down in the scuffle, and I almost fainted away through grief and disappointment. One of the gentlemen in waiting picked up the petition; and, as I knew that it ought to have been given to the Lord of the Bedchamber who was then in waiting, I wrote to him, and entreated him to do me the favour to read the petition which I had had the honour to present to his majesty. Fortunately for me it happened to be my Lord Dorset, with whom Mrs. Morgan was very intimate. Accordingly, she went into the drawing-room, and delivered him the letter, which he received very graciously. He could not read it then, as he was at cards with the prince; but, as soon as ever the game was over, he read it, and behaved, as I afterwards learned, with the warmest zeal for my interest, and was seconded by the Duke of Montrose, who had seen me in the antechamber, and wanted to speak to me. But I made him a sign not to come near me, lest

his acquaintance might thwart my designs. They read over the petition several times, but without any success; but it became the topic of their conversation the rest of the evening; and the harshness with which I had been treated soon spread abroad, not much to the honour of the king."

This abortive supplication seems to have even accelerated the fate of the condemned peers. It was made on Monday, the 13th of February, and on the Thursday or Friday following, it was resolved in council, that the sentence passed on the delinquents should be carried into effect. The needful preliminary warrants and orders to the lieutenant of the Tower, and to the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, were accordingly issued on Saturday.

While these matters were in progress, the Countess of Derwentwater, accompanied by the Duchesses of Cleveland and Bolton, and several other ladies of the highest rank, succeeded in obtaining a private audience with the king, and implored his clemency for her husband. She was suffered to speak, but her prayers were in vain.

There was yet one resource left. It was, indeed, a weak one; but we know that the man who is drowning will catch at a straw. This was to petition the two houses of parliament, to intercede for the criminals. On the 21st of February, the wives of the doomed lords, with about twenty more women of rank, went to the parliament-house to present petitions, and solicit the members as they entered. Nothing, however, was done by either assembly on that day. On the ensuing morning, the mournful band of wives, with an increased number of female friends, again stationed themselves in the lobbies, to win the votes of the members. This measure produced considerable effect. Many were moved

by the tears and pleadings of the melancholy supplicants. He is little to be envied who could witness a woman's grief without feeling his heart relent.

In the commons the petitions were presented by Sir Richard Steele, Mr. Shippen, and others; all of whom strenuously exerted themselves to turn the scale on the side of mercy. The speech of Sir Richard Steele, in particular, was copious and forcible. It must have been powerful in its effect; for it drew down on him the virulent abuse and slander of the ministerial journals. The motion to address the king in favour of the delinquents, was hotly opposed by the ministers and the staunchest of their adherents. Walpole spoke with a violence which did no credit to him. He scarcely stopped short of stigmatising as traitors, all who wished the king to exercise in this instance his prerogative of pardoning. His anger was, doubtless, heightened by finding that many who usually voted with him, were resolved not to do so in the present case. Fearing that, if the question of an address were put to the vote, he should be left in a minority, he moved an adjournment for a week. Even this point he could carry by a majority of only seven votes out of three hundred and seventeen; there being one hundred and sixty-two in the affirmative, and one hundred and fifty-five in the negative. But, by his success, he closed one avenue to the gates of mercy.

The struggle was still more vigorously made in the upper house. Many of the lords had been gained over by female eloquence. "I went (says the countess), in company of most of the ladies of quality who were then in town, to solicit the interest of the lords as they were going to the house. They all behaved to me with great civility, but particularly my Lord Pembroke, who, though he desired me not to speak to him, yet promised

to employ his interest in our favour, and honourably kept his word, for he spoke in the house very strongly in our behalf."

A long and animated debate took place on the question of whether the petitions should be read. The permitting them to be read was vehemently opposed by the ministers and their friends. The reading was, nevertheless, carried in the affirmative, though by a small majority. This result seems to have been produced chiefly by the favourable speech of the Earl of Nottingham, the president of the council, which drew several of the peers to follow his example. Foiled in this point, the opponents of the petitions next contended, that the sovereign had no power to pardon or reprieve persons who had been sentenced under an impeachment. But here, again, they failed; it being decided that the disputed power was possessed by the king. Lord Pembroke had a principal share in producing this decision.

Having thus far succeeded, the advocates of the condemned peers moved that an address should be presented to his majesty, entreating him to grant a respite to the convicted lords. But, to render nugatory all that had been done, the opposite party moved as an amendment, that his majesty should be requested to reprieve such of the guilty peers as should deserve his mercy. This was, in fact, proposing to send to the block the only delinquents who were in danger; it being well known that their companions would be spared. This amendment was carried; as was also another, that the time of the respite should be left to his majesty's wisdom and discretion. The address was presented on the same evening; and the king replied, that, on this and other occasions, he would do as he thought most consistent with the dignity of his crown and the safety of his people.

The meaning of the king's words did not long remain ambiguous. On the evening of the next day, the 23rd of February, a council was held to decide upon, or rather to announce, the fate of the prisoners. A respite was granted to the Earl of Carnwath, and the Lords Widdrington and Nairn; but orders were given to execute the Earls of Derwentwater and Nithsdale, and Viscount Kenmure, on the following morning. At the council, a disagreement on this subject is said to have arisen between the Earl of Nottingham and some of his fellow councillors. His voting for lenient measures was so highly resented by the court, that, before the end of the month, his lordship himself, his brother, the Earl of Aylesford, his son, Lord French, and his nephew, Lord Guernsey, were all dismissed from their offices.

From the very first, the Countess of Nithsdale had placed but little reliance upon the royal clemency, and had busied herself in devising the means for his escape. But, as soon as she heard the turn which the debate had taken in the House of Peers, she saw clearly that her husband must expect no favour from the government. "The salvo, (says this high-spirited woman), quite blasted all my hopes; for I was assured it aimed at the exclusion of those who should refuse to subscribe to the petition, which was a thing I knew my lord would never submit to; nor, in fact, could I wish him to preserve his life on such terms." There remained, therefore, no other resource than to carry into effect, without delay, the scheme which she had formed to save him. She had less than four-and-twenty hours in which to accomplish her purpose. If, within that short time, she could not rescue her husband, his death was inevitable. With what admirable skill and presence of mind she achieved her arduous task, shall be told in her own words.

"As the motion had passed generally, I thought I

could draw some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly, I immediately left the House of Lords, and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed, that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoner. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the lords and his majesty, though it was but trifling; for I thought, that, if I were too liberal on the occasion, they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good humour and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution.

"The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having so many things on my hands to put in readiness; but in the evening, when all was ready, I sent for Mrs. Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned; and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had everything in readiness, and that I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent for a Mrs. Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans had introduced me, which I looked upon as a very singular happiness. I immediately communicated my resolution to her. She was of a very tall and slender make; so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood, one that I had prepared for Mrs. Mills, as she was to lend hers to my lord, that in coming out, he might be taken for her. Mrs. Mills was then with child; so that she was not only of the same height, but nearly the same size as my lord. When we were in the coach, I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect.

Their surprise and astonishment, when I first opened my design to them, had made them consent without ever thinking of the consequences. On our arrival in the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs. Morgan; for I was only allowed to take in one at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs. Mills, when she left her own behind her. When Mrs. Morgan had taken off what she had brought for my purpose, I conducted her back to the stair-case; and, in going, I begged her to send me in my maid to dress me; that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she was going to bid her last farewell to a friend on the eve of his execution. I had, indeed, desired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark, and very thick: however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of hers, to disguise his with. I also bought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as hers; and I painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not had time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been; and the more so, as they were persuaded, from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand and led her out of my lord's chamber; and, in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with

all the concern imaginable, I said, 'My dear Mrs. Catherine, go in all haste, and send me my waiting-maid, she certainly cannot reflect how late it is: she forgets that I am to present a petition to-night, and if I let slip this opportunity I am undone; for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible; for I shall be on thorns till she comes.' Everybody in the room, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly; and the sentinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out I returned back to my lord and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs. Mills did not go out crying, as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and afflicted; and the more so, because he had the same dress she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats, excepting one, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us; so I resolved to set off. I went out, leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I, 'My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God run quickly and bring her with you. You know my lodging, and, if ever you made despatch in your life, do it at present. I am almost distracted with this disappointment.' The guards opened the doors, and I went down stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his walk; but I still continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr. Mills to be in readiness before the Tower, to conduct

him to some place of safety, in case he succeeded. He looked upon the affair so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment, when he saw us, threw him into such consternation, that he was almost out of himself; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him anything, lest he should mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends, on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him, and left him with them, she returned to find Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment. They went home together, and having found a place of security, they conducted him to it.

"In the mean while, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up stairs, and go back to my lord's room, in the same feigned anxiety of being too late; so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathise with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my lord's voice, as nearly as I could imitate it. I walked up and down, as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door, and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said; but held it so close, that they could not look in. I bid my lord a formal farewell for that night; and added, that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles; that I saw no other remedy than to go in person; that if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured

that I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance to the Tower; and I flattered myself I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry candles in to his master till my lord sent for him, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went down stairs, and called a coach, as there were several on the stand. I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr. Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case my attempt failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies, but that I did not know where he was.

"I discharged the coach, and sent for a sedan-chair, and went to the Duchess of Buccleugh, who expected me about that time, as I had begged of her to present the petition for me, having taken my precautions against all events. I asked if she were at home; and they answered, that she expected me, and had another duchess with her. I refused to go up stairs, as she had company with her, and I was not in a condition to see any other company. I begged to be shown into a chamber below stairs, and that they would have the goodness to send her grace's maid to me, having something to say to her. I had discharged the chair, lest I might be pursued and watched. When the maid came in, I desired her to present my most humble respects to her grace, who they told me had company with her, and to acquaint her that this was my only reason for not coming up stairs. I also charged her with my sincerest thanks for her kind offer to accompany me when I went to present my

petition. I added, that she might spare herself any further trouble, as it was now judged more advisable to present one general petition in the name of all; however, that I should never be unmindful of my particular obligations to her grace, which I would return very soon to acknowledge in person.

"I then desired one of the servants to call a chair, and I went to the Duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distresses. When I arrived, she left her company to deny herself, not being able to see me under the affliction which she judged me to be in. By mistake, however, I was admitted; so there was no remedy. She came to me; and, as my heart was in an ecstacy of joy, I expressed it in my countenance as she entered the room. I ran up to her in the transport of my joy. She appeared to be exceedingly shocked and frighted; and has since confessed to me, that she apprehended my trouble had thrown me out of myself, till I communicated my happiness to her. She then advised me to retire to some place of security; for that the king was highly displeased, and even enraged, at the petition I had presented to him, and had complained of it severely. I sent for another chair; for I always discharged them immediately, lest I might be pursued. Her grace said she would go to court, to see how the news of my lord's escape was received. When the news was brought to the king, he flew into an excess of passion, and said he was betrayed, for it could not have been done without some confederacy. He instantly despatched two persons to the Tower, to see that the other prisoners were secure, lest they should follow the example. Some threw the blame upon one, some upon another. The duchess was the only one at court who knew it.

"When I left the duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to

acquaint me where my lord was. She got thither some few minutes after me, and told me, that when she had seen him secure, she went in search of Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment; that he had returned to her house, where she had found him; and that he had removed my lord from the first place, where she had desired him to wait, to the house of a poor woman, directly opposite to the guard-house. She had but one small room up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine, and some bread, and Mrs. Mills brought us some more in her pocket the next day. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday till Saturday night, when Mrs. Mills came and conducted my lord to the Venetian ambassador's. We did not communicate the affair to his excellency, but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which day the ambassador's coach-and-six was to go down to Dover to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery, and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr. Mitchell, (which was the name of the ambassador's servant,) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short, that the captain threw out this reflection, that the wind could not have served better if his passengers had been flying for their lives—little thinking it to be really the case."

The courage and conduct of this devotedly affectionate wife had secured her husband's safety, but had endangered her own. George the First had none of those fine and chivalrous feelings which induce their possessor to admire a noble action, even though his own plans may have been frustrated by it. He was already much irritated by her pertinacious attempt to force the *petition upon him*, and this additional and still worse

offence—for such he would undoubtedly deem it—could not fail to rouse his utmost anger. She, therefore, deemed it prudent to keep out of harm's way till the storm was blown over, and she did not hesitate to dissimulate a little, in order to further her purpose. "For my part," says she, "I absconded to the house of a very honest man in Drury-lane, where I remained till I was assured of my lord's safe arrival on the Continent. I then wrote to the Duchess of Buccleugh, (everybody thought till then that I was gone off with my lord,) to tell her that I understood I was suspected of having contrived my lord's escape, as was very natural to suppose; that, if I could have been happy enough to have done it, I should be flattered to have the merit of it attributed to me; but that a bare suspicion, without proof, could never be a sufficient ground for my being punished for a supposed offence, though it might be motive enough to me to provide a place of security; so I entreated her to procure leave for me to go with safety about my business. So far from granting my request, they were resolved to secure me, if possible. After several debates, Mr. Solicitor-General, (Mr. Fortescue Aland,) who was an utter stranger to me, had the humanity to say, that, since I showed so much respect to government as not to appear in public, it would be cruel to make any search after me: upon which it was decided, that, if I remained concealed, no further search should be made; but that, if I appeared either in England or Scotland, I should be secured."

This scanty portion of kindness was of no benefit whatever to the countess. "It was not," says she, "sufficient for me, unless I would submit to expose my son to beggary." With her wonted spirit she determined that, "having already risked her life for the safety of the father, she would once more hazard it for the fortune of the child." She had been summoned

in such haste from Scotland, that she had no time to make arrangements before she set off for London. The family papers were then in her hands, and there was no one in whose custody she could venture to trust them. Her avowal, that "God knows what might have transpired from them if they had been found," sufficiently proves that they did not consist merely of family parchments and deeds. She had no doubt that the house would be searched; and, in fact, it was so immediately after her departure. In this emergency, she had no other alternative than to conceal the documents under ground, with other things of value. The gardener was the only person who was entrusted with the secret of their hiding-place.

Though the papers were deposited beyond the reach of Nithsdale's enemies, they were by no means in safety. It was doubtful whether they might not have been irreparably injured by the late severe winter, and it was certain that they could not long remain under ground without almost a certainty of being destroyed. The countess, therefore, determined to brave every danger to save them. In truth, the danger was not trifling; for her person was perfectly well known at all the considerable inns upon the north road. Having bought three saddle-horses for herself, her favourite attendant, Mrs. Evans, and a trusty servant, she set out on her toilsome and perilous expedition. The fatigue of traversing between three and four hundred miles of country, through villanous roads, must have been extreme to a delicate female who was unused to riding—for, except in her recent journey to London, she had never travelled on horseback. But her spirit rose above obstacles which some would have recoiled from as being insurmountable. To elude observation, she put up at the most obscure and retired inns she could find, where she had never been seen; and this precaution was so effectual, that she

reached Traquair, in Peebles-shire, without having been recognised or molested.

At Traquair the countess ventured to rest herself for two days. The lord-lieutenant of the county was a friend of the earl, and she was certain that he would not allow any search to be made for her till he had given her warning to abscond. She then proceeded to her house, giving out, at the same time, that she was doing so by permission of the government. To keep up the deception of her conduct being authorised, she invited all her neighbours to visit her. At night she disinterred the papers, and sent them off to Traquair. Fortunately they had sustained no injury. She was, however, not a moment too early, as her neighbours began to entertain suspicions with respect to her. It was lucky that she was made aware of these suspicions before any steps had been taken to act upon them. "By a very favourable accident (says she), one of them was overheard to say to the magistrates of Dumfries, that the next day they would insist upon seeing my leave from government. This was bruited about; and when I was told of it, I expressed my surprise that they had been so backward in coming to pay their respects; but, said I, better late than never: be sure to tell them that they shall be welcome whenever they choose to come. This was after dinner; but I lost no time to put everything in readiness, but with all possible secrecy; and the next morning before daybreak I set off again for London with the same attendants; and, as before, I put up at the smallest inns, and arrived safe once more."

The disapprobation, which was widely expressed with regard to the king's want of feeling when he was personally supplicated by Lady Nithsdale, had excited in his mind an inveterate antipathy against her. This was manifested in various ways. When he was petitioned for dower by the widows of the peers who had been

found guilty of treason, he granted the request, with only one exception; that exception was the Countess of Nithsdale, whom he declared not to be entitled to the same privilege. He is even said to have forbidden her name to be uttered in his presence. Her visit to Scotland of course increased his wrath. His intellect, at least as far as relates to moral perceptions, must have been of more than common obtuseness, not to comprehend that a woman in her situation deserved praise for acts which, in any other of his subjects, would doubtless have been criminal. Pardon he might not, perhaps, have been able to grant to the offending husband, but to his sympathy the devoted and despairing wife had an undeniable claim. But, on the contrary, his rage appears to have been absolutely rabid. "A lady informed me (says Lady Nithsdale), that the king was extremely incensed at the news; that he had issued orders to have me arrested; adding, that I did whatever I pleased in despite of all his designs; and that I had given him more trouble than any woman in all Europe. For which reasons I kept myself as closely concealed as possible, till the heat of these rumours had abated. In the meanwhile I took the opinion of a very famous lawyer, who was a man of the strictest probity; he advised me to go off as soon as they had ceased searching for me. I followed his advice; and, about a fortnight after, I escaped without any accident whatever."

The life which this admirable woman had braved so much peril to preserve, was protracted for a long course of years. Lord Nithsdale died at Rome in 1744; fortunate in not living to lament that his native country was again deluged with the blood of its brave but mistaken inhabitants. The countess died in 1749, in the same city. If her feelings were not blunted by age, her having survived at once her husband and the hopes of *the Stuart race*, must have been a sore trial for her.

THE PERILS OF STANISLAUS LECZINSKI, KING OF POLAND.

Few individuals have experienced more vicissitudes, or encountered more perils, and few, if any, have borne them with more equanimity and fortitude, than Stanislaus the First, surnamed Leczinski, who forms the subject of this brief narrative. His family was originally Bohemian, and allied to the sovereigns of Bohemia; but the branch from which he descended was established in Poland during the reign of Mieceslas, before the close of the tenth century. One of his ancestors was the founder of Leczno, and from that town the race derived the name of Leczinski.

Stanislaus was born on the 20th of October, 1677, at Lemberg, then the capital of the Polish district called Red Russia, as it now is of the Austrian province of Gallicia. Raphael, his father, who held several eminent offices, was an accomplished and high-minded man, who spared no pains in the mental and corporeal training of his son. As though the future hardships of the youthful Stanislaus had been foreseen, he was taught to be patient of hunger and thirst, heat and cold. His frame was invigorated by exercise, and a straw mattress was his only couch. Equal care was taken to cultivate his intellectual powers. By the time that he was seventeen, he was thoroughly acquainted with the Latin, French, and Italian languages; he conversed and wrote elegantly, both prose and verse, in his mother tongue; he had studied eloquence in the pages of the Greek and Roman orators, and had attained a proficiency in mathematics and mechanics. The whole was perfected by extensive travel through foreign lands.

Stanislaus was early initiated into public affairs; he filled several important charges; and gained universal applause by his virtues, talents, and manners. The panegyrical language which is lavished on him by Bishop Zalucki sounds like rhetorical exaggeration; but the man whom a grave ecclesiastic could describe as "the ornament of Poland," and "the delight of the human race," must have possessed qualities of no ordinary kind.

In 1704, Stanislaus was suddenly raised to a station which his virtues and abilities qualified him to fill with honour to himself and advantage to millions; but which adverse circumstances rendered a fertile cause of calamity to himself and to his country. For his unenviable preferment he was indebted to the misconduct of Augustus the Second, the reigning king of Poland. That prince, by his unconstitutional proceedings, and by his wantonly bringing upon Poland the formidable enmity of Charles the Twelfth, had rendered himself obnoxious to a large majority of his subjects, who were in open hostility against him. Charles had resolved to dethrone him, and Charles was not a man to change his purpose; his resolves were like the laws of the Medes and Persians. It was originally his intention to transfer the sceptre to James Sobieski, eldest son of the great Sobieski; but Augustus having seized and imprisoned the prince and his brother Constantine, and the other brother, Alexander, having refused to accept the diadem to their prejudice, the Swedish monarch was obliged to look elsewhere for a substitute. While he was hesitating as to his choice, Stanislaus, who was then palatine of Posnania, was deputed to confer with him on the part of the confederated Poles. In the conferences which ensued, the palatine displayed such maturity of talent, knowledge of state affairs, and captivation of manner, that Charles exclaimed to two of his generals, "that is the man to be king."

The Polish diet elected Stanislaus, and his title was recognised by several of the principal European powers. Augustus made vigorous efforts to recover the sovereignty; but repeated defeats compelled him, in 1706, to sign the treaty of Alt Ranstadt, by which he solemnly renounced all his claims, and acknowledged his rival as the legitimate possessor of the throne. For two years after the conclusion of this treaty, Stanislaus, incessantly harassed by domestic and foreign foes, continued to hold an imperfect and precarious authority; lamenting every moment that he was powerless to make his subjects prosperous and happy. No monarch could ever say with more reason, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The terrible defeat at Pultowa reduced Stanislaus, as well as Charles, to the condition of a fugitive. It was impossible for him to maintain himself on a throne which was assailed in all directions. A diet, which he convoked, refused to accept his proffered resignation of the crown, and loudly protested its readiness to stand by him. But protestations of affection were all that he obtained. In violation of his oath, the deposed Augustus entered Poland with his Saxon army, and was seconded by the victorious Muscovites, and a number of malcontent Polish nobles. Convinced that an attempt to keep his footing in Poland could only lead to fruitless bloodshed, Stanislaus retired into Swedish Pomerania. There he exerted himself with equal ability and valour, but not with the success which he deserved, to preserve the German dominions of his friend from being ravaged by the Saxons, Muscovites, and Danes. Hence he passed into Sweden, where he rendered many essential services to its absent monarch.

Weary of a vain title, which was disastrous to himself and to his fellow-creatures, Stanislaus was eager to abdi-

cate. To this measure he solicited the consent of the Swedish monarch; but the inflexible Charles refused to comply, and, when he was further pressed on the subject, he angrily said, "If my friend does not choose to be king, I can easily make another." In the hope that personal entreaty might prevail with Charles, Stanislaus resolved to visit Turkey. Late at night, he secretly quitted the Swedish army in Pomerania, accompanied by Baron Sparre and another colonel. He travelled under the name of Haran, a French officer, in the Swedish service. The journey was a hazardous one, as he had to pass through a hostile territory, and to coast, as it were, along the enemy's line of posts. He was several times stopped, but was released on producing his passport. On reaching Jassy, the capital of Moldavia, he thought himself secure, and here he took leave of his companions. But circumstances were very different in Turkey from what he had expected to find them. Charles had irritated the Porte by his conduct at Bender, and, at this moment, the Turks were removing him as a prisoner to the neighbourhood of Adrianople. The hospodar of Moldavia had learned the sudden disappearance of Stanislaus from the Swedish army, and he suspected that the traveller was the monarch. As soon as Stanislaus was brought before him, he knew him from the description which he had received. The dialogue between them was carried on in Latin. After having put several questions, the Moldavian asked him what rank he held. "Major sum," replied Stanislaus. "Imò maximus es," rejoined the hospodar, who immediately paid him all the honours due to a crowned head, but detained him as a prisoner. The king was then removed to Bender, from which Charles had just departed. Captive as Charles was, and with no apparent chance of recovering his ascendency, he was still unshaken. He

despatched Fabricius to his brother captive, to desire that he would never make peace with Augustus, and to assure him that, ere long, a beneficial change would take place in the situation of their affairs.

Treated with the utmost kindness and respect, but still held in durance, Stanislaus remained at Bender till Charles the Twelfth resolved to return to his own dominions. Permission to depart was then granted to the Polish monarch. Charles would fain have persuaded him to participate in his meditated enterprises, but Stanislaus firmly replied, "No, never will I draw my sword to gain for me the restoration of a crown." "Well, then," said the generous Swede, "I will draw it for you; and, till the time comes for our entering Warsaw in triumph, I give you my principality of Deux-Ponts, and its revenues!"

It was late in May, 1714, that Stanislaus quitted Bender. In disguise, and accompanied by Count Poniatowski, he passed through Moldavia, Transylvania, Hungary, and a considerable portion of Southern Germany. He reached Deux-Ponts in safety, and was put in possession of his royal friend's gift, which secured to him a yearly revenue of about seventy thousand crowns.

In this retreat, Stanislaus enjoyed, for a while, a degree of tranquillity to which he had during many years been a stranger. He was now reunited to his family, consisting of his mother, wife, and two daughters, from which he had long been divided. But even to this asylum danger and misfortune pursued him. The Polish crown, which had caused all his past troubles, was again, without any fault of his own, a source of annoyance to him. While he was living quietly at Deux-Ponts, a project was formed, in which he was intended to act a conspicuous part. A treaty was set on foot between Charles the Twelfth and the Czar Peter, the execution of which

would have spread the flames of war over the Continent, and even into the British islands. With true Russian perfidy, the Czar, for the purpose of extending the baneful Muscovite influence in Europe, was willing to join in deposing the monarch whom he had himself forced upon the Poles, and replacing Stanislaus upon the throne. To frustrate this plan, Count Flemming, the minister of Frederic Augustus, thought no means so sure as to seize and carry off the rival of his master. A band of French desperadoes, to the number of thirty, headed by an officer named Seissan, was employed to effect this honourable achievement. The ruffians proceeded to Deux-Ponts, where their leader made the necessary preparations; relays of horses were provided, and the men were stationed at their respective posts. But, on the very eve of its being carried into execution, the plot was discovered. Many of the conspirators escaped, but Captain Lecroix, a lieutenant, and some others, were seized, and brought before Stanislaus. Instead of ordering them to execution, as they probably expected, and certainly deserved, the clement monarch mildly said, "What wrong did I ever do to you, my friends, that you should seek my life? I might retaliate, and take away yours, but I pardon you; live, and become better men." Nor did his goodness stop here. Learning that the individual who was their purse-bearer had escaped, and left them penniless, he gave them a sum sufficient to support them on their homeward journey.

In the same year that this attempt was made, the persecuted monarch received a severer blow, from the death of his eldest daughter. In the following year, his firm friend, Charles the Twelfth, was killed at the siege of Frederickshall. By the decease of the Swedish hero, the duchy of Deux-Ponts devolved upon the Count Palatine Gustavus. The count took possession of his

inheritance; and Stanislaus had to seek a place of refuge. Scarcely knowing whither to turn his steps, he applied to the regent Duke of Orleans, who gave him a pension, and allowed him to choose one of the Alsatian towns as a residence. In consequence of this permission, Stanislaus settled at Weissembourg, in 1720. Frederic Augustus had the meanness to instruct his envoy to remonstrate against this measure; but the regent nobly replied, "Let your master know, sir, that France has always been the asylum of unfortunate kings, that she has taken the King of Poland under her protection, and that she never withdraws her benefits." Diplomacy having failed, recourse was had to a viler proceeding. A scheme was formed to get rid of him by means of poisoned snuff; but happily it was frustrated. These continued persecutions had, however, for a time, the effect of embittering his existence, and injuring his health.

At the expiration of five years, another change in his fortunes took place. In 1725, his daughter, Maria Leczinska, was selected to be the bride of Louis the Fifteenth. This amiable, virtuous, and accomplished female deserved the throne to which she was called, and a more worthy consort than the man to whom she was united. She, like her father, experienced singular changes. In her infancy, when her family was flying before the myrmidons of Frederic Augustus and Peter, she was lost in a village by her nurse, and was found again in the trough of a stable; he had been a wanderer, suffering almost penury; and, at the age of twenty-two, her brow was encircled by the regal diadem. On her marriage, Stanislaus quitted Alsace, to inhabit the princely domain of Chambord, and, subsequently, of Meudon.

Stanislaus seemed at last to be securely anchored, as far as mortal could be, against the storms of adversity;

but he was, nevertheless, destined to endure them once more. He had spent eight years in calm and dignified retirement, happy in his family, and amusing himself with literature, when he was thrown again on the tumultuous ocean of politics. By the death of his successful rival, Frederic Augustus the Second, the throne of Poland became vacant. The voice of the Poles called loudly for him. He, however, was unfeignedly reluctant to comply with their wishes; he had no ambition to reign, and especially in a country where he knew that their choice of him would expose his subjects to numberless calamities. Nor, situated as Poland was, could he hope for that degree of co-operation which would give him a chance of retaining his crown. "I know the Poles," said he; "I am sure that they will elect me; but I am equally sure that they will not support me." In an evil hour, the pressing solicitations of the French cabinet, and the promise of efficient aid from France, induced him to come forward on the scene. Yet, to the last, he foreboded evil. When he was on the point of departing, he said, "I feel that I shall soon be near my enemies, and far from my friends."

It was a matter of difficulty for Stanislaus even to reach Warsaw, where the election was to take place. A Russian squadron precluded access on the side of the Baltic, and the emperor of Germany had given strict orders to arrest him, if he were found within the Austrian dominions. Instead of furnishing Stanislaus with a formidable fleet to annihilate the Muscovite squadron, the French cabinet descended to play off a despicable trick. It spread a report that Stanislaus was to command an armament destined for Dantzick, and it provided a counterfeit of him to keep up the deception. The Chevalier de Thiange, who bore some resemblance to Stanislaus, was dressed up royally, and, screened from

detection by darkness, was embarked at Brest, with regal honours. While this pitiful farce was being acted, the king, accompanied by the Chevalier d'Andelot, both disguised as merchants, and travelling in an old carriage, began his journey to Poland. Once only, at the gates of Berlin, did he run any risk of being discovered. He reached Warsaw, on the 8th of September 1733, three days before the election was to take place. There was more of ingenuity than of dignity in this French contrivance for smuggling in a sovereign.

When the diet of election met, sixty thousand voices hailed Stanislaus as king. But he had their "most sweet voices," and little more. The Polish army, during the reign of the late sovereign, had been studiously reduced almost to a nullity; and when the nobles had given their votes to their illustrious fellow-countryman, they hastened to their districts, where the confederations which they formed were rendered abortive, by the want of discipline, union, and systematic operations, no less than by the hosts of enemies that were opposed to them. Sixty thousand Muscovites, resolved on the downfal of the new king, were already in the heart of Poland, before the diet was closed. A Saxon army brought in Frederic Augustus, the son of the late monarch, the candidate whom Russia favoured, and who was illegally elected by a faction, despicable in itself, but strong in its barbarous allies. Austria, too, held her armies in readiness, to take part in this unholy crusade against Polish independence. It was thus she paid the debt of gratitude which she owed for the deliverance of Vienna.

Unable to cope in the field with such overwhelming forces, Stanislaus withdrew to Dantzick, where he hoped to hold out till succours could arrive from France, or his own party, perhaps, concentrate its scattered elements, and acquire some consistence. The city was

strong, and the citizens, who were enthusiastically attached to the monarch, vowed to stand by him to the last extremity. They redeemed their pledge nobly.

The siege was not commenced by the Muscovites till the latter end of February, 1734. Lasey, by whom it was begun, was soon superseded by Marshal Munich, who resolved to act more vigorously than his predecessor. His success was not equal to his daring. In an assault on the village of Ohra, which forms a kind of suburb on the south side of Dantzick, he was repulsed, with the loss of fifteen hundred slain, and a still larger number of wounded. Nor was he more fortunate in various other attacks.

In the beginning of May, the Saxon army, under the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels, was despatched to join him. Jealous of sharing with another the glory of reducing Dantzick, Munich resolved to carry immediately, at whatever cost, the highly important work called the Hagelsberg, the fall of which, he had no doubt, would ensure that of Dantzick. At ten in the evening of the 9th of May, six thousand Muscovites advanced to the ramparts; continual reinforcements were sent to them, and the contest was incessantly and furiously continued till the break of day. But not an inch of ground could they gain. The dawn saw the shattered and baffled remnant of the assailants retiring to their camp. Between four and five thousand Muscovites were stretched lifeless on the field of slaughter, and the wounded were so numerous that it was necessary to distribute them among all the neighbouring towns. This carnage gained for the spot where it occurred the name of the Russian burying-ground. It is an almost miraculous circumstance that the loss sustained by the Dantzickers did not exceed forty killed, and twice as many wounded.

France had strenuously excited the citizens to rally round Stanislaus, and had promised ready and powerful aid. The meanness of her performance contrasted curiously with the magnificence of her promise. At the moment when Dantzick was beleaguered by fifty thousand Saxons and Muscovites, she sent a paltry detachment of fifteen hundred men to its succour. On the 11th of May, the French troops, led by Count de la Motte, were disembarked under Fort Weichselmunde, at the mouth of the Vistula. The governor of the fort, however, refused to admit them, on the plea that he was short of provisions, upon which De la Motte re-embarked his men, and sailed back to Copenhagen. The Count de Plelo, a man equally distinguished for valour and intellectual powers, was then ambassador from France to Denmark. Stung to the quick by the disgrace which he conceived the retreat of De la Motte to have brought upon his country, he determined, at all hazards, to wipe off the stain. Convinced that he should perish in the attempt, he wrote to the minister for foreign affairs, expressing a hope that the royal kindness would be extended to his wife and children. With the addition of a hundred volunteers to the original force, he effected a landing on the 27th of May, and attacked the Russian entrenchments with such impetuosity that he drove the enemy before him in disorder. He had nearly reached the city, when he fell, pierced with many wounds. Borne down by multitudes, his gallant band was compelled to retire; but it succeeded in securing its retreat under the cannon of Fort Weichselmunde.

The affairs of the Dantzickers now wore a gloomy aspect. The city was suffering greatly from the bombardment, provisions were becoming scarce, a Russian fleet of seven-and-twenty sail had anchored off the mouth of the Vistula, and the besieging general, by dint of

sacrificing men, had carried several posts which contributed to maintain the communication between Dantzick and the sea. Yet the citizens persisted in adhering to Stanislaus; there was no talk of yielding. While Fort Weichselmunde remained in their power, they could still expect to receive succours. Of that resource, however, they were soon deprived. The siege of Fort Weichselmunde was regularly commenced, on the 17th of June, by the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels; and before any impression had been made upon the works, the governor, either a coward or a traitor, surrendered his important charge.

As long as there existed the slightest prospect that their resistance would be triumphant, Stanislaus had deemed it a duty to stand by those who had so nobly supported his cause, and to stimulate their exertions to the utmost. But the shameful surrender of the fort of Weichselmunde had annihilated hope. He, therefore, felt that it would be nothing less than cruelty to expose them to the blind rage of the base and brutal hordes by which they were besieged. He knew that his remaining in the city would have no other effect than to risk his own life without a chance of benefit, and to bring tenfold peril upon the high-spirited Dantzickers, who were willing to make every sacrifice for his sake. Such being the case, he forcibly advised them to enter into a capitulation, while there was yet time for claiming tolerable conditions. The citizens heard with profound grief the communication from him to this effect, which was made to the town-council, by Prince Czartoriski and Count Poniatowski. An affecting incident occurred on this occasion, which proves how much he was beloved. When the prince had delivered the royal message, one of the deputies, named Hinniber, approached him, and said, "*Are* you speaking seriously, sir? Are these really the

sentiments of our sovereign?" "They are," replied Poniatowski, "I have heard from his own lips all that I have told you." "What! is it the king himself who exhorts us to submit to the yoke of the victor?" "It is indeed so," answered the prince. "Gracious God!" exclaimed Hinniber, "our king will quit us! and what is to become of him!" The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he staggered, uttered a few indistinct sounds, and fell dead at Poniatowski's feet.

The situation of Stanislaus was, indeed, fraught with peril. The Russians were eager to get him into their hands; in their imperious summonses to the Dantzickers, his being delivered up had been insisted upon, as a first and indispensable condition. If he fell into their power, there was little reason to believe that his fate would be a mild one. Yet to effect his escape seemed almost impossible. There was no egress by sea; every avenue by land was closely watched, and, on that side, the fugitive must make his way through a labyrinth of circumvallating lines, inundations, marshes, and narrow and intricate passes. The last, beset as it was with difficulties, was, however, the only resource.

Various plans for eluding his enemies were suggested. Unappalled by the risk of being consigned to Siberia, the Countess of Czapska, a Polish lady, courageously offered her services. She proposed to disguise herself and him in the garb of peasants, and to pass him off as her husband, and she had secured the assistance of a trusty person, who was thoroughly acquainted with the surrounding country. The danger to which she would be exposed probably prevented this scheme from being adopted by the monarch.

Another project, more consonant to the chivalrous spirit of Stanislaus, we may suppose to have been conceived by some gallant soldier. It was, that the king

should put himself at the head of a hundred men, and break through the besieging army. There was no lack of men who were willing to peril their lives in this adventure. The scheme was, nevertheless, more daring than feasible. In one quarter, the inundation extended to a distance of three leagues; and, in the other, every outlet was closed by the lines of circumvallation, which it was not practicable to traverse on horseback. Such a sally would have been of sufficient magnitude to rouse against it a considerable Russian force, and too weak to obtain even the momentary success which might have made an opening for the royal leader's escape. The idea of it was consequently abandoned.

A plan for leaving Dantzick in the disguise of a peasant, which was formed by the Marquis de Monti, the French ambassador, was at length acceded to by Stanislaus. To carry it into execution, he removed to the house of the ambassador, under pretext of wishing to have a quiet night, the bombardment having recommenced on that part of the town where he resided. The greatest part of his rustic dress had already been provided. A worn-out suit of clothes, a hat no better than the clothes, a coarse shirt, and a rough black-thorn cudgel with a leather thong through it, were easily procured. But there was one thing, absolutely necessary, which the marquis was puzzled how to obtain. This was a pair of boots; an article always worn by the peasants in that neighbourhood. New boots were to be had in plenty, but it would have been imprudent to use them, as the so doing might, in more than one way, lead to a discovery. After having for two days keenly scrutinised the leg-coverings of the officers who visited him, the marquis thought he saw a pair of boots large enough for the king, and old enough to match with the rest of the equipment. As his asking for them might awaken

suspicion in the owner, and thus endanger the secret, he contrived to have them stolen. It was not till within half an hour of the time fixed on for the departure of the royal fugitive that the boots were brought; and, when they came to be tried on, it was found that the robbery had been committed in vain, as they were far too small. The ambassador was exceedingly embarrassed, till, by great good luck, a pair of boots, which seemed made for the purpose, was furnished by one of his servants. "This fortunate circumstance," says Stanislaus, "revived his spirits, and I jokingly reproached him with having so long meditated a sort of crime, to get from a distance what he might without difficulty have obtained at home."

It was at ten o'clock, on the night of the 27th of June, that the king took leave of the French ambassador. The marquis had been so deeply affected on their separating, that the kind-hearted monarch could not refrain from turning back, before he left the house, in order to cheer him by a sally of pleasantry, which was meant to show that his own spirits were unbroken. He ended seriously, by saying, "I returned to embrace you once more, and to beg that you will resign yourself, as I do, to Providence, to which I entirely commit my fate." He then departed.

At a short distance from the ambassador's mansion, Stanislaus was joined by General Steinflicht, also disguised as a peasant, who was to be one of the companions of his flight. A major was in waiting, to conduct them to a part of the rampart, at the foot of which were two small skiffs, containing three men, who were to serve as guides. After they had crossed the moat, the major went forward, to clear the way for them, through an outpost, in which were a few soldiers, commanded by a serjeant. The serjeant, however, ignorant of the king's intention, refused to permit them to go on, and even

levelled his musket at the major, who was so irritated that he more than once grasped his pistol, and was on the point of shooting him. But, reflecting that the soldiers would certainly revenge the death of their officer, and that a struggle would frustrate the scheme, and endanger the monarch, he reluctantly resolved to confide the secret to the serjeant. On the king making himself known, he was treated with great respect, and allowed to proceed. This untoward circumstance he could scarcely help looking upon as an unfavourable omen, for it was not unreasonable to entertain doubts as to the safe keeping of the secret with which the serjeant was entrusted.

On parting from the major, the king again embarked in a little boat with his guides, hoping that, before break of day, he should be able to cross the Vistula, and get beyond the Russian line of posts. To his extreme surprise and vexation, however, they had not gone more than half a mile before they stopped at a wretched hut, in the midst of a swamp, where he was told that he must remain for that night, and the whole of the next day. It was in vain that he represented to them the danger of halting almost under the eyes of his enemies, who must soon be aware of his flight, and would make strict search for him. As they were obstinately deaf to his arguments, and it would be impolitic to exasperate them, he was under the necessity of yielding. The hut consisted of only a single room, in which there was not a spot where he could repose; but this was of little consequence, for, in his situation, he had not the will, nor indeed the power, to sleep.

To while away the time, Stanislaus studied the character of his companions. The result of his study was by no means calculated to inspire him with confidence. The leader was a self-sufficient petulant blunderer, and braggadocio, profoundly ignorant, yet resenting, as a

sort of rebellion, any dissent from his opinions or orders. Lured by the offer of a large reward, he had described himself, to the Marquis de Monti, as being thoroughly acquainted with the environs of Dantzick; though, on the contrary, he knew nothing whatever of the Russian posts. The two men, who were subordinate to this delectable guide, were a sort of freebooters, known in Germany by the name of Schnapans; and their coarse and ferocious manners, in unison with their calling, could excite only disgust and apprehension. They had, however, a much better knowledge of the country than was possessed by their superior. There was a fourth in company, whom they had taken in near the rampart, and whom the monarch had not expected; he having been told that he was to have but three guides. When this personage was questioned by Stanislaus, he did not conceal that he knew the royal fugitive; and he candidly confessed also, that he was a bankrupt shopkeeper of Dantzick, who was flying from his creditors. This was alarming intelligence to the monarch; his secret being at the mercy of a ruined and perhaps dishonest man, who might at once acquire a splendid fortune by betraying it. But, though his fears were justifiable, they were groundless; the unfortunate debtor was ultimately proved to be incapable of such an act of baseness.

In the morning, the king went to the door of the hut, to breathe the fresh air. The sight which met his eyes filled his heart with grief. Before him was the faithful Dantzick, its ramparts tottering, and its houses flaming, from the constant cannonade and bombardment which were kept up by the Russian batteries. "This then," said he to himself, "is the recompense of its fidelity! Perhaps even this very day it may be given into the hands of my enemies, and be doomed to ransom itself from misfortunes which it can no longer endure, by new

misfortunes which will complete its ruin." He had scarcely re-entered the hut, when a fresh wound was inflicted on his feelings. A salvo was fired from all the batteries of the camp, and from the blockading squadron; and this convinced him that the city was entered by the Russians. This, however, was not yet the case. In Dantzick great consternation was excited by the firing; the Marquis de Monti supposed it to indicate that the king was captured, the Dantzickers declared that it was the signal for a general assault. It was at length found to be only a mark of rejoicing, ordered by Marshal Munich, the Russian leader, on his receiving envoys from the citizens, with an offer to recognise the Elector of Saxony as sovereign of Poland.

The danger of Stanislaus was now much increased. He had at the outset calculated that, if not stopped, he should by this time be in safety on the Prussian territory. Instead of this, he was still close to the city, and he had every reason to imagine that his adversaries must be aware of his flight, and, of course, would redouble their efforts to arrest him. At this painful moment there occurred a fresh cause for alarm. A Schnapan came to the hut in his boat, bringing to General Steinflicht a present of two dried tongues, and a polite note, wishing the travellers a prosperous journey. The note was anonymous, and no persuasion could induce the Schnapan to reveal who sent it, or how he contrived to discover their retreat. That they should dread, lest he might disclose his interview with them, was not unnatural.

After having spent in the hut a day which suspense and anxiety seemed to make endless, the monarch rejoiced when darkness allowed him to resume his journey. Their progress now became much more difficult and hazardous. The boat had to be forced through a forest of stiff rushes, which made such a rustling, that the

sound could be heard to a considerable distance. It was to be feared also, that the reeds which were broken or bent down would, next morning, betray the course which the fugitives had taken. But the reeds were not their only annoyance. In many places, the shallowness of the water would not allow them to move on, and they had to descend into the mud, and, by main strength, remove the skiff to a spot where there was sufficient depth for it to float.

About midnight they reached the bank of a river, which the monarch supposed to be the Vistula, but which proved to be one of its tributaries. His guides here held a conference, in which they resolved, that their leader, the bankrupt, and General Steinflicht, should travel along the causeway on the bank, to seek a road by land, while the king and the two Schnapans, in the boat, should proceed in a parallel line through the marsh. It was with great reluctance that the king separated from the general, and he saw him no more during the journey; for, in the darkness, the two parties lost sight of each other, and took different directions.

It must be kept in mind, that it was now the middle of the summer, and that, consequently, there was little more than four hours of night in which Stanislaus could venture to continue his course. Again, therefore, his conductors were obliged to look out for a hiding-place. One was found, in the neighbouring cabin of a man with whom they were acquainted. They were told, indeed, that the Russians often came there in the daytime; but, as there was no other refuge at hand, the danger must of necessity be encountered. The king was hurried up into a kind of loft, by his guides, who left him to rest himself on a bundle of straw, while they went to keep watch, and likewise to try if they could discover the general and their companions.

For two nights the king had not slept, yet he now tried in vain to sleep. His boots were full of mud and water, and his mind was disturbed by the loss of his friend, the suspicions which he felt with respect to his conductors, and the probability that the Russians would arrive. "I got up," says he, "and, on looking out at the loop-hole in the loft, I saw a Russian officer, who was gravely pacing about the meadow, and two soldiers who were pasturing their horses there. The sight took away my breath. The thoughtful air of the man, who seemed to be scheming something; the horses, which he repeatedly approached, as though he were impatient to make use of them; those armed soldiers; and their appearance in a spot which was remote from their camp—all made me fear that I had fallen into the snare which I had taken so much pains to avoid. There is something more valuable than courage, and I was then near losing it—I mean the hope which supports courage, and which frequently inspires it. My alarm was greatly increased when, about one hundred paces further on, I saw several Cossacks galloping at full speed along the fields. They were approaching the wretched shelter in which I had hoped to find more security than anywhere else. This unexpected sight made me draw back from the window. I threw myself on my bundle of straw, and could think of nothing but how to escape, if that were possible, from the troop which surrounded me. I fully expected to see the house instantly invested. They did more; for, without wasting time in a blockade, they made themselves masters of it, and I almost directly heard footsteps ascending to my retreat."

The fears of Stanislaus were not realised. When the door was opened, it was not the Russians who entered, but his hostess. The Schnapans were just returned from their search, and had sent her to desire that he would

make no noise. The Russians had only halted to breakfast, and, at the expiration of two hours, they took their departure. While they remained, the king could hear all their conversation, which was of the most brutal and disgusting kind; they were wretches, dead to virtue and shame, who vied with each other in boasting of deeds which disgraced human nature.

They were no sooner out of sight than his hostess revisited him; she was burning with curiosity to learn the mystery of her concealed guest. "Well! they are gone at last," exclaimed she, "but tell me why you are thus obliged to keep out of their way. Why did you not come, to drink and amuse yourself with your comrades? Who are you, in short, and where do you come from? You certainly do not belong to this country; I know that by your language; and besides, your countenance bespeaks in you something which contradicts your dress. Speak, explain yourself—I will not betray you, and, really, from your manner, which affects me extremely, I feel inclined to do you service." This was fair speaking, and might be sincere; but her imprudence might be as fatal to him as perfidy, and Stanislaus could not venture to trust to her. Failing to obtain the desired information, she began to form guesses; none of which came nigh the truth. He, however, allowed her to suppose that she had partly fathomed his secret. Here her thoughts took another turn; curiosity was succeeded by fear. "But," said she, "if you are on such bad terms with the Muscovites, I must beg you to go away. If they were to discover you here, I shall be ruined; perhaps they would even burn my house." She was so possessed with this idea, that it was with no small difficulty he quieted her, and avoided being turned out of doors.

During the day, Stanislaus continued stretched on his bundle of straw, a prey to his own tormenting reflections.

The very inaction to which he was reduced was itself an additional and heavy evil. "Towards night," he says, "quite weary of my situation, I went down to make inquiries of my conductors. They said they knew that General Steinflicht was not more than a quarter of a league off, and that he intended to join us at night, on the bank of the Vistula, where a boat was waiting to take us over; but they were doubtful whether, with such a violent wind as was then blowing, the passage could be effected, and particularly in a boat so small, and in such bad condition, as that which they had procured. 'Let us make an attempt, nevertheless,' said I, 'for I can imagine no greater danger than staying any longer where we are.' It would not have become me to persist in distrusting these men, who, having eaten and drunk with my enemies, had preferred my safety to their own interests, and who amidst the fumes of tobacco, and drinking a kind of beer well calculated to confuse their senses, had still had courage and honour enough to preserve the fidelity which they had promised me. They also adopted with a good will the proposition which I made to them. Accordingly, at night-fall, we re-entered the boat, which, however, we quitted, at the distance of a quarter of a league, where the inundation terminated. For some hours we travelled on foot, almost always over soft and muddy ground, into which we sank up to our knees, and were every moment obliged to give help to each other. Very often our efforts only served to plunge us still deeper into this miry soil, and to increase the danger of never getting out of it.

"At last we reached the bank of the Vistula, and one of the Schnapans begged me to wait a moment with his comrade, while he went to see whether the boat was at the place appointed. After having kept us in suspense for a full hour, he came back with news that the boat

was no longer there, and that probably it had been carried off by the Russians. There was nothing left for us but to re-enter the marsh which we had recently quitted. We took another route, and after a walk of a league, by a road as bad as that which we before traversed, we selected, as our asylum, a house in which I was instantly recognised. "Who do I see!" exclaimed the host, as soon as he looked upon me. "Why, you see one of my comrades," replied my conductors; "what is there so wonderful in his appearance?" "O no!" rejoined the man, "I am not mistaken; it is king Stanislaus." "Yes, my friend," said I to him, in a firm and confident tone, "I am he; but your countenance tells me that you are too worthy a man to refuse me the succour which I want in my present situation."

The king was not mistaken in the judgment which he had formed of the person whom he thus addressed. The man was a frank, honourable, warm-hearted being, who probably would have been angered by an attempt to deceive him, but who was won by the generous reliance which was reposed on his integrity. He promised to procure a boat to carry the monarch across the Vistula, and he kept his word. He immediately set out to search for one, and also to examine on what part of the bank their embarkation would be least exposed to danger.

While, by looking out of the window, the king wa ineffectually trying to divert his mind from melancholy thoughts, he perceived the chief of the conductors approaching the house. The first question put by him was with respect to General Steinflicht. "We were at the place of rendezvous on the bank of the Vistula, last night," replied the peasant, "and were impatiently expecting you, when we saw a troop of Cossacks coming towards us. As we were not strong enough to make head against them, and there was no spot where we could

hide ourselves, I took to my heels, and no doubt the same step was taken by the bankrupt and the general." These tidings, which rendered it probable that Steinflicht was a prisoner, gave much vexation to the monarch.

In a few hours the host returned. His intelligence was discouraging. He had, indeed, found a boat, but it belonged to a fisherman in whose house two Russians were at present lodging. He therefore recommended that the attempt to pass should not be hazarded immediately. Besides, there was another reason, which was still stronger, for delay. Swarms of Cossacks were spread about the environs; some watching the horses which were pastured in the fields, and others scouring the country, with orders to track the monarch, and to seize him wherever he might be found. The latter were so eager in the pursuit, that they stopped all passengers indiscriminately, searched and questioned them, and insisted on passports being produced, or some person in the neighbourhood coming forward to vouch for the individual who was detained. Every man who, in size, stature, or age, bore the slightest resemblance to Stanislaus, whatever might be his dress or condition, was still more strictly examined. This being the case, it was decided that the fugitive should remain closely concealed in the host's house, for that night and the following day.

"On the next day, Thursday, July the 1st," says the king, "I assembled my folks, to take their opinion on the important affair of the passage, which lay so near my heart. We examined all the spots where it might be attempted with a chance of safety. The advice of my conductors was more or less bold, their views were more or less rational, according as a brandy-bottle, which stood in the midst of them, was more or less full: it was the bottle which presided, and regulated their deliberations.

At first, nothing but timid opinions were to be heard. No possible means were to be found of crossing the river; the hope of the great reward which had been promised to them vanished from their sight, and, instead of it, they could see nothing but prisons, tortures, and gibbets. A fresh supply of liquor insensibly raised up this fallen courage, and I could see the moment at hand when they would brave the whole Russian camp, and fearlessly lead me through the fire of a thousand batteries. I kept things in a proper medium, by the care which I took to hold possession of the bottle, and to proportion to each the dose of courage which he required."

While this burlesque sort of council was sitting, the host was more usefully employed in reconnoitring. He returned about six o'clock, and brought the joyful news, that the Cossacks had withdrawn from the neighbourhood, that the passage was free, and that a boat was ready on the bank of the river, at about the distance of a league. As soon as it was dark, the whole party set forward. Stanislaus and his host were on horseback; the three peasants brought up the rear on foot. They had to traverse several swampy places, in which the king's horse, a broken-down animal, stumbled at every step. On all sides they could see the fires of the enemy's flying camps; these lighted them on their way, and served as beacons to warn them of danger. They had advanced half a league, when the host, who led the van, rode back, to desire that they would halt, while he examined a suspicious spot. He returned in haste, with the disagreeable tidings, that it was occupied by a new troop of Cossacks; from whom he had escaped only by telling them that he had been with provisions to their army, and was now seeking some of his cattle, which had strayed from the field where he had pastured them.

The spurious courage, which the three guides had

imbibed from the brandy-bottle, had by this time evaporated. On hearing what the host said, they consulted together, and declared that they would instantly go back. Stanislaus, however, resolutely opposed them. But it was to no purpose that he advised them either to force their way if the Cossacks were few in number, or to resort to the stratagem which had availed the host. Fear had completely unmanned them. The indefatigable host now went again, to see whether some by-path could be discovered, and they lay grovelling with their bellies on the ground. "But their chief, the man," says Stanislaus, "who had recently appeared so bold, started up a moment after, and incited his comrades to fly with him. 'What, you cowards!' exclaimed I, 'do you mean to desert me?' 'Good God!' said they all at once, and as if they spoke in concert, 'do you wish us to get hanged, to secure for yourself an escape which does not depend upon us?' 'Hanged or not,' replied I, in a pretended passion, 'it is too late for you to deliberate; you have engaged to attend me, and you shall not leave me till I think I can do without your rascally company. Now, hearken to me, and tremble at the resolution which you force me to take. If neither your promises, nor your oaths, nor the reward which you expect, nor the respect which you owe me, nor anything else, can stop you, I will this very moment call the Cossacks here; for, if I must perish by your flight, I would as lief perish by my own indiscretion, and at the same time revenge myself for your treachery.' This threat had the desired effect; the poltroons remained where they were."

The host was soon back again, and he was the bearer of welcome news; the Cossacks were gone. The three prostrate cowards instantly jumped up; and, with an effrontery that was laughable, their leader began to pro-

test that they had never meant to abscond, and he talked largely about their tried fidelity. A contemptuous glance from the monarch, and a few emphatic words, reduced him to silence. The march was now recommenced; and the three peasants gave proof of their zeal, by following at such a distance, that it was manifest they intended to run away at the earliest appearance of danger. Stanislāus and his host now quitted their horses, and proceeded for some distance on foot, till they came to the river's bank. The latter went to fetch the boat, and the king, meanwhile, was obliged to keep himself out of sight, by crouching among the bushes. The three loiterers were the first to hear the dash of oars, and they quickened their pace, that they might not be left behind. The whole party embarked, and the long-desired passage of the Vistula was at length accomplished in safety.

"We were about to land, when taking my host aside, and with the warmest affection thanking him for all that he had done for me, I put into his hand, from my pocket, as many ducats as I could grasp. This was an excellent opportunity to relieve myself from a weight of money which was perpetually troublesome to me. Besides, I thought myself less conferring a favour than discharging a debt. The honest peasant, surprised and almost ashamed, drew back, and tried to get away from me. 'No! no!' said I, 'it is of no use, you shall receive this present. Your doing so will confer a new obligation on me, and I shall even consider it as one of the greatest proofs of your regard for me.' As I continued to press him still more closely, and he redoubled his efforts to escape from my gratitude, the others imagined that I was quarrelling with him, and they came forward to appease me. Seeing this, he hastily said, that, if he must accept something from me, he would take two ducats as a keepsake, in remembrance of the happiness

he had enjoyed in knowing me. I was so much the more charmed by this noble disinterestedness, as I had no reason to expect it from a man in his class of life. He took two ducats from my hand, in a manner and with feelings that I cannot describe; and thanked me as heartily as I could have thanked him had he accepted not merely the scanty present which I originally offered, but the far larger reward which I would gladly have paid for his services."

Though the king had succeeded in crossing the Vistula, he was not yet in safety. His situation was like that of a shipwrecked mariner, who having reached the strand, fears that the receding wave may carry him back into the deep. At a large village a few hundred paces from the river, he learned that there were Russian outposts not far off, and that the Cossacks were in the habit of plundering in the vicinity. Wishing to get speedily at a distance from such unpleasant neighbours, he tried to procure horses, but failed in the attempt. When he came to look for the guides, he found that they had thrown themselves upon a bed at the public-house, and were fast asleep. For a while he kept watch round the house; but, dreading the consequences of further delay, he at length awoke one of them, and prevailed on him to go in search of a conveyance. The messenger was ordered to bring one, whatever might be the kind or the price. It was fortunate that the monarch had the means of payment. In the course of the journey, he had been very near depriving himself of them. The money, two hundred ducats, was given to him by the Marquis de Monti. Being unused to carry such a sum, he, in a few hours, found it so troublesome an incumbrance, that he solicited General Steinflicht to take charge of it. Steinflicht, however, prevailed on him to keep one-half, in order to be prepared against any accident; and had this

not been the case, Stanislaus, bereft of resources, would probably have been unable to escape.

After a lapse of two hours, the trusty messenger returned, so drunk that he had scarcely power to stand. His mission, however, had not been a fruitless one; for he brought with him a man who was willing to let them have the use of a vehicle, laden with various articles, on condition that the value of the articles should be deposited with some one in the village, as the lading might perhaps be lost by its falling into the clutches of the Cossacks. To shorten the business, Stanislaus at once, without haggling as to the terms, purchased the whole for five-and-twenty ducats.

The sight of so much money seems to have roused into violent action the drunkard's love of gold. In an insolent tone, and a hiccuping voice, he began to descant on his valuable exertions, his courage, his fidelity, and the risks he had run; and he declared that he would not submit to be duped, but would have on the spot what payment he was to have for all the sacrifices that he had made. The possession of such a large sum of money by one apparently so poor as Stanislaus, his careless expenditure of it, and his having three men at his command, had already excited the surmises and suspicions of the villagers, and the language used by the drunkard increased them. Some of the standers-by seemed disposed to take the part of the drunken orator; and the monarch began to fear that the whole of his secret would be divulged. He also expected every moment to see the chief of the guides turn against him. Never did he consider himself in greater danger than now. On this occasion, however, the conductor rendered him an essential service. That important individual, who had a strong propensity to domineer, did not, perhaps, like to see his privilege infringed upon by a follower. He ad-

dressed the offender in very uncourteous terms. "Hold your tongue, you blackguard!" exclaimed he. "What reason have you to complain? Have not we shared in all your troubles and dangers, and do you see us setting up such pretensions as yours?" Then, turning to the crowd, he said, "You must not mind what this fellow says. When he has had a glass too much, he always thinks himself in the company of kings and princes. If you listen to him, he will soon convert me into some great personage; though he will not pay me a grain more respect than if he thought me, what I really am, a poor unfortunate fellow like himself." This adroit speech was decisive. The majority of the crowd began to hoot the staggering Schnapan; and, though some persons were evidently of opinion that Stanislaus was other than he seemed, there was no one attempted to molest him.

As there was no knowing what change might take place in the feelings of the villagers, the king lost no time in pursuing his journey. The drunken Schnapan was packed into the vehicle, the other was dismissed, to inform the Marquis de Monti that the passage of the Vistula was effected, and the pragmatical conductor took charge of the horses. On quitting the village they did not dare to make any inquiry respecting the roads, as their doing so might afford a clue to trace them. Nor could they ask for information in several other villages through which they passed; for those places were occupied by Russian and Saxon troops, and the travellers thought themselves extremely fortunate in being allowed to proceed unquestioned. The heat grew so excessive that at last the horses were ready to sink under their burthen, and the party were much embarrassed what to do, when, luckily, they came to a deserted house, which stood at some distance from the road. There they took

shelter for a couple of hours, while the horses were recruited by grazing.

Midway between Marienwerder and Marienburg the Vistula divides into two rivers. The left of these retains the original name, and falls into the Baltic sea below Dantzick, after throwing out a branch before it reaches the city. The stream which flows to the right, and on which Marienburg is situated, falls into the Frisch Haff, and is called the Nogat. Stanislaus was now in the triangular island, formed by the Baltic, the Vistula, and the Nogat, and it was his object to cross the latter river, above Marienburg, in order to reach the friendly territory of Prussia, which was nigh at hand.

About eight o'clock in the evening, the travellers arrived at the bank of a river, on the shore of which was lying an old and leaky boat. "How lucky we are!" exclaimed the guides. "Here is the Nogat, and here is a boat, which Providence seems to have sent expressly for our use!" They were beginning to push the skiff into the water, when a peasant came up, from whom Stanislaus, who had many doubts on the subject, inquired whether this stream was the Nogat. "No, indeed," said the peasant, "it is the Vistula; you are a league and a half from the Nogat." They had lost their way, and had not this man opportunely appeared, they would have recrossed the Vistula, and their ruin would have been almost inevitable.

There was a public-house close by, into which the king and the guides entered; representing themselves as butchers of Marienburg, who wanted to go over the Nogat, to purchase cattle. The host replied, that they must give up that idea, for that not a boat, however small, was to be had on that river, the Russians having carried them all away to Marienburg, lest they should be seized by the Polish flying parties, which were scour-

ing the country on the other side. This was bad news, and it seems to have absolutely turned the heads of the two guides. After Stanislaus had spent a sleepless night in a barn, they came to him at daybreak, to propose the most absurd and hazardous of all schemes. They had, they said, made up their minds, that there was no other way of crossing the Nogat than by the bridge at Marienburg. The king endeavoured to rally them out of this insane project. "Really," said he, "I do not know you again! Is it indeed you who manifest such uncommon courage? What! can you venture to brave a numerous garrison of regular troops, you who grew pale at the approach of a few undisciplined fellows, that did not deserve the name of soldiers? Are you ignorant that the danger from which I am flying awaits me in that town, and that you will certainly find there the shackles and the gibbet, of which you stand so much in fear?"

Instead of giving up their plan, as he had hoped they would, they only insisted on it more tenaciously, and they at last declared that they would leave him, if he refused to adopt it. It was but by dint of earnest and persevering entreaty that he succeeded so far as to prevail on them to continue their journey to the Nogat, to ascertain whether a boat could be procured. Nor could he obtain this concession without agreeing to go to Marienburg, in case of their being disappointed when they reached the river. They now crossed through woods, and by almost impassable roads, till they came to a village. Here the king wished to make inquiries, but his companions opposed this, on the ground of its imprudence. They were ready to thrust themselves into danger, by facing a Russian garrison, but they were terrified at the idea of putting a simple question to unsuspecting peasants! Again they protested that it was useless to ask about roads and ferries, there being no egress but

through Marienburg; and again Stanislaus was under the necessity of resorting to persuasion to shake their obstinacy. The Schnapan then volunteered to inquire at a neighbouring house; but he speedily came back, to say that the owners spoke only Polish, and could not understand him. To this the king replied, that he would himself go and speak to them. "At the same time I prepared," says he, "to alight from the vehicle. But this was a day of contradiction with my folks. They opposed my design, because they feared that my language would betray me. I laughed at their fears, and got out in spite of them. I was already proceeding towards the house, when, to prevent my progress, they placed themselves before me, and swore they would die sooner than allow me to go further. This excessive impudence was past bearing, and I rushed on them, as though I meant to knock down and trample over them. A moment after, I could not help laughing in my sleeve at my sudden burst of passion; but how could I restrain myself in the first heat of my resentment? And, in fact, was it not rather a prudent outbreak, prompted by reason, than a blind transport of anger? My firmness daunted them, and made them have recourse to new menaces. 'Well,' said they, as they hastily drew back out of my way, 'since it is your intention to get us hanged, we will quit you this moment.' 'Oh! with all my heart!' was my reply. 'Go along; set off when you please; a good journey to you.'

"I entered the house, and, in as polite a manner as was consistent with my rustic garb, which I dared not belie, I told the hostess that I wished to cross the Nogat, to purchase cattle, and would thank her to tell me the best place for getting over. 'Really you come in good time,' said she, 'for I can save you the trouble of a passage, which in fact is very difficult to accomplish. I have

cattle to sell, and I can see, from your manner, that we shall easily agree about the price.' I pretended to be delighted with what she said, but replied that I could not deal with her till I came back, because I was going for a sum of money which was due to me, a part of which I would gladly lay out with her on my return. 'But there is not a single boat to be had,' rejoined she; 'what will you do?' 'Whatever you think best,' answered I, in an open and confiding tone. 'I would rather accept a favour from you than from any one else, and I am sure you will not be offended with the preference which I give you in this respect. But, in short, I know this country,' added I, 'and, obliged as you are to keep up a continual intercourse with the other side of the river, I know it is impossible but that, in spite of all the precautions taken by the Russians, you must have some means of crossing.' 'I see you are a good fellow,' said the hostess. 'Stay! I will send my son with you; he will take you a quarter of a league further on. Upon the opposite bank there is a fisherman, a friend of his, who keeps a little boat in his house. At a certain signal, he will come and take you in, and you cannot have a more safe and easy mode of being relieved from the embarrassment under which I perceive you to be labouring.' I thanked this woman in the warmest terms, and left the house with her son."

The two refractory guides had waited, at a little distance, to learn the result of the king's adventure. When they saw him come out with a joyous countenance, and a new conductor, they were, beyond measure, astonished and disconcerted. He, however, affected not to be aware of their presence. As soon as the son of the hostess had taken his seat, Stanislaus set the vehicle in motion; upon which the guides, who probably at that moment were in dread of a halter, came running up, and requested admission. He allowed them to enter, but took no notice *of them.*

On reaching the Nogat, Stanislaus left one of the guides in charge of the vehicle and horses, with orders to wait till he was joined by his comrade. The signal was then given, the fisherman rowed over with his boat, and the royal passenger and the remaining guide were conveyed to the opposite bank, where, after seven days' endurance of toil and peril, the king at last found himself in safety. This happy termination of his adventures filled the heart of the wanderer with gratitude to his Maker. In a neighbouring village, he bought another vehicle, dismissed the last of his guides, giving him a short note, in cipher, to the Marquis de Monti, and then bent his way to the Prussian town of Marienwerder. "I passed through that town," says he, "seated on my waggon, and I more than once laughed at the scurvy appearance of my equipage. My entrance into the place was certainly anything but magnificent; but no vain splendour could have enhanced the joy which I felt at that moment. I had with me the justice of my cause, the love of my subjects, my peace of conscience, and doubtless the esteem of my enemies. What more cogent motives could I have had to forget my reverses? Those only who have deserved their misfortunes, or who have failed to bear them courageously, may be allowed to remember them with sorrow."

The day after his arrival at Marienwerder, the king had the pleasure of meeting again with his faithful companion, General Steinflicht. From Marienwerder, he set off to Konigsberg. Orders had already been given, by the Prussian monarch, to afford him whatever assistance he might require, and to pay him all due honours. After having remained for some time at Konigsberg, where he was lodged in the palace, he returned to France.

After all his vicissitudes, Stanislaus was destined to

retain the regal title, and to die a sovereign. By the treaty of peace, between France and the Emperor, which was concluded in 1735, it was stipulated, that he should renounce the kingdom of Poland, retaining, however, the title, and should possess for life the duchies of Lorraine and Bar, which, on his decease, were to be united to France. All his patrimonial property in Poland, which had been confiscated, was likewise restored.

The territory assigned to him was held by Stanislaus for a period of thirty years. On assuming the reins of government, he had to overcome the prejudices of the Lorrainers, who were strongly attached to the family of their ancient dukes. His virtues, however, finally rendered him a favourite of the people. One circumstance alone at times excited the murmurs of his subjects. France had secured to herself the revenue of the two duchies, on condition of paying to the new duke a yearly sum of two millions of livres; and the Lorrainers justly considered as oppressive some of the financial measures of the French government, which Stanislaus was compelled to sanction. It was, however, not to the duke, but to his peculiar situation, that the fault was attributed by those who were aggrieved. His efforts to improve and embellish his dominions, and to promote the prosperity of his people, were incessant, and earned for him the glorious appellation of "the beneficent." He founded churches, hospitals, schools, and charitable institutions of various kinds; established a public library, and a royal society of sciences and literature; extended relief not merely to individuals but to ruined towns; and adorned the city of Nancy, his capital, with splendid edifices. While he was thus honourably occupied, his Polish partisans formed a scheme for placing him once more on the throne; but he refused to countenance it, *and* patriotically exhorted them to forbear from involving *their country* in the horrors of a civil war.

Stanislaus lived to a very advanced age. He paid the severe penalty which nature irrevocably attaches to "length of days;" that of seeing those we love descending to the grave before us. His wife, Catherine Opolinska, with whom he had for half a century lived in harmonious union, died in 1747. The decease, in 1765, of his grandson, the dauphin, of whom he had formed the brightest hopes, gave a terrible wound to his peace. "I have," said he, "twice lost a crown, without being moved by it; but the death of my dear dauphin annihilates me."

Stanislaus did not long survive the lamented object. A mind embued with superstition might be tempted to believe, that he had an indistinct bodement of his approaching end, and even of the manner in which it was to be brought about. On the 1st of February 1766, he visited the church of Bon Secours, which he had built, and meant as his burial-place. He stood for a considerable time over the vault; and, on going away, he said to his attendants, "Do you know what kept me there so long? I was thinking that, in a short time, I shall be three feet lower down." He was at the moment in perfect health, and of a hale constitution. Shortly after, the conversation turned upon the number of sovereigns who had lately died. He reckoned them all up, and remarked that he was the oldest sovereign in Europe. Then he adverted to the numerous perils to which he had been exposed, and added, "For me to have encountered every kind of danger there only wants my being burned."

Four days after these words were uttered, his morning-gown caught fire, as he was looking up at a clock, over the mantel-piece. He called to his attendants, but there was no one at hand. In stooping to extinguish the flames, he lost his balance, and, in falling, was wounded, and

probably stunned, by the point of an andiron. Unable to move, or to speak, he lay for some time with one of his hands on the burning fuel. It was not till their attention was excited, by the strong odour which issued from the apartment, that the domestics came to his rescue. On being raised up, he recovered his senses. The fingers of his left hand were consumed, and all that side of the body, from the neck to the knee, was injured in a terrible degree.

When the news of his disaster first became known, the town's-people thronged to the palace, in the deepest affliction. Every day, as the tidings spread abroad, crowds, from all parts of Lorraine, hurried to Luneville, to ascertain the state of the sovereign who had ruled them so long and so benevolently. Even in the midst of his sufferings, his kindly feelings for others remained undiminished. Learning that some of those who had come to inquire about him were poor persons, who had not the means of subsistence, he ordered that their wants should be immediately supplied. To calm the fears of his daughter, the Queen of France, he dictated a letter, in which, evidently with a view to conceal the full extent of his misfortune, he bantered her on having recently advised him to beware of cold. "You ought," said he, "rather to have warned me to beware of heat."

For a while there were hopes that the life of Stanislaus might be saved. His invincible fortitude and equanimity contributed to keep alive these delusive hopes of his friends. He signed papers, and even held a sort of levee with his wonted cheerfulness. But the vital powers were too much exhausted to maintain the contest. He sank into a lethargy, from which he awoke only to find his tortures increased. After having endured extreme agony, he expired on the 23rd of February 1766, in the *eighty-eighth* year of his age.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE BRITISH PRISONERS IN THE BLACK HOLE AT CALCUTTA.

INTENSE and fatal suffering has seldom, if ever, been pressed into a more brief portion of time than it was in the case of the prisoners who were confined in the Black Hole at Calcutta. Little more than three-fourths of a century have gone by since the British territories in Hindostan, which now form a mighty empire, were circumscribed within narrow bounds, and exposed to hostility from the native princes. In 1756, Calcutta was attacked by the Subahdar, or Nabob, of Bengal, Suraja Dowla, a man whose natural vices were heightened by the manner in which he had been brought up, and by the possession of despotic power. Had the governor and his colleagues been men of a determined spirit, they might at least have held the undisciplined mass of assailants at bay till terms could be obtained; or had they had common prudence, they might have secured the unmolested retreat of the garrison. But they hastily took flight, and, as fear is contagious, their example was followed by numbers. The captains of the ships, too, partook of the panic, and dropped down the river, to avoid a danger which did not exist. About a hundred and fifty persons were abandoned in the fort. They chose Mr. Holwell as their leader, and he exerted himself vigorously to provide for the general safety. Signals were made to the ships to resume their stations; but they persisted in keeping aloof. Holwell and his companions defended themselves for two days; but they were not numerous enough to guard all points of their position, and while they suspended their fire, in order to learn the result of a proposal to capitulate, the troops of

Suraja Dowla attacked the fort with an overwhelming force, and carried it by storm.

The prisoners, to the number of a hundred and forty-six, were at first ordered to sit down under an arched veranda or piazza. As the buildings on both sides of the veranda were in flames, the captives imagined that their enemies designed to suffocate them between the two fires, and they began to think of rushing out upon the guards, seizing their scimitars, and attacking the troops on the parade. It was, however, discovered that the victors were only looking for a place of confinement.

While the prisoners were thus waiting in suspense, the Company's smith, a man of the name of Leech, to whom Mr. Holwell had done some acts of kindness, contrived to make his way to him at nightfall. He had escaped, in the first instance, but his grateful feelings brought him back to say that he had provided a boat, and taken such measures as would enable Mr. Holwell to elude the vigilance of the Indian guards. Holwell, however, refused to abandon his companions in distress; "but," says he, "I pressed him to lose no time in securing his own escape; to which he gallantly replied, that he was determined to share my fate, and would not leave me." No one can hear without sorrow, that this noble-minded being was among those who perished.

The spot which the nabob's officers selected for the safe-keeping of the captives was a room used by the English as a prison, and called "The Black Hole." It was about six yards in diameter, and received air only through two windows, which were strongly barred with iron. There was, therefore, no possibility of obtaining a free circulation of air when the door was closed. Into this confined space, on a sultry night, were to be pressed 146 human beings, allowing to each person an *area of* less than eighteen inches square. Had the vic-

tims been aware what a destructive den they were about to enter, they would have resisted, even with the certainty of being slaughtered; but none of them had ever seen it, and being pressed forward by the guards, with clubs, scimitars, and presented muskets, and the hindmost of them urging on those in front, they were all shut in before they had discovered the full extent of their danger. It was eight o'clock in the evening when they entered this horrible abode.

As soon as the prisoners perceived their perilous situation, the first impression was to break open the door; but, as it opened inwards, and they had no instruments, all their efforts were unavailing. A general and furious burst of passion was excited by this disappointment. It was, however, silenced for a moment by the entreaties and arguments of Mr. Holwell, who represented to his companions, that to give a loose to their anger could have no other effect than to exhaust their strength, and hasten their destruction. This reasoning stilled the cries of rage; but the groans and lamentations of the many wounded were not to be suppressed by the power of words. Mr. Holwell held a place at the window; and, in the hope of mitigating the sufferings of the prisoners, he now applied to the only one of the guards outside who seemed to have a single spark of humanity. To this man he promised a thousand rupees, if permission could be obtained by him to remove one-half of the captives to another place. The Indian made the attempt, but soon returned to say that it was impossible to succeed. The doubling of the reward induced him to make another trial; but it was as fruitless as the first. "He acquainted me, and I believe with much real pity and concern," says Mr. Holwell, "that it could not be done, but by the Subah's order, whom no one dared to awake."

They had not been long in durance, before an almost

incredibly profuse perspiration broke out upon them, which was soon followed by consuming and constantly increasing thirst. Every hat was put in motion to ventilate the stagnant air, and every man, with only four exceptions, stripped himself, to obtain more room. A Mr. Baillie advised that they should crouch down on their hams; and this imprudent advice was followed. It is obvious that in this posture they must occupy more space, and also be exposed to suffocation, by inhaling the carbonic acid gas, which filled the lower part of the dungeon. The result was, that they were so closely wedged together, as to be unable to rise without many laborious efforts; and that the weak, and those who were overcome by the mephitic vapour, were trodden to death.

Being driven almost to madness, the sufferers again exerted themselves to burst open the door, but with no better success than before. They then loaded the guards with insults and imprecations, for the purpose of provoking them to fire. In this, too, they failed. All were now furious, and many had become delirious. A cry for water was raised from all quarters. Mr. Holwell, who knew that water would in the end aggravate their misery, endeavoured to dissuade them from calling for it; but he remonstrated in vain. It was shortly after brought to one of the windows, and the very sight of it agitated them beyond measure. The water was conveyed in hats, forced through the bars, and was handed to their comrades by Mr. Holwell, and two of his friends, who stood close to the window. Even those who were the first to receive the water, could secure but a scanty portion of it; for such a desperate struggle took place among the claimants, that scarce a teacupful was left before the fluid reached any one's lips. The small *supply* only heightened thirst, and increased a craving

for more. Yet, scanty as it was, those who gained it were objects of envy to their companions in the remoter parts of the prison, by whom not a drop could be procured. Their cries and ravings were heart-rending; and even more so to Mr. Holwell were the touching appeals which were made to him by many of his friends, whom it was utterly impossible for him to relieve. Some, collecting all their strength for an effort, and pushed on by despair, forced their way from the other window to that where the water was distributed, and in their passage to the spot they bore down and trampled to death the weaker sufferers.

From nine till eleven, Mr. Holwell had kept his station at the window, and distributed the water. His situation was now become unbearable. He was wedged in and nearly pressed to death by the stronger individuals, who forced their way to the window, and clung to the bars which were over him. His two companions and another gentleman had already been crushed by them. At his feet several of his friends lay dead, and their bodies were every moment trodden on by the crowd. Resolving to yield to his fate, Mr. Holwell entreated that, as a last instance of their regard, they would allow him to quit the window, that he might die in quiet. His wish was complied with. By this time more than a third of the captives had ceased to exist. This circumstance, and the thronging of the survivors towards the windows, left the other end of the prison comparatively clear. Thither, with much difficulty, he contrived to make his way, and seated himself on a raised platform, which extended along the wall. "I was," says Mr. Holwell, "still happy in a calmness of mind; death I expected as unavoidable, and only lamented its slow approach; though the moment I quitted the window, my breathing grew short and painful.

" Here my poor friend, Mr. Edward Eyre, came staggering over the dead to me, and, with his usual coolness and good-nature, asked me how I did; but he fell and expired, before I had time to make a reply. I laid myself down on some of the dead behind me, and recommending myself to Heaven, had the comfort of thinking that my sufferings could have no long duration.

" My thirst grew now insupportable, and difficulty of breathing much increased; and ten minutes after, I was seized with a pain in my breast and a palpitation of my heart, both to the most exquisite degree. These obliged me to get up again; but still the pain, palpitation, thirst, and difficulty of breathing increased. I retained my senses notwithstanding, but could no longer bear the pains I suffered, without attempting the relief which I knew fresh air alone would and could give me. I instantly determined to push for the window opposite to me, and, by an effort of double the strength I ever before possessed, at length gained the second rank at it; though I think there were at least six or seven ranks between me and the window.

" In a few moments my pain, palpitation, and difficulty of breathing ceased; but my thirst continued intolerable: I called aloud for ' water, for God's sake,' and had been concluded dead; but as soon as they heard me amongst them, they had still the respect and tenderness for me to cry out, ' Give him water, Give him water!' nor would one of them at the window attempt to touch it until I had drunk. But my thirst being rather increased by the water, I determined to drink no more, but kept my mouth moist, from time to time, by sucking the perspiration out of my shirt-sleeves, and catching the drops as they fell, like heavy rain, from my head and face: you can hardly imagine how unhappy *I was if any* of them escaped my mouth.

"I came into the prison without coat or waistcoat; the season being too hot to bear the former, and one of the guards having robbed me of the latter, when we were under the veranda. Whilst I was at this second window, one of my miserable companions on the right of me observed that I allayed my thirst by sucking my shirt-sleeve, and thereupon robbed me, from time to time, of a considerable part of my store; though, after I detected him, I had ever the address to begin on that sleeve first, when I thought my reservoirs were sufficiently replenished; and our mouths and noses often met in the contest. This plunderer, I found afterwards, was a worthy young gentleman in the service, Mr. Lushington, one of the few who survived; and he has since assured me, that he believed he owed his life to the many comfortable draughts he had from my sleeves. Before I hit upon this happy expedient, in an ungovernable fit of thirst, I attempted to drink my urine; but it was so intensely bitter, I could not endure a second taste; whereas no Bristol water could be more soft or pleasant than what arose from perspiration.

"By half-an-hour past eleven, most of the living were outrageous, and the others quite ungovernable; few retaining any calmness, but the ranks next the windows. By myself, I was fully sensible what those within suffered, but had only pity to bestow upon them.

"They all now found that water only heightened their distress; and 'Air! air!' was the general cry. Every insult that could be devised against the guard—all the opprobrious names and abuse that the Subah and Monickchund (whom he had appointed governor) could be loaded with were repeated, to provoke the guard to fire upon us; every man that could, rushing tumultuously towards the windows with eager hopes of meeting

the first shot; then a general prayer was made to Heaven, to hasten the approach of the flames to the right and left of us, and put a period to our misery. But these failing, they whose strength and spirits were quite exhausted, laid themselves down and expired quietly upon their fellows; and others, who had yet some strength and vigour left, made a last effort for the windows, several of whom succeeded by leaping and scrambling over the backs and heads of those in the first ranks. Many, to the right and left, who sunk with the violent pressure, were soon suffocated; for now a steam arose from the living and the dead, which affected us in all its circumstances, as if we were forcibly held with our heads over a bowl full of strong volatile spirit of hartshorn, until stifled; nor could the effluvia of the one be distinguished from the other; for, when I was forced by the load upon my head and shoulders to hold my face down, I was obliged, near as I was to the window, instantly to raise it again to escape suffocation.

"In this plight, from half an hour past eleven till near two in the morning, I sustained the weight of a heavy man, with his knees in my back, and the pressure of his whole body on my head, a Dutch serjeant, who had taken his seat upon my left shoulder, and a black soldier bearing upon my right; all which nothing could have enabled me long to support, but the props and pressure equally sustaining me all around. The two latter I frequently dislodged, by shifting my hold on the bars, and driving my knuckles into their ribs; but my friend above, as he held by two bars, was immoveable.

"When I had endured this conflict above an hour, despairing of relief, my spirits, resolution, and every sentiment of religion, gave way; I found I could not long support this trial, and abhorred the dreadful thought *of retiring* into the inner part of the prison, where I had

before suffered so much. Some infernal spirit, taking advantage of this extremity, brought to my remembrance my having a small clasp-penknife in my pocket, with which I determined instantly to open my arteries to put an end to my misery. I had got it out, when Heaven restored me to fresh spirits and resolution, with an abhorrence of the act of cowardice I was just going to commit; but the repeated efforts I made to dislodge the insufferable incumbrances upon me, at last quite exhausted me, and, towards two o'clock, finding I must quit the window or sink where I was, I chose the former, having borne, truly for the sake of others, infinitely more for life than the best of it is worth.

"In the rank close behind me was an officer of one of the ships, named Carey, who had behaved with much bravery during the siege: his wife, a fine woman, though country-born, accompanied him into the prison, and was one who survived. This poor wretch having long raved for water and air, I told him I was resolved to give up life, and recommended his gaining my station; and on my quitting it, he made a fruitless attempt to get my place; but the Dutch serjeant, who sat on my shoulder, supplanted him.

"Poor Carey expressed his thankfulness, and said, that he too would give up life; but it was with the utmost labour we forced our way from the window, several in the inner ranks appearing to me to be dead standing, though unable to fall, because of the throng and equal pressure round. He laid himself down to die, and his death, I believe, was sudden; for he was a short, full, sanguine man; but his strength was so great, that, I imagine, had he not retired with me, I should never have been able to have forced my way.

"I found a stupor coming on apace, and laid myself down by that gallant old man, the Reverend Jervas

Bellamy, who lay dead with his son, the lieutenant, hand in hand, near the southernmost wall of the prison; and when I had lain there some little time, I still suffered some uneasiness in the thought that I should be trampled upon when dead, as I myself had done to others. With some difficulty I raised myself, and gained the platform a second time, where I presently lost all sensation; the last trace of sensibility, that I could recollect, after my lying down, was my sash being uneasy about my waist, which I untied and threw from me.

"Of what passed in this interval, to the time of my resurrection from this hole of horrors, I can give you no account; and, indeed, the particulars mentioned by some of the gentlemen who survived were so excessively absurd and contradictory, as to convince me that very few of them retained their senses; or, at least, that they lost them, soon after they came into the open air, by the fever they carried out with them."

For about three hours Mr. Holwell seems to have remained in a state of suspended animation. This was, in truth, a blessing—a happy respite from agony of body and mind. It must soon, however, have ended in the total extinction of life, had not a providential circumstance occurred. At daybreak, the few survivors, finding that no prayers could prevail to get the doors opened, bethought themselves that he might perhaps have influence enough to effect this. Accordingly, a successful search was made for him, by Mr. Lushington and Mr. Walcot; and, as there were some feeble signs that he existed, he was removed towards the window. But the stench from the dead bodies was now become so unendurable, that no one appeared willing to quit the vicinity of the window, and his two bearers were obliged to carry him back. He would probably have perished, *had not* Captain Mills nobly offered to resign to him his

place. It is consolatory to know, that this brave officer did not become the victim of his humanity. Holwell was brought to the window, and the fresh air soon restored him to consciousness. "I will not," says he, "attempt to describe what my soul suffered, on the review of the dreadful destruction around me." He had not been long removed, before an officer came from Suraja Dowla. The Subah had heard of the frightful catastrophe, and he sent to know whether the chief survived. It was no humane feeling that prompted this inquiry; for of that he was incapable. The officer was told that the chief still lived, and might perhaps recover, if the door were speedily opened. At six in the morning, an order arrived for their release. Out of a hundred and forty-six persons who had been thrust into this den of horror, only twenty-three were left in existence. So exhausted were the survivors, that more than twenty minutes elapsed before they could remove the dead from the door, so as to make a sufficient opening to pass out by one at a time.

Labouring under putrid fever, and unable to stand, Holwell threw himself on the wet grass the moment he quitted the dungeon. In this situation, a message was brought to him that he must instantly attend the Subah. Two of the enemy's officers held him up by his arms; and, while he was feebly staggering on, one of them advised him, as a friend, to disclose where the treasure was buried in the fort, as, in case of his refusing to do so, he would be shot off from the mouth of a cannon within half an hour. "This intimation," says he, "gave me no concern at all; for I should now have esteemed death the greatest favour the tyrant could have bestowed on me."

When he was brought into the presence of Suraja Dowla, the despot, who saw that he was more than half

dead, stretched his pity so far as to order a large folio volume to be picked out of a heap of plunder, and placed for him to sit upon. Holwell strove to speak, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a word. Water was then brought to him, and he regained the power of speech. The first use which he made of his voice was to relate the melancholy fate of his companions. But the Subah felt no interest in such a narrative, and he abruptly cut him short. He knew, he said, that a great treasure was secreted in the fort, that Mr. Holwell was privy to it, and that he must expect no favour unless he confessed where it was hidden. It was in vain that the prisoner protested his ignorance upon the subject; the Subahdar refused to believe him, and at length committed him to the custody of Mhir Muddon, the commander of the household troops.

In company with three of his fellow-sufferers, Mr. Holman was conveyed to the Subah's camp, about three miles from the fort. There they were loaded with fetters, and lodged in a Sepoy's tent,—or, rather, partly lodged, for its dimensions were so small—it being only four feet long, three wide, and three high—that their persons were half within it and half in the open air. The rain came down in torrents during the night; but their situation, compared with that of the preceding night, seemed to them to be absolute felicity. Large and painful boils now broke out upon them, from head to foot; and to this critical effort of nature to expel the disease, they were indebted for their lives.

Still in fetters, sore and smarting from top to toe, and exposed to a scorching sun, they were marched back to town next morning. On the third day after their arrival, they were embarked on board a crazy boat, that *could hardly* swim, and began their voyage to Moor-

shedabad, the Bengalese capital. Their sleeping-place was a platform of loose, variously-sized bamboos, laid upon the bottom timbers; a bit of mat and a piece or two of a coarse bag formed their covering; of clothes they were nearly destitute; and their food was rice and the turbid water of the Hooghly. Their scanty diet was, however, favourable to the recovery of their health.

"It being found impossible to get the clumsy vessel further than Santipore, the officer, who had the captives in charge, despatched one of his men, to order the zemindar of the district to furnish light boats, for the conveyance of state prisoners to the Subah's capital. Believing the messenger to be an impostor, the zemindar drove him away; an act which so roused the wrath of the officer, that he landed to seize the refractory individual, and carried along with him Mr. Holwell, as a living proof that the demand for boats was legitimately made.

"Being immediately lugged ashore (says Mr. Holwell), I urged the impossibility of walking, covered as my legs were with boils, and several of them in the way of my fetters; and entreated, if I must go, that they would for the time take off my irons, as it was not in my power to escape from them; but I was constrained to crawl, in a scorching sun, near noon, for more than a mile and a half; my legs running in a stream of blood from the irritation of my irons, and myself ready to drop at every step with excessive faintness and unspeakable pain.

"When we came near the cutcherry of the district, the zemindar was ready to receive us; but as soon as they presented me to him as a prisoner of state, estimated and valued to them at four lacs of rupees (50,000*l.*), he confessed his mistake, and made no further resistance. The jemmatdaar gave orders to have him bound and sent to the boat; but on his farther submission, he was released, and matters were accommodated.

"I became so very low and weak by this cruel travel, that it was some time before they would venture to march me back; and the stony-hearted villains, for their own sakes, were at last obliged to carry me part of the way, and support me the rest, covering me from the sun with their shields.

"We departed from hence directly, in expectation of boats following us, which never came; and the next day, I think the last of June, they pressed a small open fishing dingee, and embarked us on it, with two of our guard only; for, in fact, any more would have sunk her. Here we had a bed of bamboos something softer, I think, than those of the great boat; but we had so little room, that we could not stir without our fetters bruising our own or each other's boils, and did not arrive at Moorshedabad till the seventh of July in the afternoon."

After their arrival at Moorshedabad, the situation of the prisoners was much ameliorated in some points, though it was still far enough from being enviable. As regarded provisions, clothing, linen, and money, they were placed in comparative comfort; the chiefs of the French and Dutch factories vying with each other in generously providing for their wants. Nor were the Armenian merchants less actively kind; but, on the other hand, for four days after they reached the capital, they were kept in irons, and were lodged in a stable, where, throughout the whole of the day, such immense crowds of spectators pressed round to gaze at them, that the captives were once more in danger of suffocation. In Mr. Holwell, the change of diet brought on fever, accompanied by severe inflammation of the right leg and thigh, which terminated in gout. Yet neither this, nor the pain he suffered from being covered with boils, could move his jailors to take off the galling fetters.

The welcome day of their deliverance at length came.

On the 11th of July, the Subah returned to his capital. He had intended that they should be set free before he left the scene of his victory, and he was displeased with Mhir Muddon for having hurried them to Moorshedabad. There was, therefore, no obstacle to their release. The first step towards their liberation was the removing them to more pleasant quarters, where they were kindly treated. Five days afterwards, they were taken into the presence of the Subah, who ordered that their irons should be cut off, that they should be conducted wherever they pleased to go, and should be protected from further injury and insult. Thus terminated a series of diversified tortures, which had continued for little less than a month. Before a year passed away, the wrongs which they had sustained were terribly avenged.

THE ESCAPE OF CAPTAIN WILSON.

THE wretchedness of falling into the hands of an unprincipled and brutal enemy was never, perhaps, more strikingly illustrated than in the case of those British subjects who had the misfortune to become prisoners of Hyder Ali, and his son and successor Tippoo Sahib, during the war in India, from 1781 to 1783. Various narratives of their sufferings have been published, among which that of Captain Wilson, though concise, is not one of the least interesting. The following is an abridgment of it.

In 1782, while in command of a vessel which was conveying naval stores to the squadron of Sir Edward Hughes, Captain Wilson was captured by the French admiral Suffrein, and carried into Cuddalore. There, among other companions in misfortune, he found the crew of the Hannibal man-of-war, which had previously been taken by Suffrein. For some time his captivity, and that of his fellow-countrymen, was comparatively light. The officers were allowed to be at large on parole, and were buoyed up by the hope of being speedily exchanged. They were, however, doomed to experience not only disappointment, but also far more misery than it could have been possible for them to anticipate. Hyder Ali was excited to the highest pitch of rage against the British government. Not satisfied with ravaging the Carnatic in the most horrible manner, he was anxious to get into his possession as many British prisoners as possible, that he might convert them into instruments against their own sovereign, or, failing in that, might wreak his vengeance upon them. With this *view, he is* said to have given Suffrein a bribe of three

hundred thousand rupees, to make over to him all the English prisoners who were at Cuddalore. The governor of Cuddalore and his officers were indignant at this infamous bargain; but they were powerless to prevent it from being carried into effect. All the governor could do was to inform the victims that, on the morrow, he must give them up to an escort, which was to conduct them to Seringapatam.

The captives were filled with dismay by this unexpected and astounding communication. They well knew that, in the prisons of Hyder Ali, they had nothing to hope; that a life of insufferable misery, closed, perhaps, by a death of torture, would infallibly be their lot. Yet to avoid this fate seemed impossible. In spite, however, of the numerous obstacles with which he was aware he should meet, Captain Wilson determined to attempt to escape that very night, and endeavour to reach the neutral settlement of Tranquebar. In his walks round the ramparts, the idea had sometimes entered his mind, that it might be possible to drop from them into that branch of the river Pal-aur which passes by the fort. It is probable that the danger of the descent had hitherto been considered by him as likely to be more formidable than remaining in the hands of a civilised foe, especially with the prospect before him of being speedily exchanged. But, now that circumstances were so lamentably altered, it appeared trivial in comparison with what he expected to undergo. Though he was ignorant of the height of the rampart, and of the width of the various rivers which he must cross in his way to Tranquebar, he resolved to brave every peril, rather than fall into the clutches of the vindictive Hyder. This resolve he communicated to a brother officer, and to Toby, his Bengalese servant-boy, and they agreed to bear him company.

The heart of Wilson's brother-officer failed him before

the appointed hour for departing, and Wilson and his servant-boy were left to essay alone their perilous adventure. About seven o'clock, when darkness was coming on, and just previously to the guard being set, they softly ascended the rampart. Wilson leaped off, and alighted with such violence upon a dry bank at the foot of the wall, that his knees struck against his chin, and he was precipitated head foremost into the stream. He had plunged from a height of nearly forty feet. Though the shock was great, no bones were broken, and on scrambling out of the water, his worst apprehension was that the sound of his dashing into it might have aroused the sentinels. Finding that no alarm was given, he returned to the highest spot on the bank, told the boy to drop down, and caught him in his arms.

Both were now safe on the verge of the stream; but here a difficulty arose. That part of the Carnatic which lies between Cuddalore and Tranquebar is intersected by numerous streams, some of which, particularly the Coleroon, are of considerable magnitude. All of them run nearly parallel to each other, and of course all of them must be crossed by the fugitives. On inquiring of the boy whether he could swim, Wilson was answered in the negative. He himself was an excellent swimmer; and as he could not bear to leave the poor youth behind, he took him upon his back, and carried him over. After crossing three lesser streams, and travelling fifteen miles, they arrived in the neighbourhood of Porto Novo. Here they were challenged by a sentinel, and were forced to conceal themselves for a while. As soon as the sentinel was out of hearing, they proceeded to the river Vel-aur. It is wide, and as the sea is near, the tide was running in with great rapidity. As before, he took the boy on his back, directing him to hold on by his hands only, *and to strike* out his legs behind him. But when they

reached the breakers, the boy was so terrified by the rush of the waves, that he twined his legs tightly round the captain, and almost disabled him from moving. It was not without extreme difficulty that Wilson could succeed even in making his way back to the shore. Convinced that any further attempt to convey his youthful companion must inevitably end in the destruction of both, he directed him to go to a friend who could take care of him. The boy departed, and, melancholy to relate, was never heard of again.

The fugitive now plunged once more into the stream, and strained every nerve to reach the opposite shore. His exertions were fruitless. The tide set in so strongly, that he was swept a considerable distance up the river, and was at last obliged to re-land on the side which he had quitted. All chance of continuing his journey in the direction of Tranquebar seemed now to be lost. But, while he was deliberating what was to be done, the light of the moon opportunely showed him a canoe, lying dry upon the beach. He was about to launch it, when two natives rushed out, and demanded to know what he meant to do with their boat; and, at the same time, they effectually stopped his progress, by seizing upon the paddles. Apprehensive that they would attack him with the paddles, he snatched up the outrigger of the canoe, and stood upon his defence. They did not, however, wish to harm him, and they listened patiently to his story, that urgent business called him to Tranquebar, and that he had lost his way. He must and would, he said, go to Tranquebar; and, in proof of his resolution, he exerted all his strength to push the canoe into the water, entreating them also to row him over. The good-tempered Indians were not proof against his entreaties, and they conveyed him safely to the opposite bank. He paid them for their kindness by the warmest thanks,

and regretted that he had nothing more substantial to give.

Anxious to turn the night to account, Wilson pushed forward at the top of his speed. The moon, which was shining brilliantly, enabled him to keep in the right direction. From the Vel-aur to the Coleroon the distance is nearly as great as from Cuddalore to the former river. He, nevertheless, moved with such expedition, that before the dawn of day he stood upon the left bank of the Coleroon. The sight of what he had to struggle against would have discouraged any one who was not actuated by such powerful hopes and fears as those which goaded him on. The river appeared of such an alarming width, and his strength was so much exhausted, that for some time he stood hesitating on the brink. The approaching daylight, which would destroy all hope of escape, and the dread of the cruelties which he must endure if he were retaken, at length gave him the courage of desperation, and he plunged into the stream. "How long he was in crossing it, he cannot ascertain; he thinks he must have slept by the way, from some confused remembrance which he has, as of a person awaking from a state of insensibility, and which he supposes had lasted half-an-hour at least. However, with the light of the morning he had reached the land."

Wilson now flattered himself that he was nearly if not quite out of danger. He had journeyed full half-way to Tranquebar, and had placed the broad Coleroon between himself and his pursuers. With a light heart he passed through a jungle near the sea-side, and ascended a sand-bank, to reconnoitre the surrounding country. This fatal movement was fraught with innumerable woes. From the elevation on which he stood, he saw, nigh at hand, a party of Hyder's cavalry, which was scouring the coast. *He had no* time to elude these lynx-eyed and pitiless

marauders; they instantly galloped after him, and in a few moments he was their captive. In a few moments more he was stripped naked, and his hands were tied behind him. A rope was then fastened to his hands, which was held by some of his captors, and in this plight he was driven along for several miles, under a burning sun, which blistered him from head to foot.

On the party reaching the head-quarters, Wilson was sharply interrogated by the Mysorean officer, who was a Mahometan. The fugitive gave him a true account of his escape from Cuddalore; but when he stated that he had swum over the Coleroon, his hearer thought that too impudent a demand was made upon his credulity. In the plainest terms, and in an angry tone, he told the narrator that his assertion was a falsehood; for that no one had ever passed the Coleroon by swimming, the thing being impossible, as he could not even have dipped the tip of his finger into the water without being seized by the alligators, which swarmed there. By dint of corroborative circumstances Wilson at last obtained credence for his story, and the Mysorean then lifted up his hands in astonishment, and exclaimed "This is God's man!"

But though Providence was believed to have favoured the fugitive, this did not obtain for him any favour from the men into whose hands he had fallen. Naked and blistered as he was, he was immediately marched back to Cuddalore; and, as a punishment for his flight, Hyder refused to let him rejoin his brother officers, and ordered him to be thrust into a dungeon, among the humblest class of captives.

On the following morning, almost famished, and all but naked, he was led out of his dungeon, and chained to a common soldier, in order to be marched off to Seringapatam. Pitying his wretched condition, his brother

officers endeavoured to alleviate it in some small degree, by supplying him with a few necessary articles. A waistcoat was contributed by one, a shirt by another, and shoes and stockings by a third, and he was thus put in a state to travel with less discomfort. Their kindness was, however, manifested to no purpose. At the first halting-place, the barbarians who escorted the prisoners again stripped him to the skin, and he was forced to proceed with only a rag wrapped round his loins.

In this manner, naked, barefooted, covered with blisters, chained together in pairs, and goaded on and insulted by the Mysorean guard, Wilson and his companions pursued, under a scorching vertical sun, their toilsome march of five hundred miles to Seringapatam. A little rice was their only food, and at night they were crowded into damp and pestilential dungeons. This cruelty was partly designed to break their spirits, and induce them to change their religion and renounce their allegiance. Hyder himself saw them while they were on their way, and strongly urged them to profess the Mahometan faith, and serve under his banner. Weakened by their sufferings, hopeless of relief, and lured too by the promises of reward, which he made to them, a few of the captives were seduced from their duty. Wilson, however, was among those who rejected his offers with contempt, and resolved to die rather than to become an apostate and a traitor. His refusal brought on him fresh inflictions, and before he reached Seringapatam the fetters had cut into his flesh, and he was labouring under a severe attack of dysentery.

On the arrival of the prisoners at Hyder's capital, Wilson, more dead than alive, was consigned to a filthy prison, along with a hundred and fifty-three fellow-captives, most of whom were Highlanders, belonging to Major Macleod's regiment, men remarkable for their

robustness and size. The irons which had been worn by the gallant and unfortunate Captain Baillie were put upon him; they weighed thirty-two pounds, and he was told that he was thus manacled because he had attempted to escape, and had rejected the proposals of the Mysorean usurper. He was incarcerated among the common soldiers, and one of them was shackled to him day and night. The other officers were allowed more liberty; among them was Captain Baird, who, in the rank of general, had the gratification of leading the British troops to the assault of Seringapatam, and extinguishing in blood the short-lived dynasty of Hyder Ali.

The jail in which they were heaped together, was a place well calculated to make them feel all the misery of confinement. It was a square building, round the four interior sides of which was a kind of barrack for the soldiers who guarded them. The centre, inefficiently roofed over, was open all round, and gave free admission to the wind and rain. The captives had no bed but the bare earth, no covering but the few rags which were wrapped round them. So bitterly did Wilson and his inseparable companion suffer from the chilling night-blasts, that they often dug a hole and crouched in it, to obtain shelter from them. Their diet was not of a nature to enable their frames to bear up against the many annoyances which assailed them. "Their whole allowance," says the narrative, "was only a pound of rice a-day, per man, and one rupee for forty days, or one *pice* a-day, less than a penny, to provide salt and firing to cook the rice. It will hardly be believed, that it was among their eager employments, to collect the white ants, which pestered them in the prison, and fry them, to procure a spoonful or two of their buttery substance. A state of raging hunger was never appeased by an allowance scarcely able to maintain life; and the rice

was so full of stones, that he could not chew, but swallow it; and often," he said, "he was afraid to trust his own fingers in his mouth, lest he should be tempted to bite them.

"The noble and athletic Highlanders were among the first victims. The flux and dropsy daily diminished their numbers. Often the dead corpse was unchained from his arm in the morning, that another living sufferer might take his place, and fall by the same diseases. How his constitution could endure such sufferings, is astonishing. Yet he had recovered from the flux, which he carried into the prison, and for a year maintained a state of health beyond his fellows; but, worn down with misery, cold, hunger, and nakedness, he was attacked with the usual symptoms, which had carried off so many others. His body immediately distended, his thighs were as big as his waist was before, and his face was enormously bloated; death seemed to have seized him for his prey. How he survived such accumulated misery, exhausted with famine and disease, and unwholesome vapours of a prison thickening around him, and the iron entering into his flesh, is next to a miracle; but the days of man are numbered: he is immortal in the regions of the shadow of death, till his appointed time shall come.

"Reduced now to the extremity of weakness, his chains too strait to be endured, and threatening mortification, he seemed to touch the moment of his dissolution, and was released from them to lie down and die. The soldier to whom he had been last chained had served him with great affection, while others who had been linked together, often quarrelled, and, rendered mad by their sufferings, blasphemed, and aggravated each other's miseries. Seeing him thus to appearance near his end, and thinking it might alleviate his pain, Sam

entreated that he might spend for oil the daily *pice*, about three farthings, which was paid them, and anoint his legs; but the captain objected, that he should then have nothing to buy firing and salt to cook the next day's provision. Sam shook his head, and said, 'Master, before that, I fear you will be dead, and never want it.' But who can tell what a day may bring forth? He had exchanged his allowance of rice that day for a small species of *grain*, called *ratche pier*, which he eagerly devoured, and being very thirsty, he drank the liquor in which they were boiled, and this produced such an amazing evacuation, that, in the course of a few hours, his legs and thighs, and body, from being bloated ready to burst, were reduced to a skeleton, and though greatly weakened, he was completely relieved; and he afterwards recommended the trial with success to many of his fellow-prisoners. His irons were now replaced, though less heavy; and being mere skin and bone, they would slip over his knees, and leave his legs at liberty."

For twenty-two months this infernal system of slow torture was steadily pursued. At the end of that period, when Tippoo Saib, the successor of Hyder, was at last compelled to conclude a peace, death had swept away nearly the whole of Wilson's companions. When Mr. Law arrived at Seringapatam to claim the captives, there remained in this prison only thirty-two out of the original number of a hundred and fifty-three. Naked, emaciated, and covered with ulcers, the survivors were in a condition which almost made them envy their deceased comrades. These, and others, were released; but very many were retained by the perfidious Mysorean, and were seduced or compelled to apostatise, and enter into his service. The impossibility of ascertaining how many prisoners were in his pos-

session enabled him to commit this disgraceful act with impunity.

The deliverance of the prisoners had nearly proved fatal to them. Though they were cautioned to shun excess in eating, their ravenous appetites got the better of their prudence, and they devoured their food with an avidity which produced alarming effects. Wilson was one of those who were guilty of this indiscretion. The result was, that he was immediately attacked by a violent fever, became delirious, and for a fortnight was on the brink of the grave.

On his recovering, Wilson and some of his companions set out for Madras. His meagre form, wild looks, and singular attire, gave him much the appearance of a maniac. Lord Macartney had sent off such clothing as could be hastily got together for the redeemed captives; but it was far from sufficient in quantity or remarkable for its beauty, and in the scramble that ensued for it the articles were oddly divided. A very large military hat, a sort of morning-gown, and a pair of pantaloons, the numerous holes in which afforded undeniable evidence of long service, fell to the share of Captain Wilson. Eager to see the friends from whom he had been separated for two years, he quitted his comrades at the last halting-place, and walked to Madras. The sentries were so struck by his strange aspect, that they could hardly be prevailed upon to let him pass. "He then hastened to the house of a friend, whose name was Ellis, and knocking at the door, inquired of the servants for their master and mistress. The footmen stared at him, and said they were not at home, and were shutting the door against him, when he pressed in, rushed by them, and threw himself down on a sofa. The servants were Mahometans, who hold the insane in much reverence, and such they supposed him; and, without any violence

used to remove him, Captain Wilson was permitted quietly to repose himself. Being tired, he fell into the most profound sleep, in which state his friends on their return found him, and hardly recognised him, he was so altered. They left him thus sound asleep till the evening, when the lustres were lighted, and several friends assembled, curious to hear the story of his miserable captivity. When he awoke, and saw the glare of light, and the persons around him, he could scarce recover his recollection, and for a moment seemed as if he had dropped into some enchanted abode. The welcome and kind treatment of his friends, who supplied all his wants, soon restored him to his former life and spirits; and he began to think of new service, as he had yet obtained but a scanty provision, which his long captivity had not much increased, though he received the arrears of his pay."

Some years after these events, Captain Wilson, who had become a zealous member of that class of Christians which is distinguished by the epithet "Evangelical," was appointed to the command of the Duff, a vessel fitted out by the Missionary Society, for the purpose of conveying missionaries to the Southern Pacific Ocean. The voyage occupied the years 1796, 1797, and 1798; and the Narrative of it, which was subsequently published, is considerably indebted to the journals and remarks of Wilson. He seems, during the whole of his protracted circumnavigation, to have performed his arduous duties in a manner which was equally honourable to him as a skilful officer, and as a religious man.

THE SEIZURE AND ESCAPE OF STANISLAUS AUGUSTUS, KING OF POLAND.

In a former narrative in this volume*, we have seen a Polish monarch, Stanislaus Leczinski, exposed to a thousand perils from the Muscovites, because he was an obstacle to their ambition, and was beloved by his subjects: in the present article, we shall see another monarch of the same nation, Stanislaus Poniatowski, who was obnoxious to his subjects, and an object of their attacks, because he was elevated to the throne by Russia, and was looked upon as the mere creature and tool of that ever rapacious and insolent power.

Stanislaus Augustus, son of Count Poniatowski, a Lithuanian noble, was by no means a man of slender abilities, or devoid of amiable qualities: he was generous and benevolent, with a highly-cultivated mind, a considerable share of knowledge and prepossessing manners, and we may believe that he was sincerely desirous of rendering Poland happy; but in firmness, perseverance, and a far-seeing and commanding intellect, he was deficient, and the means by which he obtained the crown threw an obscuring shade over the merit which he really possessed. The fatal friendship of Russia was the plague-spot on his character; he himself felt that it was so. It was not in the nature of the Poles to bear with patience the sway of a man whom they looked upon as nothing but a Muscovite viceroy; and they soon began to concert measures for putting an end to it, or, at least, compelling the monarch to separate from his tyrannical allies, and espouse the cause of his country. With this purpose, a confederation was formed, in 1768, at

* Page 155.

Bar, in the palatinate of Podolia, which was ultimately enlarged to a general confederation of the whole kingdom.

The most prominent part in forming this confederacy was taken by Joseph Pulaski, Starost of Warka, and six of his family, three of whom were his sons. It was not long before he fell a victim to the intrigues of some of his envious and ambitious colleagues. His relatives, nevertheless, still continued to combat under the standard of liberty. The sons of Pulaski were all men of courage and talent; but by far the most distinguished among them for those qualities was Casimir, who was twenty-one years of age when he first took up arms. His boldness, activity, and promptitude in finding resources were astonishing. Ruhliere, the historian of "the Anarchy of Poland," thus describes this chivalrous defender of Polish independence:—

"At the same time, Casimir Pulaski descended from the mountains, where he had taken refuge since his defeat; he was the sole remaining individual of that family which was the first to take up arms for the cause of the nation. He had passed the winter on the peaks of rocks, and sometimes in entrenchments formed of ice and snow. As he expected to be attacked, he had, for want of caltrops, collected, from all the villages to which he could extend his incursions, a great quantity of iron rakes; and, after having cleared away the snow from the most accessible avenues to his camp, he had placed these rakes on the ground, with their tines in the air. The snow covered them again, and the cavalry had often been overthrown by them. With the rapidity of a bird of prey, he frequently rushed down from the mountains, carrying off subsistence for his troops, and making prisoners. He then sent to propose exchanges with the Russian generals, and, by the terror of his name, compelled them to observe towards him the laws of war.

"No soldier was ever more dexterous in wielding all kinds of arms. Of this gift of nature, which was increased by perpetual exercise, he availed himself to charge in person the enemy with an intrepidity which set an example to all whom he commanded. The rising race, animated by a resolute spirit, was eager to follow him; and he himself, finding that Poles of a mature age had less energy, was disposed rather to grant his confidence to young men, who were formed by his lessons, and became anxious to rival him in strength and address. There was not one of them who had not signalised himself by some singular exploit. Among them were men each of whom was renowned for having slain more than a hundred Russians with his own hand. Their extreme swiftness, and their correctness of eye in judging distances, and cutting off on the plains, or at the openings of the woods, the weak Russian detachments, always threw into their power a great number of prisoners. Peril was their pleasure; and a combat in which they could display their dexterity, they considered as a relaxation from their toils. Pulaski, by a natural ascendency, was the master of his equals. All seconded him with ardour; all rushed with him into the thickest of the deadly fray: all were on the watch to give mutual succour. More adroit than his companions, Pulaski had almost always this last advantage. There were few of his officers whom he had not snatched from some danger, whom he had not sought out and rescued from the midst of enemies, and who did not acknowledge that they were indebted to him for liberty or life. The greatest part of the other marshals, doubtful as to the steps which ought to be taken, consulted their subalterns, and thus sometimes ran the risk of advising with traitors: but in the army of Pulaski, the plans of the *leader* were formed by himself alone; no one knew his

secret; the confidence which they all felt in him inspired them with a blind obedience, and interdicted all indiscreet curiosity. This troop, the most brave and the most determined of those which fought under the banner of the confederation, was also the poorest. Casimir Pulaski neglected the raising of contributions. His natural generosity rendered that necessity odious to him. As soon as money came into his hands, he employed it in the payment of spies.

"The general council, which believed that it had reason to fear his resentment, endeavoured at first to weaken him. It not only looked upon him as one of those youthful adventurers whose rashness had been useful at the outset, and whose daring must now be moderated, and their pretensions put down; but the hatred and desire of vengeance which it supposed him to feel against the general whom the confederation had at first chosen, excited a dread of his becoming too powerful. A part of the troops which had followed him became the guards of the council, and were put under the command of Mosinski, a young man of tried bravery.

"Mosinski, who till then had been subordinate to Casimir Pulaski, became thus his equal; but their friendship suffered no diminution. Casimir, intrepid on the battle-field, was, in the common commerce of life, mild, complying, sociable, free from all personal suspicion of those whose patriotic sentiments he knew, and never took part in any of the intrigues by which the confederations were disturbed. If, however, the council had begun by fearing him, he himself had considered as his personal enemies the chiefs whom the confederation had chosen. Having no doubt that the death of his father had been caused by their persecution of him, he had for some time hesitated to recognise their authority. But, faithful to the oath which his father had

required, to forget every injury, and to sacrifice to the public liberty every feeling of revenge, he submitted to the general council as soon as he found that it was acknowledged by the nation, thought only of how he might second it most effectually, and at length, by the splendour and importance of his services, compelled it to grant him a larger portion of its confidence."

Such was the man who, unhappily for his fame, was induced to lend his countenance to a scheme for seizing the Polish monarch in the very heart of Warsaw, and conveying him as a prisoner to the fortress of Czentokow, of which Pulaski had made himself master in the preceding year. It is not improbable that the scheme was suggested to the confederates by an abortive attempt which the Russians had recently made to carry off the general council from the town of Biala, where it held its sittings. The person who communicated it to Pulaski, and solicited from him an order for taking the king to Czentokow, was a chief named Strawinski; a man who is described as having an ardent imagination, a gloomy devotional spirit, and an impetuous temperament, which disposed him to all kinds of fanaticism.

Pulaski displayed, on this occasion, a vacillation and inconsistency which were not in unison with his general character. His first impulse seems to have been to shrink from participating in an enterprise which had something of a bandit aspect; and we may suppose him to have been reconciled to it only by a consideration of the advantages which the confederates might derive from possessing the person of the sovereign. "I will give you no order whatever," replied he, "but I warn you that I shall not approve of your project, even after it is executed, if you do not respect the life of him whom you wish to take prisoner." "I could have killed him twenty *times in Warsaw*," answered Strawinski, "but the inter-

ests of the Confederation induced me to forbear. Why suspect me of wishing to discredit it, when my only wish is to serve it? It is the living Poniatowski that I have resolved to deliver into its hands." Pulaski, nevertheless, still declined to give any formal sanction to the intended proceeding, and even desired that his name might not be mentioned to those who were engaged in the plot. Yet, strange to say, he, shortly after, not only wrote to Strawinski, but to others, fixing on the 3rd of November as the day for carrying off the monarch. He went much farther; for, in the course of the few days which elapsed before the attempt was made, he manœuvred so ably as to draw nearly the whole of the Russian forces from Warsaw, there being not more than two hundred of them remaining in the capital.

The party with which Strawinski undertook this daring enterprise, consisted of seven-and-thirty persons, besides himself and the two other chiefs, Lukaski and Kosinski. They obtained admittance into Warsaw, under the disguise of peasants, who were bringing hay to market. Their saddles, arms, and clothes, were concealed under the hay. Strawinski divided his men into three bands. One of these was posted on the outside of the town, at the entrance of the wood of Bielani; the second, pretending to be a Russian patrolling detachment, was to stop and keep at bay the advanced portion of the royal escort; while the third was to drag the monarch from the carriage. They were then to unite, and make the best of their way to join their companions in the wood.

The plan was carried into execution, between nine and ten o'clock, on the night of the 3rd of November, 1771. The rendezvous of the conspirators was in Capuchin-street, through which it was known that Stanislaus would pass, on returning from a visit to his uncle, Prince

Czartoryski, the grand-chancellor of Lithuania. The king had with him fifteen attendants, besides an aide-de-camp, who was in the coach. He was not more than two hundred yards from the Czartoryski palace, when the conspirators began their operations. The coachman was ordered to stop, on pain of instant death; and, as the attendants were erroneously supposed to meditate resistance, several pistol-shots were fired by the assailants. There were, however, only two of the domestics who strove to save their master, and they died victims to their fidelity. All the others took flight. The conspirators found the carriage empty, but they soon discovered some one crouching under it, and doubted not that it was the king. They were mistaken; their captive proved to be the aide-de-camp, who, on the first alarm of danger, had ensconced himself in that inglorious position. This valorous soldier seems to have studied Hudibras, rather than the great teachers of military science. The king, meanwhile, under cover of an exceedingly dark night, had slipped out of the carriage, when the firing commenced, and ran for shelter to the palace of his uncle. His loud knocking at the door convinced the conspirators that he was there, and they followed without delay. In order to obtain light, to ascertain whether it was really the king, one of them fired a pistol so close to his face, that he narrowly escaped being scorched by the flash. Another, in a spirit of wanton brutality, gave him a cut on the head with a sabre, which penetrated to the bone. He was seized by the hair, and dragged along, amidst violent threats, and exclamations of, "We have you now! Your last hour is come!" They then mounted their horses, and two of them haled him by the collar, through the streets of Warsaw, for a distance of five hundred yards.

The runaway attendants had, in the meantime, carried

to the palace the news of what had befallen their master. The foot-guards instantly ran to the spot; but the king and his assailants had disappeared, and nothing was found, except the hat of the monarch, which was stained with blood, and the bag of his wig, which had dropped off in the scuffle. This gave reason to believe that he was no more, or, at least, that his life was in imminent danger. At the palace, and in the city, the utmost confusion reigned. No one knew which way Stanislaus was gone, or could suggest the means to rescue him. But, if the narrative of Rulhière may be credited, there were two persons in Warsaw, Prince Czartoryski and the Russian Ambassador, on whom this extraordinary event made no very deep impression. "The grand-chancellor," says he, "ordered the gates of his hôtel to be shut, and sat down to supper in state. Saldern, to whom a domestic came to communicate all the particulars, false or true, which he had gleaned upon the subject, had not time to listen to them; 'he was busy,' he said, 'upon other business.'"

While the people of Warsaw were idly speculating upon what had occurred, and what ought to be done, the conspirators were carrying off their prize. The king had been hurried along, on foot, with such rapidity, that he had almost lost his breath, and they were forced to put him on a horse, that he might not retard their flight. At the place where they reached the moat, that surrounded Warsaw, there was no bridge, and they were compelled to leap across. The king's horse fell twice, and in the second attempt its leg was broken. Covered with dirt, and with only one shoe, the other being lost in the moat, he was mounted on another horse, and again led forward. But, in consequence of the delay caused by this accident, the van party, which continued its march in ignorance of what had happened, got so far

ahead of the rear, that it was entirely separated from it. Lukaski now took from the king's neck the order of the black eagle and a diamond cross, to be shown to Pulaski, as proofs that Stanislaus was in their hands, and on the way to Czentokow. At this point he appears to have proceeded onward, with some of his comrades, leaving the king in custody of Kosinski, and six of the conspirators.

The night was pitch dark, and Kosinski and his comrades were unacquainted with the country round Warsaw. They wandered about, therefore, without making any progress. The mud was so deep and tenacious, that the horses could scarcely draw their legs out of it, and the conspirators were obliged to dismount Stanislaus, and make him proceed on foot, though he had only one shoe. When, however, they had emerged from the slough, they again put him in the saddle, two of them holding him down by his hands, and a third leading the horse by the bridle.

The subordinate conspirators were evidently not informed of the purpose for which the king had been carried off; they looked to revenge as the object, and not to political advantage. It could not have been without a strong feeling of alarm that he repeatedly heard them ask Kosinski whether the moment was not come to kill their prisoner. This question they seem to have reiterated whenever they became irritated by meeting with any additional obstacle. But Stanislaus now contrived to propitiate in some degree their good-will, by an act which manifested much sagacity and presence of mind. Perceiving that they took the road which led to a village called Burakow, he advised them not to proceed in that direction, because there was a Russian detachment posted in the village, which would probably try to *rescue him*. His advice was dictated by regard for his

own safety; he being convinced that, as soon as any attempt was made by the Russians to liberate him, the conspirators would not fail to take his life. Not divining his real motive, they looked upon this counsel as a mark of confidence, and a sort of pledge that he would not endeavour to escape, and they became less violent in their behaviour than they had previously been. Stanislaus availed himself of this favourable impression, to request that he might not be kept down in such an uneasy position on the saddle, and that he might have another boot. His request was granted, and they also gave him another horse. Kosinski, the leader, contributed greatly to bring about this change. "When I was in the hands of the assassins," said Stanislaus to the Diet during the trial, "I heard them repeatedly ask him if they should not murder me, but he always prevented them. He was the first who persuaded them to behave towards me with greater gentleness; and made them confer on me some services which I then greatly wanted —namely, one to give me a cap, and another a boot, which at that time were no trifling presents; for the cold air greatly affected the wound in my head, and my foot, which was covered with blood, gave me inexpressible torture, which was every moment growing worse."

After having for some time floundered about at random through swamps and marshy meadows, the conspirators at last reached the forest of Bielani. They had not gone far before they were alarmed by the approach of a Russian patrolling party. Four of them immediately took to their heels. Stanislaus was now left with only Kosinski and two men, who compelled him to go on. In about a quarter of an hour, they heard the "who goes there?" of another Russian detachment. This put to flight the two men, and Kosinski remained alone with the king.

Both of them were on foot, they having been unable to move forward on horseback. Worn out with fatigue, the monarch entreated that he might be allowed to rest for a moment, but Kosinski refused, threatened to use his sabre, and told him that a carriage was waiting for them beyond the wood. They went on till they came to the convent of Bielani. Perceiving that Kosinski was greatly disturbed in mind, and seemingly doubtful what course to pursue, the monarch said to him, "I see that you know not which way to go; let me enter this convent, and do you provide for your own safety."—"No!" replied Kosinski, "I have taken a solemn oath."

The king and his conductor continued their progress till they came to a small palace called Mariemont, which was situated about half a league from Warsaw, and belonged to the house of Saxony. Kosinski appeared pleased at knowing where he was. Stanislaus again began to urge his being suffered to rest, and this time he was successful. They sat down on the ground together, and the king, who probably saw that Kosinski was wavering, called all his eloquence into play to induce the chief to consent to his escaping. He descanted forcibly on the atrocious nature of the crime committed against the person of the sovereign, and on the invalidity of the oath which the conspirators had taken. Kosinski listened with attention, and betrayed some signs of remorse. "But," said he, "if I take you back to Warsaw, I shall be sent to prison and executed."—"I pledge my word," replied the king, "that no harm shall happen to you; but, if you have any doubt on the subject, escape while you have an opportunity. I can reach a place of safety, and I will direct your pursuers a contrary way to that which you have gone." The struggle which agitated the mind of Kosinski ended in his yielding:

he dropped on his knees, asked for pardon, and declared that he threw himself wholly on the generosity of the monarch. Stanislaus replied by repeating his assurances of forgiveness and protection.

At some distance from the spot where they had halted there was a mill. Thither Stanislaus repaired with the converted conspirator. Kosinski knocked, but no notice was taken by the inhabitants. He then broke a small pane of glass, and begged shelter for a nobleman who had been plundered by robbers. The miller, however, who, not unreasonably, believed them to be robbers themselves, positively refused to open the door, and in this refusal he persisted for half-an-hour. At length the king addressed him: "If we were thieves," said he, "as you imagine, we could break the whole window as easily as the pane of glass, and force our way into your abode in spite of you." This argument was considered as conclusive by the miller, and he no longer hesitated to let in the king and Kosinski. The first step which Stanislaus took was to write the following billet to General Coccei, the colonel of his foot guards. "By a kind of miracle, I am saved from the hands of assassins. I am at the mill of Mariemont. Come as soon as possible to take me away. I am wounded, but only slightly." Considerable difficulty arose as to finding a messenger to convey the billet to Wársaw; for none of the inhabitants of the mill were disposed to encounter the bandits who were supposed to have pillaged their guest. The miller himself at last consented to proceed upon this dreaded errand.

At Warsaw, meanwhile, all hope that the king was in existence, had been given up. Some of the nobles had traced him as far as the moat, where they found his pelisse, blood-stained, and bearing the marks of balls and sabres. From this they naturally concluded that

he was murdered. The joy of his friends was therefore great, when they learned that their fears were groundless. General Coccei lost no time in going to the mill, where he found the king stretched on the floor, covered with the miller's cloak, and sunk into profound sleep. About five o'clock in the morning, he returned to his palace in the capital. From his wound and his bruises he speedily recovered.

While Stanislaus was thus escaping from their toils, Strawinski and Lukaski, with their men, had reached the place appointed for the junction of the whole party, in the forest of Bielani. There they were attacked by a detachment of Cossacks. Strawinski killed the leader of the Cossacks, and succeeded in breaking through the surrounding enemy. Lukaski was less fortunate. He received several wounds, and was left for dead, after having been stripped by the victors. Strawinski returned to the spot, and finding that his comrade was still alive, he put him on his horse, and went in search of surgical aid. He then rode in quest of the missing conspirators, and had the mortification to learn that the king was safe at Warsaw.

It would have been better for the two Polish chiefs, had they breathed their last on the field of battle. A severer fate was in store for them. In a very short time they were both taken prisoners, with some of their comrades, and were brought to trial, on a charge of having intended to assassinate the monarch. The whole of them were found guilty. Stanislaus interposed, to commute the punishment of the minor offenders, and to mitigate the cruelty of that which was awarded to the leaders. Instead of being put to the torture, Strawinski and Lukaski were only condemned to be beheaded; their instruments were sentenced to hard labour for life on *the fortifications* of Kaminiec.

At the place of execution, which was about a mile from Warsaw, the two chiefs did not belie their character for courage. Strawinski said nothing, but died with unshaken composure, evidently impressed with the idea that his enterprise, though it had brought him to the scaffold, was deserving of praise. Lukaski even surpassed his comrade. He had not been suffered to shave while he was in prison, his treatment there is said to have been calculated to depress his energy of mind, his dress was extremely squalid, and his frame was debilitated by pain and privation; yet his spirit rose superior to all this, and to the disgrace of dying by the hands of the common executioner. He scornfully refused to embrace the betrayer Kosinski, addressed to the multitude a few words, breathing neither regret nor repentance, and then calmly submitted to his doom.

Against Pulaski, also, and the rest who escaped, sentence of death was passed. As, however, the chief was in arms, and was not easily to be captured, his enemies were obliged to content themselves with declaring him an outlaw, and pouring forth invectives against him, from the press and the pulpit. On this occasion, Pulaski unfortunately descended to an act of meanness which was unworthy of his character. Instead of boldly avowing the share which he had had in the plan for carrying off the king, he denied that he had taken any part in it. This falsehood would, under any circumstances, have been disgraceful; and, as his own letters were in existence to contradict him, it was not less impolitic than degrading. This seems to be the only stain which attaches to his reputation. He joined the Americans in their struggle for independence, was appointed a brigadier-general, displayed all his wonted valour, and died an honourable death, in the assault upon Savannah, in 1779.

The attempt to bear away the king, which was industriously and with much effect represented as a regicidal project, called forth very general censure, and powerfully contributed to discredit the Polish confederates. There seems, however, to be no just reason for believing that they had any intention to sacrifice the monarch. Some of the common men, but not the leaders, might have been willing to shed his blood. Such a measure would have been a gratuitous crime, which could have had no other effect than to excite universal abhorrence; while, by getting the person of the sovereign into their possession, the confederates might hope to disconcert their detested Russian adversaries, gain new partisans, and, perhaps prevail on the well-intentioned but feeble-minded Stanislaus to join heart and hand in the cause of their injured and insulted country. Had his death been their object, they had ample time to accomplish it, while he remained within their grasp. Stanislaus himself must have been of this opinion, if it be true that, on his return to Warsaw, he said, "I am almost sorry that I was not taken to Czentokow; for I should have harangued and converted the confederates, and that would have been the most glorious triumph of my reign*."

* Kosinski received a pension from the king, and went to Italy, where he resided, at Sinigaglia, in the Papal territory, during the remainder of his life. Stanislaus also rewarded the miller of Mariemont, by building for him a large mill on the Vistula, and allowing him a small pension.

THE ADVENTURES OF BARON TRENCK.

In the long catalogue of those who have been the victims of despotic power, and who have struggled with untirable perseverance to defeat its cruelty and its vigilance, the name of Trenck occupies a conspicuous place. Frederic Baron Trenck was of an eminent and noble family, which traced, on both sides, its descent from knights of the Teutonic order; his father was a major-general of cavalry in the Prussian service. He was born on the 16th of February 1726. Nature endowed him with many advantages: she gave him a fine person, a lofty stature, surprising strength, invincible courage, a tenacious memory, and an acute intellect. At the age of thirteen, he was sent to the university of Königsberg, where he made such rapid progress in his studies, that, in the following year, he was presented to the king, with the flattering character of being one of the most distinguished among the five hundred students which that seminary contained. Three duels, fought before he was seventeen, two of which were provoked by rivals who envied or hated him, established his reputation as an intrepid and dexterous swordsman, for in each of them he vanquished and wounded his opponent.

Frederic, who gathered round him men of talent from all quarters, seems to have kept his eye upon Trenck from the time that the youth was presented to him at college. In November 1742, he sent to Königsberg his adjutant-general, Count Lottum, who was related to Trenck's mother. Lottum questioned the youth, found him eager to follow a military life, and ended by carrying him off to Potsdam, where he presented him to the king. The monarch interrogated

Trenck, was pleased with his answers and appearance, gave him permission to enter as a cadet in the body-guards, and promised him speedy promotion.

The service upon which Trenck now entered was splendid, fatiguing, and dangerous. The body-guards consisted of only six officers, and a hundred and forty-four men, with from fifty to sixty supernumeraries. Their uniform was exceedingly magnificent. They were present in the winter at the opera, and all public festivals; the six officers dined with the king, and, on gala-days, with the queen; and good behaviour secured a rapid rise in the army. But, on the other hand, the duty was beyond measure laborious, and the penalty for neglect of it was severe, and rigidly enforced. Exercise began at four in the morning; it was generally continued on fresh horses after dinner; and it was not uncommon for the alarm to be twice sounded in the course of the night. At times, for more than a week together, not more than an hour's sound sleep could be enjoyed. The exercise was not merely toilsome, it was perilous: wide ditches, hedges, and other obstacles were leaped, furious charges were made, the opposing parties meeting each other at full speed, in a kind of lists more than half a league in length, and in these military rehearsals several men and horses were often killed or wounded. "The body-guard," says Trenck, "lost more men and horses in one year's peace, than they did in two battles during the following year." He himself, in twelve months, lost three horses by death or fatigue. When the nocturnal alarm trumpet was heard, the being put under arrest for a fortnight was the certain punishment of whoever had not dressed and armed himself, saddled and mounted his horse, and appeared before the palace window, within eight minutes. In other cases, offenders were broken *for the most* trifling fault, and sent to the garrison regi-

ments, which was looked upon as the most irksome and humiliating of all services. The king personally instructed the body-guards in his new manœuvres, and such of them as acquitted themselves to his satisfaction he employed in teaching the evolutions to the cavalry in the provinces.

Trenck performed his part so well, that he had not been six weeks a cadet before the king called him aside, examined him for half an hour on various subjects, and ordered him to attend again on the morrow. In the second examination, Frederic tested the cadet's memory by giving him the names of fifty soldiers to be learned by rote; the task was accomplished in five minutes. The king next gave the subject of two letters. Trenck immediately composed the two epistles in French and Latin, writing the one and dictating the other. He was lastly told to sketch expeditiously a landscape from nature; and in this he was equally successful. The satisfied monarch not only rewarded him with a cornet's commission in the body-guards, but also equipped him in a splendid manner. In August 1743, when Trenck was not quite eighteen, but had sprung up to the height of five feet eleven, he was despatched by the king to teach the new manœuvres to the Silesian cavalry. The king treated him as a friend, and introduced him to the acquaintance of the celebrated literary characters who were then at the court of Berlin.

Everything seemed to promise that the youthful Trenck would run a fortunate career. But an event occurred, which, though it began by filling his heart with delight and exultation, threw a deep gloom over the remainder of his existence. In the winter of 1743, Ulrica, one of the king's sisters, was wedded to the king of Sweden. She was escorted to Stettin by a detachment of the body-guard, under the command of Trenck.

Among those who accompanied her thus far was her sister, the Princess Amelia. It is probable that Amelia had earlier been captivated by the manly graces of the youthful officer; but it was not till now that she gave expression to her feelings. A trivial incident afforded an opportunity to disclose them. While Trenck was on duty at a ball, he was robbed of his watch and a part of the gold fringe of his uniform scarf. This loss drew upon him the raillery of his comrades. He was, however, soon consoled for his loss, and the gibes which it called forth. The princess, as she passed by him, whispered that "it should be her care to prevent him from being a loser;" and these words were seconded and explained by a look which it was impossible to misunderstand. Trenck, whose heart had never before been awakened, was not insensible to her charms and merit; and from that day till the close of their lives a strong attachment subsisted between them. Theirs was "that first and passionate love which stands alone." Writing in his latter years, Trenck says, "Ours were, mutually, the first fruits of affection; and to this hour I regret no misfortune, no misery, with which, from a source so noble, my destiny was overshadowed."

For some time, Trenck continued to enjoy the favour of the monarch. He acted as adjutant to Frederic during the short and indecisive campaign of 1744, in Bohemia; was publicly complimented by him, and received the order of Merit. As yet, nothing had transpired respecting his secret intercourse with the Princess Amelia. But after his return from Bohemia they seem to have acted with less caution than at the outset. It is probable, too, that curiosity was excited by the profuse expenditure of Trenck, which he was enabled to maintain by the liberality of the princess, but which was *known to be* far beyond what his own resources would

justify. Whispers began to circulate, and at length a lieutenant of foot-guards, a man of infamous character, ventured openly to indulge in jokes upon the subject. A duel was the consequence, in which Trenck wounded him. On the following Sunday, when Trenck advanced to pay his respects to the king on the parade, Frederic looked at him, and said, "Sir! the thunder and the storm shall rend your heart! Take care!" Having uttered these words, which were his usual threat when he was exceedingly irritated, the monarch passed on. Very few days elapsed before Trenck was convinced that this was no idle menace. He happened to come to parade a few minutes too late; an offence which was generally punished by three days' confinement, or six at most. His treatment was not so lenient; he was kept under arrest for nearly four months. As his spirit was high, and he could not endure to be the victim of injustice, Trenck indignantly complained of this protracted imprisonment; and we may believe that his enemies did not fail to report and exaggerate the strong language in which he gave vent to his feelings.

Harshly as he acted on this occasion, Frederic still retained a partiality for Trenck. He perhaps thought, too, that the sharp lesson which the youth had received would suffice to deter him from persisting in his presumptuous love. At the opening of the campaign of 1745, he liberated the prisoner, made him again his adjutant, and apparently restored to him his confidence and esteem. Trenck was grateful for this kindness, and endeavoured to deserve it by his courage and activity; at the battle of Strigau he suffered a severe wound, by which his right hand was rendered useless for three months. But, while he was indulging in dreams of military rank and glory, an unexpected and woeful reverse of fortune was impending over him.

There can be little doubt that the love of the princess for Trenck was the primary cause of his ruin. But there are obvious reasons why it was impossible to make that circumstance the ground of accusation against him. The king appears, in the first instance, to have hoped that he might sever the connexion by means of threats, imprisonment for a short period, and restoration to favour. He failed in his purpose; and it is not unlikely that, during the campaign of 1745, he obtained proofs that the correspondence was still carried on with undiminished ardour. Some valid motive, or some pretext, must therefore be found for the punishment of the incorrigible offender; and to furnish it his conduct must be closely watched. There were plenty of persons, envious of his success, who were willing to play the part of spies and informers, and, if need were, of calumniators. Exasperated as the king was by the boldness and pertinacity of Trenck, any tale to his disadvantage would be readily believed. A plausible charge was speedily framed by the enemies of the cornet, and they adroitly based it upon circumstances with regard to some of which the mind of the monarch was already prejudiced. In the Austrian service there was a first-cousin and namesake of Trenck, baron Francis Trenck, who commanded the Pandours. He was dauntless, indefatigable, and enterprising in the highest degree, and was possessed of admirable talents for partisan warfare; but he was a medley of the worst vices, without even a solitary virtue, a heartless, godless man, who lived a sanguinary monster, and died a suicide! In the campaigns of 1744 and 1745, he had incessantly harassed the Prussian army, inflicting on it many severe blows, and, on one occasion, he narrowly missed making a prisoner of Frederic. An intercourse between this obnoxious personage and one of the officers *of the body-guard* was consequently not pleasing to the

monarch; the more especially that baron Francis had acted in a manner which might be construed as manifesting a design to obtain an influence over his Prussian relative. Francis had openly declared his intention to bequeath all his vast property to his cousin, and had sent back to him, with a friendly billet, two of his cousin's horses, which had been captured by the Pandours. This last circumstance the king had remarked upon with pointed displeasure.

In an evil hour, Trenck was persuaded by his secret enemies to write a letter to his cousin, thanking him for his kindness, and asking for some of his fine Hungarian horses; the man who prompted him to ask for the horses, and offered to forward the letter, was his own captain. This officer, whose name was Jaschinsky, was a favourite and spy of the monarch, cherished an old grudge against Trenck, and was likewise four hundred ducats in debt to him. It is doubtful whether the letter was sent; but four months afterwards an answer, purporting to be from the Austrian baron, was delivered to Trenck by the camp postman. The answer, which Trenck believes to be a forgery, contained expressions on which a suspicious mind might put a sinister construction. On the day after the receipt of this fatal epistle, Trenck, without having been tried or even questioned, was arrested, deprived of his commission, and sent off from the army under an escort of fifty hussars, to be imprisoned in the fortress of Glatz. It was the intention of Frederic to limit to a year the period of confinement; but of this intention Trenck, unluckily for himself, was left in ignorance. Captivity for life was the dreary prospect which was ever before him. He petitioned the king for a trial by court-martial, desiring no favour if he were found guilty; the petition remained unnoticed, and this confirmed him in his idea that he had nothing to hope.

At the beginning of his imprisonment, his situation was as bearable as imprisonment can be to a young and high-spirited man, who feels that he is unjustly punished. He was placed in an apartment belonging to the officer of the guard, had his servants to wait on him, could obtain whatever books he wanted, and was permitted to walk on the ramparts. In one instance, still more indulgence was underhand granted. He was allowed to go a-hunting, while a friend lay in his bed to personate him; he pledged his honour not to attempt an escape, and he redeemed his pledge. Of money he had an abundance, for he had opened a correspondence with the princess, and she supplied him with a lavish hand. He would have suffered some present inconveniences, but would have avoided much future misery, had his purse been less weighty, and his keepers more rigid. Most of the officers in garrison at Glatz were reckless, dissatisfied, needy men, destitute of principle, and ready to hazard everything for gold. Instead of counselling patience, they laboured to irritate the prisoner against the monarch, and to push him into desperate measures. "They supposed that the money I so freely distributed," says Trenck, "came all from Hungary, furnished by the Pandour chest, and they advised me not to let my freedom depend upon the will of the king, but to enjoy it in his despite."

During five months, though daily tempted and provoked by assertions that he was to be incarcerated for life, Trenck turned a deaf ear to the rash advice of the garrison officers, many of whom were perpetually suggesting plans for his escape, and offering to bear him company. He could not bring himself to give up his country and his hopes of advancement, and still less the fond and amiable woman whom he loved. But when *peace was* concluded, and his commission was given to

another, and there appeared no signs of his being set at liberty, he began to listen to his seducers. The first scheme was strangled in its birth by the treachery of one of the parties engaged in it, and the only result was, that Trenck was closely confined, and guarded with greater caution. This additional severity only rendered the prisoner more eager to recover his freedom, and he determined that he would either recover it or die. The difficulty of the undertaking had greatly increased since his failure, for he was now lodged in the tower of the citadel, in an iron-barred room, ninety feet from the ground; but he was not a man to be discouraged by difficulties. He began by procuring in the town of Glatz a hiding place, to which he might resort after his escape from the fortress; this was effected for him by one of the discontented officers. Having notched his knife, he then set to work to saw through the bars of his window. His progress was, however, so slow, there being eight bars to remove, that he found it necessary to use a file; with this he was supplied by another officer. Having filed through the grating, he finished by cutting his portmanteau into thongs, and his sheets into strips, which he sewed together, so as to form a rope, capable of supporting his weight, and reaching to the ground.

Trenck chose a dark and rainy night for quitting his prison, and he descended, without hurt or obstacle, from the lofty tower. But, though he had succeeded in getting out of the tower, he was as far as ever from obtaining his purpose; there was one circumstance which he had forgotten to take into account. Between the citadel and the town there were moats, which were full of tenacious mud. In one of these he stuck fast to above his knees, and, notwithstanding protracted and violent efforts, he was unable to extricate himself. He was at length compelled to call a sentinel, and desire him to

inform the governor that the prisoner was in the moat. Fouquet, the governor, hated the very name of Trenck; he had been wounded in a duel by Trenck's father, and had been plundered of his baggage by the Austrian commander of Pandours, and he was glad to vent his spleen upon a member of the family. He left Trenck half suffocated in the filth till noon, exposed to the laughter of the soldiers, and he would not suffer him to be cleaned from the mud till the following day.

The impetuous captive was stung to the quick by the disappointment and indignity which he had suffered: the wildest and gloomiest thoughts passed through his mind; "my nights," says he, "were sleepless, my days were miserable." About a week after his being retaken, and while he was in this irritable state, his passions were excited almost to madness, by a gross insult which he received from one of the majors of the garrison, who came to examine his cell, and had the brutality to talk of the crimes the prisoner had committed, and even to designate him as a traitor to his country. This was too much to be borne. Trenck snatched the sword from the major's side, threw down stairs the sentinel who was at the door, fell upon the troops which were relieving guard, four of whom he wounded, made his way through the rest, and reached the rampart, over which he sprang sword in hand. Though, from the great height which he leaped, the probability was that he would be killed or crippled, he alighted unhurt. With equal success he made a spring from a second rampart. A sentinel, in a narrow passage, endeavoured to stop him, but the fugitive parried the bayonet thrust, wounded his assailant in the face, and hurried onward. To recover his liberty he had only to clear the palisades; that being accomplished, he might easily gain the mountains, where he *would be* safe. But at this moment his good fortune

deserted him. A second sentinel rushed from one of the outworks to seize him. Trenck tried to bound over the last barrier; but, his attention being partly directed to his pursuer, he leapt short, and his foot hung in the palisades. He was now at the mercy of the sentinels, who wounded him in the lip, beat him with the but-end of their muskets, and dragged him back to the citadel.

The result of this desperate sally was highly calamitous to Trenck. He was placed in closer confinement, and two sentinels and a non-commissioned officer were posted in his room, while others watched outside. Bodily pain was added to his other annoyances, for he spat blood, his right ankle was sprained, and the wounds and bruises which he received from his captors were so severe, that a month elapsed before they were cured. This, however, was not the worst evil to which his precipitancy gave birth. He now, for the first time, learned that the king had intended to confine him for only twelve months, and, consequently, that, had he remained passive, the term of his imprisonment would have expired in three weeks. It was now impossible to say whether it would ever terminate till the grave was opened to receive him.

Far from depressing the spirit of Trenck, the knowledge that he must rely solely upon himself for the recovery of freedom, became a stimulus to more vigorous exertion. He still had plenty of money, and there was plenty of discontent and want of principle among the officers and soldiers of the garrison, and he did not despair of rendering these valuable auxiliaries available for his purpose. This time he worked on a large scale. Out of a hundred and twenty-five privates, who composed the garrison, he contrived to corrupt thirty-two, and likewise Lieutenant Nicholai, one of their officers. The plan was, to break out of the citadel in a

body, and take refuge in Bohemia, near the frontier of which province the fortress of Glatz is situated. It was betrayed to the governor by an Austrian deserter, who had imprudently been invited to join in it. Nicholai was fortunate enough to obtain information that he was about to be arrested, and he acted upon it with a promptitude and intrepidity that saved him. He collected as many of his confederates as were at hand, and, with a fidelity which his circumstances rendered doubly honourable, he tried to liberate Trenck; but it was found impossible to demolish the iron door of the prison, without spending so much time that the whole of the conspirators must inevitably be captured. Nicholai was therefore under the necessity of abandoning Trenck to his fate; and, at the head of thirty men, he succeeded in effecting his retreat to the Bohemian territory.

This attempt brought on Trenck a prosecution for conspiring to seduce the troops, and he was imperiously commanded to name the remaining culprits. Trenck, however, was not to be daunted; he refused to name any one, declared that he had been unjustly cashiered and imprisoned, and insisted upon his right to regain the liberty of which he had been wrongfully deprived. The prosecution was relinquished, perhaps from want of sufficient evidence, but the offender was strictly watched. There was now a formidable impediment, which had not hitherto existed, to his escaping; his stock of money was exhausted. This would have been of no consequence, had not, at the same time, his supplies been cut off. A letter was conveyed to him from the princess, which came on him like a thunder-bolt. "My tears flow with yours," said she; "the evil is without remedy. I dare no more—escape if you can. My fidelity will ever be the same, when it shall be possible for me to serve you. *Adieu!*—unhappy friend! you merit a better fate."

Gloomy as his prospects apparently were, Trenck was nearer than he had ever been to the consummation of his wishes. It was in a singular manner that he gained effective aid. Bach, one of the garrison officers, was so proud of his swordsmanship, that he deemed himself unrivalled. Trenck happened, in conversation, to express a doubt whether he could not cope with him. A challenge ensued from the boaster, and he was foiled and wounded in the contest. Instead, however, of his defeat inspiring him with revengeful feelings, it filled him with such enthusiastic admiration of his vanquisher, that he solemnly vowed to be the instrument of setting him at liberty. Bach was of opinion that Trenck could not escape except the officer on guard deserted with him, and he stated that his principles would not permit him to play the deserter while on duty; but he pledged his honour that, in the course of a few days, he would find a person who would be less scrupulous. This officer seems to have been an expert splitter of hairs; one who could make a distinction between cases in which there was no real difference. He, however, kept his word. The person whom he introduced to Trenck was a lieutenant Schell, a man of much talent and knowledge, much eccentricity, and several good qualities, who had been ill used by his superior officers, and was moreover in debt. Schell readily swore to aid and accompany the captive, and Bach was despatched to Schweidnitz to procure some money from one of Trenck's friends.

An unforeseen event precipitated the execution of the plan before the time appointed, and while both parties were unprovided with the means to subsist and travel in a foreign land. Having heard of Trenck's familiarity with the officers, the governor forbade them to hold any intercourse with him, on pain of being cashiered; and he ordered that the prisoner's food should be given to him

through a small window, which was made for the purpose. The prohibition was disregarded; the officers procured a key, and spent all their leisure with the captive. Matters were suddenly brought to a crisis on the 24th of December. While he was at dinner in the town, the governor was informed that Schell was in Trenck's apartment, and he immediately gave orders to his adjutant to put him under arrest for his disobedience. A friend of Schell, who chanced to hear the order given, and supposed the plot to have been betrayed, hurried to the citadel, and warned him of his danger. Perilous as his situation seemed to be, and important as it was not to lose a moment, Schell was too much a man of honour to abandon the prisoner without making an effort to save him. He entered the prison, drew a corporal's sabre from under his coat, and said, "My friend, we are betrayed, follow me; only do not suffer me to fall alive into the hands of my enemies." Trenck followed him in such haste, that he had not time to think of taking with him six pistoles, which was all the money he possessed. They had not gone a hundred paces before they met the adjutant and an officer, who were coming to put Schell under arrest. At sight of them, Schell sprang upon the rampart, leaped from the wall, and was followed by Trenck. The distance to the ground was not great, and Trenck was very slightly hurt, but Schell was so unfortunate as to dislocate his ankle. Shuddering at the thought of being taken, he earnestly begged that his friend would despatch him. Possessed of more than common strength, Trenck did not despair of rescuing his comrade, who was a small and weak man; he lifted him over the palisades, took him upon his back, and began to run with all his might.

There were some circumstances in favour of the fugitives. No one would venture his neck in leaping after

them, and therefore their pursuers must go round the citadel, and through the town, before they could fairly enter on the chase. The sun, too, was just setting, and darkness would soon conceal their track. Still they were in a hazardous situation. They had not gone more than a hundred yards ere the alarm-guns were fired, to summon the peasants and hussars to guard all the passes, and intercept deserters. This was an alarming sound; there being a general belief that escape was impossible, when a runaway had not by full two hours the start of the signal. They very soon heard the alarm sounding in the frontier villages, and the peasants everywhere in motion to cut off their retreat. In this emergency, Trenck's presence of mind stood them in good stead. They had been seen making for the Bohemian border, and on that side egress, and even progress, was become impossible; but on the Silesian side of the river Neisse no one would think of looking for them. To that quarter Trenck directed his march. Partly wading, partly swimming, with his friend clinging to him, Trenck contrived to cross the river, which was slightly frozen. They continued their course up the bank, till they had left behind them the villages which formed what was called "the line of desertion," and then, having luckily found a fisherman's boat moored to the shore, they recrossed the Neisse, and took to the mountains. On reaching them they sat down to deliberate, after which Trenck cut a stick to assist his friend in limping forward, when he himself was obliged to desist for a while from carrying him. They then resumed their journey, and wandered about for hours, up to the middle in snow, without being able to discover a path. When day broke, and they were expecting to find themselves on the frontier, they heard the town-clock of Glatz, which painfully convinced them that they had gone astray,

and were yet in the midst of danger. They were, in fact, only seven miles from Glatz, and had still nearly twice that distance to travel before they could get beyond the reach of their enemies.

They were now so nearly worn out with hunger, cold, and fatigue, that it seemed impracticable to proceed much further without some assistance. Trenck invented a stratagem, to procure it from the inhabitants of two houses, which were about three hundred paces from them, on a hill side. He was to act the part of a deserter, and Schell that of the officer who had arrested, wounded, and bound him, but whose horse had been killed, and his ankle put out, in the scuffle, and who therefore wanted a cart for the conveyance of himself and his prisoner. As Schell had his gorget and military scarf on, he was ready to perform his character, and Trenck fitted himself for his, by cutting his finger, smearing the blood over his face, shirt, and clothes, and making his friend tie his hands loosely behind him. All this preparation was, however, thrown away. The peasant, to whom Schell applied, knew his person, and had heard of his having deserted with Trenck. But, though detected, they attained their purpose. While Schell kept the peasant in parley, Trenck went to the stable, from which he brought out two horses; saddles were not to be had, but his entreaties, and perhaps his personal attractions, prevailed on the peasant's daughter to find bridles; and thus mounted they proceeded on their way. Their appearance, without saddles or hats —for they had lost their hats in leaping from the rampart—exposed them to great risk in the broad day-light. Nor, indeed, did they pass unknown. As they were approaching the Austrian confines, they were seen by Captain Zerbst, one of the officers who had been sent in *pursuit.* But the officers were all so linked together

in the ties of friendship, that, Zerbst fortunately being alone, the fugitives were safe. He called out to Trenck, "make to the left, brother, and you will see some lone houses; they are on the Austrian frontier; the hussars have gone straight forward;" and he then moved on, as if he had not seen them. Their last trial was the passing through a town, which was garrisoned by a hundred and eighty foot and twelve horse, for the express purpose of seizing deserters. Having traversed this dangerous spot unquestioned, they soon reached the Bohemian town of Braunau, and had nothing more to fear.

Thus, after fifteen months' confinement, and repeated failures, did Trenck recover his liberty. "Never in all my life," says he, "did I feel pleasure more exquisite than at this moment. My friend had risked a shameful death for me, and now, after having carried him at least twelve hours on my shoulders, I had saved both him and myself. We certainly should not have suffered any man to take us back again to Glatz alive. Yet this was but the first act of the tragedy of which I was doomed to be the hero, and the mournful incidents of which all arose out of, and depended on each other. Could I have read the book of fate, and have seen the forty years' fearful afflictions that were to follow, I certainly should not have rejoiced at this my escape from Glatz."

In truth, the situation of Trenck, even at this moment of triumph over oppression, was far from being enviable. He had freed himself, and that was all of which he could boast. At the age of twenty, his prospects were blighted; he was a wanderer from his native land, bearing, though undeservedly, the stigma of desertion and treason, without pecuniary resources, and not knowing where to seek them, and undetermined as to the quarter to which he should direct his course. His property, in Prussia, was immediately confiscated; his mother, believing in his

guilt, renounced him; his letters to the Princess Amelia appear to have been intercepted; and his appeals to Frederick, stating his case and imploring justice, were left unnoticed. In his purse Trenck had but a single louis d'or, Schell had only three shillings, and to increase this scanty store, the former was obliged to sell his watch, and the latter his scarf and gorget.

The fugitives were detained three weeks at Braunau, by the lameness of Schell. During this time Trenck deliberated as to the step which it would be most prudent for him to take. The idea of joining his Austrian cousin, at Vienna, was abandoned at once, as he feared that such a measure would afford grounds for believing him to be a traitor. He had soon reason to be satisfied with his decision; he learned that his cousin was closely imprisoned, and under prosecution. For a moment he thought of trying his fortune in the East Indies. At length, however, he determined upon travelling on foot, with Schell, through Bohemia, Moravia, and Poland, to the neighbourhood of Königsberg, for the purpose of seeing his mother, and obtaining from her some money; after doing which, he designed to enter into the Russian service. The journey was not less than between seven and eight hundred miles, and it was to be performed in the depth of winter.

Having procured passports as deserters, Trenck under the name of Knert, and Schell under that of Lesch, the two friends quitted Braunau, on the 18th of January. Each of them was armed with a sabre and pair of pistols, and Trenck had also a musket. Their joint purse contained little more than three florins. To this, in the first week of their peregrination, they added about eight florins: Schell changed his uniform for an old coat, and received also a trifle to boot from the Jew who bought *it, Trenck* sold a stock buckle, and they found a violin

in a case, which they let an innkeeper have for two florins, on condition that he should restore it if it were claimed by the owner. They both suffered much; Schell's ankle was still weak and painful, and Trenck, pressed by hunger, ate so greedily a loaf hot from the oven, that he nearly lost his life. In ten days they reached Bilitz, the last Austrian town, on the Polish frontier. Here they were arrested by the commandant, who had learned their real names from a Prussian deserter. By him they were sent in custody to his superior officer, Baron Schwarzer, at Teschen. Schwarzer, however, blamed this arbitrary proceeding, treated them kindly, and lent them four ducats, which enabled Trenck to buy a pair of boots. As soon as he was out of the Austrian dominions, Trenck sent a challenge to the commandant, but the latter took no notice of it; "which has ever," says Trenck, "confirmed him in my opinion as a rascal."

Trenck now made a change in his plans. Instead of proceeding immediately to meet his mother, he resolved to solicit assistance from a married sister, who lived in Brandenburg, on a fine estate, near Landsberg, on the river Wartha. To reach her residence they had to coast along the whole north-eastern frontier of Silesia; and, as she resided on Prussian territory, though it was on the very verge of it, they had some cause of apprehension for their safety. Their outset was unlucky. Schell lost the purse containing nine florins, but Trenck had half-a-crown, on which they contrived to subsist for three days, till they reached Czentochow. Here, without a penny in their pockets, their condition would have been forlorn indeed, had they not met with a good Samaritan. This was a worthy man, of the name of Lazar, who had been a lieutenant in the Austrian service, and was now a poor innkeeper. They requested a bit

of bread; he invited them to his own table; and Trenck told him their story. Lazar proved himself not undeserving of this mark of confidence. The fugitives had just supped, when a carriage arrived, with three persons and a servant; they had seen it before while they were on their way to Czentochow. They had not been long in bed before Lazar came up, to inform them that these men were Prussians, sent to apprehend them; that they had offered him a hundred ducats to allow them to carry off Trenck and Schell, and had ended by giving him six ducats to purchase his silence. The road the fugitives meant to travel had been betrayed by one who professed to be their friend, while they were abiding at Braunau. The fiery Trenck wished to break into the chamber of their enemies, and take instant vengeance on them; but he was withheld by the more prudent Schell and Lazar. The latter endeavoured to prevail on him to remain there, till he could hear from his mother, as he was convinced that they would be attacked on the road. He could detain them for only another day; and, when he found that they were bent upon going, he gave them the six ducats which he had received from the Prussians. With part of this money they bought a shirt a piece, a pair of pocket-pistols, and some other necessaries.

Lazar was right in his prediction. Early on the second day after they had left him, they saw a carriage before them, which they knew to be that of their pursuers. The Prussian emissaries were standing round it, pretending that it was fast in the snow, and they called out for help. Aware that this was a stratagem to entrap them, Trenck and his companion went about thirty yards out of the road, and replied that they could not spare time to stop. Their enemies immediately drew out their pistols and came upon them at full speed. Trenck turned round and shot the foremost dead upon

the spot. Schell was less fortunate; a ball wounded him severely in the neck. Another of the assailants fled from Trenck, who overtook him after a chase of three hundred yards, and cut him down with his sabre. While Trenck was thus occupied, Schell, disabled by a cut on the right hand, had fallen into the power of the two remaining Prussians, who were dragging him to the carriage. On seeing Trenck coming back victorious, they relinquished their prey, and escaped over the fields; one of them never reached home, he having been mortally wounded by Schell. From one of the dead men the conquerors took a watch, a hat, and a musket, which they sold to a Jew. The approach of a coach-and-six compelled them to leave the other unrifled; he was the officer who headed the party, and they afterwards learned that he had in his pocket a hundred and fifty ducats.

The wounds of Schell detained him and his companion for a week at Parsemechi, and nearly all the money which they had received for their booty was spent for medical aid. They then resumed their journey. In four days they were again penniless. "I sold," says Trenck, "my coat to a Jew, who gave me four florins and a coarse waggoner's frock in exchange, which I did not think I should long need, as we now drew nearer to where my sister lived, and where I hoped I should be better equipped. Schell, however, grew weaker and weaker; his wounds healed slowly, and were expensive; the cold also was injurious to him, and, as he was not by nature cleanly in his person, his body soon became the harbour of every species of vermin to be picked up in Poland. We often arrived, wet and weary, to our smoky, reeking stove-room. Often were we obliged to lie on straw, or on the bare boards; and the various hardships we suffered are almost incredible. Wandering as we did, in the midst of winter, through Poland, where humanity, hos-

pitality, and gentle pity, are scarcely so much as known by name; where merciless Jews deny the poor traveller a bed, and where we, disconsolately, strayed without bread, and almost naked; these were sufferings, the full extent of which he only can conceive by whom they have been felt. My musket now and then procured us an occasional meal of tame geese, and cocks and hens, when these were to be had; otherwise, we never took or touched anything that was not our own. We met with Saxon and Prussian recruiters at various places; all of whom, on account of my youth and stature, were eager to inveigle me. I was highly diverted to hear them enumerate all the possibilities of future greatness, and how likely I was hereafter to become a corporal: nor was I less merry with their mead, ale, and brandy, given with an intent to make me drunk. Thus had we many artifices to guard against; but thus had we, likewise, very luckily for us, many a good meal gratis."

The wanderers were sometimes exposed to insult from the peasants. At Schmeigel, Trenck having volunteered to play on the violin to a party of dancers, they compelled him, at first by importunity, and then by threats, to keep playing on all night, till he was on the point of fainting from exhaustion. He and Schell were at last obliged to use their sabres, in order to escape from their persecutors. The poultry which Trenck shot they could not always get cooked; in at least one instance necessity obliged them to eat a pullet raw. Hunger even drove Trenck to devour a crow; but in this repast his more fastidious companion could not join him.

At length, late in a February evening, after a weary travel of six weeks, Trenck reached the residence of his sister, at Hammer. The door was opened by a female servant, who had been brought up in his father's family, but who *did not* recognise him in his beggar's disguise. His sister

came down to him, and immediately ran up again to her husband, who was ill in bed, to announce her brother's arrival. She did not return. In a quarter of an hour, Mary, the servant, came weeping into the room, to say that her master ordered them to be gone instantly, or he should be obliged to have them arrested and delivered up as prisoners. Trenck, venting a thousand imprecations and threats, quitted the house with his companion. His sister could not bid him farewell; she was forcibly detained by her husband. As he was going out, three ducats were put into his hand by the kind-hearted Mary, whose tears still continued to flow. Hungry, tired, drenched with rain, and not daring to enter into a habitation while they were in Brandenburg, they pursued their way all night through a wood, till, at day-break, they reached the town of Lettel. Two of the ducats Trenck gave to the wife of a Prussian soldier, who guided them from Lettel to Hammer and back again.

In the anguish of his heart, Trenck exclaimed to Schell, "Does not such a sister, my friend, deserve that I should fire her house over her head?" He was checked by the calm and forbearing Schell, who replied in the following honourable language:—"Reflect, my dear friend, that your sister may be innocent, may be withheld by her husband. Besides, should the king discover that we had entered her doors, and she had not delivered us again into his power, she might become as miserable as we were. Be more noble-minded, and think that, even should your sister be wrong, the time may come when her children may stand in need of your assistance, and you may have the indescribable pleasure of returning good for evil." Though he was hasty, Trenck was not malignant; he owned the propriety of his friend's advice, and restrained his feelings.

There was now no resource left but to turn their course

to the eastward, and proceed, by the route of Thorn, to Elbing, that Trenck might open a communication with his mother, who lived some miles beyond Königsberg. Further than Elbing the fugitives could not venture, as it would have been madness for them to trust themselves in the midst of Prussia. "Tired, anxious, and distressed," they rested for a day at Lettel, and then set out for Thorn, a distance of about two hundred miles. They were ten days on their journey, during which they suffered exceedingly. One evening, when they halted, a Jew innkeeper, finding that they had not wherewithal to pay for their lodging, drove them out of his house, and they were obliged to wander about all night. They lost themselves, and discovered in the morning that they had gone several miles out of their way. "We entered a peasant's cottage," says Trenck, "where an old woman was drawing bread hot out of the oven. We had no money to offer, and I felt at this moment the possibility even of committing murder for a morsel of bread, to satisfy the intolerable cravings of hunger. Shuddering with torment inexpressible at the thought, I hastened out of the door, and we walked on several miles more to Wongrafze. Here I sold my musket for a ducat, which had procured us many a meal; such was the extremity of our distress. We then satiated our appetites, after having been forty hours without food or sleep, and travelled more than fifty miles in sleet and snow." Two days afterwards, in traversing a forest, they fell in with banditti, consisting of four hundred men, mostly French and Prussian deserters, who dragged them to their camp, and wished to compel Trenck to join them. Trenck told his story to the leader, who permitted them to depart, and generously gave them a crown, and a small supply of bread and meat. This *timely* present enabled them to reach Thorn.

At Thorn, fresh trials awaited them. There was a fair held in the city on the day of their arrival, and their wild and dubious appearance, ragged as they were, and with pistols in their girdles, while Trenck had also a huge sabre by his side, and his wounded companion had his neck and hand bandaged up, excited suspicions among the crowd as to their mode of living. At an inn, the same cause made the host refuse admittance to them. Trenck then went to the Jesuits' college to relate his story to the rector, and prevail on him to receive Schell, till he himself could have an interview with his mother; after which he would come back, and thankfully repay whatever expenses might have been incurred. He was haughtily repulsed by the rector, and withdrew full of indignation. On returning to the lodging-house, he found waiting for him a Prussian recruiting officer, who offered him a large bounty, and the rank of corporal, if he would enter into the service. Trenck declined, on pretence that he was a Livonian, who had deserted from the Austrians that he might go home to claim an inheritance which was left to him by his father. The recruiter replied, that he was well known to be a robber, and would soon be taken before a magistrate; but that his safety should be ensured, if he would enlist. The spirit of Trenck was roused by this degrading language; he struck the officer, and drew his sabre upon him; but the offender prudently sprung out of the chamber, calling at the same time to the host not to suffer the traveller to leave the house. As Trenck and his companion knew that the magistrates of Thorn had a secret agreement with the King of Prussia to give up deserters, they were much alarmed by this injunction. They therefore seized their arms, and sallied forth, Trenck foremost. At the chamber-door, he met two Prussian non-commissioned officers, whom he put to flight, by

presenting his pistols at them. He practised the same manœuvre, with equal success, against a party which opposed him in the street, and, notwithstanding the cries of "Stop thief" from the throng, he succeeded in reaching the Jesuits' college. Poor Schell, who was separated from him in the scuffle, was not so fortunate. He strove in vain to defend himself with his left hand, and was overpowered and dragged to prison, amidst the shouts of the mob, who pelted him with mud, loaded him with opprobrious epithets, and predicted that he would be hanged.

At the college, Trenck addressed himself to one of the fathers, who proved to be a benevolent man. The good-natured Jesuit was interested in their fate, and went to inquire what was become of Schell, about whom Trenck was in great tribulation. He learned that a robbery had been committed on the day before, and that the officer had accused them of the crime, in the hope of getting Trenck into his clutches. He next brought to the college one of the chief magistrates of the town, to whom Trenck showed their passports and the journal of their route. Schell was in consequence released; the magistrate then gave each of them a crown, as some compensation for the bad treatment they had undergone; and the rector of the college sent them a present of a ducat.

Their last adventure in Thorn was of a more pleasant nature than the first. At that period Prussia Proper was encircled by Poland, and in one spot the frontiers met on the right bank of the Vistula, between Thorn and Elbing. That they might avoid the Prussian villages, Trenck was desirous of purchasing a map. "We were directed," says he, "to an old woman, who sat at a door across the way; and were told she had a good *assortment*, for her son was a scholar. I addressed my-

self to her, and my question pleased her, I having added that we were unfortunate travellers, who wished to find by the map the road to Russia. She showed us into a chamber, laid an atlas on the table, and placed herself opposite me while I examined the map, and endeavoured to hide a bit of ragged ruffle that made its appearance. After steadfastly looking at me, she at length exclaimed, in a sorrowful tone, 'Good God! who knows what is now become of my poor son! I can see, sir, you, too, are of a good family. My son would go and seek his fortune; and for these eight years I have had no tidings of him. He must now be in the Austrian cavalry.' I asked in what regiment. 'In the regiment of Hohenheim; you are his very picture.' 'Is he not of my height?' 'Yes, nearly.' 'Has he not light hair?' 'Yes, like yours, sir.' 'What is his name?' 'His name is William.' 'No, my dear mother,' cried I, 'William is not dead; he was my best friend when I was with my regiment.' Here the poor woman could not contain her joy. She threw herself round my neck, called me her good angel, who brought her happy tidings; asked me a thousand questions, which I easily contrived to make her answer herself; and thus, forced by imperious necessity, bereft of all other means, did I act the deceiver.

"The story I made was nearly as follows: I told her I was a soldier in the regiment of Hohenheim, that I had a furlough to go and see my father, and that I should return in a month, would then take her letters, and would undertake that, if she wished it, her son should purchase his discharge, and once more come and live with his mother. I added, that I should for ever and infinitely be obliged to her if she would suffer my comrade, meantime, to live at her house, he being wounded by the Prussian recruiters, and unable to pursue

his journey; that I would send him money to come to me, or would myself come back and fetch him, thankfully paying every expense. She joyfully consented, told me her second husband, father-in-law of her dear William, had driven him from home, that he might give what substance they had to his younger son; and that the eldest had gone to Magdeburg. She determined that Schell should live at the house of a friend, that her husband might know nothing of the matter; and, not satisfied with this kindness, she made me eat with her, gave me a new shirt, stockings, sufficient provisions for three days, and six Lunenburgh florins."

Though he had found for Schell a comfortable asylum, Trenck quitted him with much regret and heaviness of heart. He seemed as though he were become an insulated being in the world. So poignant were his feelings, that he declares those moments were among the bitterest of his life. Hope at length overcame despondency, and he proceeded on his lonely expedition. He had still a hundred miles to journey before he could arrive at Elbing. This distance he travelled in four days, which were days of difficulty and vexation. On the second night after his leaving Thorn, he was obliged to sleep on straw among a number of carters. When he woke he found that they were gone, and had taken with them his pistols and every farthing he possessed. The landlord, whom Trenck suspected of being privy to the theft, pretended to believe that his guest had brought no money to the house, and Trenck was under the necessity of letting him have a shirt and a silk handkerchief in discharge of the reckoning. This was not the only annoyance which the robbery produced. To reach Marienburg, he must either run the risk of falling into the hands of the Prussians, which he did not choose to encounter, or he must be *ferried* over the Vistula, though he had no money to

pay the boatmen. Nothing was left for him but to obtain by force his conveyance over the river; a measure to which, however, he resorted with extreme reluctance. Seeing two fishermen in a boat, he drew his sabre, and compelled them to land him on the other side, after which, to prevent pursuit, he took away the oars, and set the boat adrift. At Marienburg he contrived to ward off famine, by giving hopes of his enlistment to the Saxon and Prussian recruiters; and, on the following morning, he set off for Elbing, which place he reached before the close of the day. There he met with a hospitable reception from Brodowski, his former tutor, who was now a captain and auditor in a Polish regiment.

Brodowski did not limit his kindness merely to feasting his guest. He wrote so forcibly and affectingly to the mother of Trenck, that, disabused as to the criminality of her son, all her maternal affection was revived. Within a week after his arrival at Elbing, Trenck had the happiness of embracing her. She stayed with him a fortnight, and gave him a thousand rix-dollars and a diamond cross, which was worth nearly half that sum. She likewise found the means of conveying a letter from him to the Princess Amelia, who speedily transmitted to him a bill of exchange for four hundred ducats. He was thus placed for the present in a state of comparative affluence. In only one thing his meeting with his parent ultimately proved injurious to him. Anxious to avoid affording a pretext for calling him a traitor, he had resolved to enter into the Russian service. This scheme his mother strenuously opposed, and recommended that he should go to Vienna; the wish to see him secure the great inheritance of his cousin was probably the motive by which she was influenced. So bent was she upon his proceeding to the Austrian capital, that she made his compliance the condition on which alone she would con-

tinue to him her favour and assistance. Trenck, therefore, abandoned his intention of trying his fortune in Russia.

Trenck now reassumed his proper name, and, after having taken leave of his mother, and given a testimony of his gratitude to Brodowski, he journeyed back to Thorn. "How great," says he, "was my joy at again meeting my honest Schell! The kind old woman had treated him like a mother. She was surprised, and half terrified, at seeing me enter in an officer's uniform, and accompanied by two servants. I gratefully and rapturously kissed her hand, repaid, with thankfulness, every expense, for Schell had been nurtured with truly maternal kindness; told her who I was, acknowledged the deceit I had put upon her concerning her son, but faithfully promised to give a true and not fictitious account of him on my arrival at Vienna."

The two friends reached Vienna in the month of April, 1747; they met with no adventures on their way thither. Trenck soon obtained for Schell a commission in the regiment of Palavacini, and divided his remaining money with him, to enable him to join his regiment in Italy. He was introduced to the emperor and to Prince Charles of Lorraine, and was favourably received. He found his cousin in prison, under an iniquitous prosecution, espoused his cause with heart and soul, and, seeing that there was no chance of justice being done, he formed a plan for effecting the prisoner's escape. But the Austrian, though guiltless of what was imputed to him, was a man capable of the basest deeds. In the hope of exciting a belief in his innocence, he betrayed the plan for liberating him. Nor did he stop there. Trenck was acquainted with some of his cousin's secrets, the disclosure of which would have been prejudicial; and the ungrateful Austrian deemed it prudent to rid himself of one who might become dangerous.

He first tried what could be achieved by the hand of an assassin; and, that having failed, he contrived to involve Trenck in three duels with men who prided themselves upon their swordsmanship. Trenck, however, severely wounded each of his antagonists, and then broke of all intercourse with his worthless relative. Disgusted with a place where he had met with such treatment, he quitted Vienna, intending to proceed to Holland, whence he meant to embark for India.

The intended journey to Holland was cut short at Nuremberg. There Trenck fell in with one of the divisions of the Russian army, which was marching to the Rhine, in pursuance of treaties concluded with the courts of Vienna and London by the Empress Elizabeth. It was commanded by General Lieven, a relative of Trenck by the mother's side. Lieven was pleased with his young kinsman, advised him to enter into the Russian service, and gave him a company in the Tobolsk regiment of dragoons.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle rendered the co-operation of the Muscovites unnecessary, and they, consequently, turned their steps towards their own country. During the retrograde march, Trenck was more than once in no small danger. In one of the Polish frontier villages, where the Prussian recruiters had carried off a peasant's son, the villagers were thrown into commotion by the sight of Trenck, whom, mistaking for a Prussian officer, they furiously assailed with every kind of weapon they could lay their hands upon. In spite of his vigorous defence, he must have lost his life had not timely aid been afforded. The bridge of his nose was broken, and he was otherwise so much bruised in the fray, that for a week he was unable to proceed. A worse mishap was near befalling him at Dantzic. In that city he became intimate with a lieutenant, a fellow-countryman, who

professed a warm friendship for him. This man was a traitor, who was hired by Reimer, the Prussian resident, to draw the exile into a snare. The plan was to entice Trenck into the suburb of Langfuhr, to an inn, which was on Prussian ground, where a party was to be concealed, for the purpose of carrying him off. Information of this scheme was obtained by Trenck's servant, who chanced to be acquainted with the servant of the lieutenant. Determined to punish the plotters, Trenck, apparently unsuspicious, went with his false friend to the place, and suffered them to commence their attack upon his person. At this moment, six well-armed Russian soldiers, whom he had hidden close by, darted out with fixed bayonets upon the Prussians. The resident effected his escape out of the back-door, leaving his bushy white wig behind him; four of his party and the lieutenant were taken. After having ordered that each of the four men should receive a sound cudgelling in the open street, Trenck turned to the treacherous lieutenant, and bade him defend himself. The convicted deceiver was so overcome with shame or disappointment, that he had not the power to stand upon his guard; he begged forgiveness, and threw the whole of the blame upon the resident. His antagonist was, however, not to be mollified. "I twice jerked the sword out of his hand," says Trenck, "and, at last, taking the Russian corporal's cane, I exhausted my strength with beating him, without his offering the slightest resistance. Such is the meanness of detected perfidy. I left him kneeling, saying to him, 'Go, rascal! now, and tell your comrades the manner in which Trenck punishes robbers on the highway.'" Two or three days after this adventure, Trenck embarked, in charge of a hundred and sixty invalids, for Riga. He was now fairly off his native soil; but *even to be* within sight of it seemed to bring ill-luck to

him. A violent storm arose, and the captain resolved to put into the Prussian harbour of Pillau for shelter. Fatigued by exerting himself half the night to help the sailors, Trenck had just fallen asleep when the master aroused him with the alarming intelligence. Had the resolution of taking refuge at Pillau been carried into effect, the fate of Trenck would have been sealed, for he was known by the whole of the garrison. He therefore hastened on deck, saw Pillau close at hand, and ordered the captain to stand out to sea. The captain refused, but Trenck produced his pistols, seized the helm, and threatened him with instant death if he persisted in disobeying. The courage of Trenck prevailed; and, on the following day, the vessel anchored at Riga.

At Riga, Trenck found General Lieven, who gave him numerous letters of introduction to the most distinguished personages at Moscow, where the court was then residing. Trenck rapidly acquired reputation at Moscow, and was welcomed in the circles of the great. Among his warmest friends was Lord Hyndford, the British ambassador, who had known him at Berlin, and now furnished him with the means of keeping up an appearance in public. A poem which Trenck wrote to celebrate the anniversary of the Empress Elizabeth's coronation, gained for him her favour, a present of a gold-hilted sword, and a recommendation to the Chancellor Bestucheff; with the chancellor he soon became intimate. But it was from the fair sex that he derived his chief advantages; females of the highest rank, among whom was the wife of the chancellor, were smitten by his mental and corporeal accomplishments, and lavished on him their personal and pecuniary favours, with an equal contempt of economy and morality. The Russian court has never been remarkable for rigid virtue.

Kings have proverbially long arms; though Trenck

was far removed from his native land, he was not out of the way of danger from its ruler. An intrigue was set on foot to bring him into disgrace with the Russian court, and consign him to banishment for life. The agent was Baron Goltz, the Prussian ambassador. It is not certain whether Goltz had received instructions on this occasion from Frederic, or whether, being one of those slaves who take their master's humours for a warrant, he engaged as a volunteer in the business, for the purpose of manifesting his zeal. He himself subsequently pleaded, that he had the king's commands to prevent the preferment of Trenck in Russia; but, even supposing this to be true, the baseness of the mode which he adopted was all his own. He contrived, by a mean stratagem, to get into his hands a plan of Cronstadt, which Trenck, at the request of Lord Hyndford, had copied from a published plan, and had much improved and embellished, and, with this in his pocket, he waited upon the Chancellor Bestucheff. After having artfully excited the chancellor's distrust and anger, by alluding to the exile's rumoured secret interviews with Madam Bestucheff, and his intimacy with the Austrian ambassador, he produced the plan, which he asserted to have been surreptitiously copied from the cabinet designs, and sold to him by Trenck for two hundred ducats. Enraged beyond measure, Bestucheff began to talk of trial and the knout—a manner of proceeding which by no means suited Goltz, as it must inevitably lead to the detection of his meanness and falsehood. He therefore objected to it; urging as his reason, that Trenck's friends were so powerful that they would save him from the grasp of the law. Bestucheff yielded to this argument, and it was finally agreed that the presumed offender should be secured without noise, and privately conveyed to Siberia. *In the* course of a few hours Trenck would have been

travelling towards the Siberian wilds, had he not been warned of his danger by the chancellor's wife. In pursuance of her advice he took refuge at Lord Hyndford's house, and his lordship exerted himself so promptly and effectually, that the villanous project of Goltz was fully exposed, and its author became an object of general contempt. Goltz died soon after, and his death is supposed to have been hastened by chagrin. To compensate Trenck for the vexation to which he had unjustly been subjected, a present of two thousand rubles was made to him by the empress. In one point Goltz attained his purpose; he succeeded in filling the mind of the chancellor with jealous suspicions, and in rendering him thenceforth secretly hostile to Trenck.

It is not improbable that, had Trenck remained in Russia, the enmity of the chancellor might have effected that which Goltz failed to accomplish. But he was destined to be a captive in another quarter. His time, however, was not yet come. In the autumn of 1749, his Pandour cousin put an end to his own existence iu prison. Trenck became heir to the vast property of that unprincipled man, and, in the spring of 1750, he was served with the customary citation, from the tribunal at Vienna, to enter upon his inheritance. So extreme was his repugnance to visit the Austrian capital, that it required all the influence and arguments of the British and Imperial ambassadors to overcome it. He seemed to be haunted by a foreboding, that his residence at Vienna would be productive of evil. At last he yielded to his two friends, who represented that he was sure to meet with powerful protectors there; and that property worth more than a million of florins was much superior to the highest expectations in Russia, where he would every moment be in peril from plots and cabals.

On collecting his effects, Trenck found that, in money

and jewels, he was possessed of about thirty thousand florins. Being thus amply provided with pecuniary resources, the desire of seeing foreign countries, and perhaps a wish to delay as long as possible his arrival at Vienna, induced him to take the circuitous route of Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Amsterdam. At Stockholm he was kindly received by Queen Ulrica, sister of the Princess Amelia, and at Copenhagen he had the pleasure of meeting with Lieutenant Bach, who had aided him to escape from Glatz. Bach was poor and in debt, and Trenck had the satisfaction of relieving him by a present of five hundred ducats, and by obtaining for him patrons, who pushed him on in the Danish service. It seems that, wherever he went, it was the lot of Trenck to fall in with adventures. After his departure from Elsinore, a storm drove the vessel among the rocky islands in the neighbourhood of Gottenburg, where it was detained for nine days. The poor inhabitants of those islands were suffering from a dearth, and he benevolently alleviated their miseries, by distributing money, and purchasing for them large quantities of corn, which formed the lading of the ship in which he was embarked. While he was performing this labour of charity, he was near losing his life, by the upsetting of a boat in which he was carrying some of the grain; two of his servants perished. Proceeding on his voyage, he had come within sight of the Texel, when a second storm swept them back to the north, as far as the port of Bahus, in Sweden. At length he reached Amsterdam.

He had scarcely set his foot on the land, before he was unexpectedly involved in a very disagreeable contest. "I was looking on," says he, "while the harpooners, belonging to the whale fishery, were exercising themselves in darting their harpoons; most of them were *drunk*. One of them, Herman Rogaar by name, a hero

among these people for his dexterity with the snickasnee, came up, and passed some of his coarse jokes upon my Turkish sabre, and offered to fillip me on the nose. I pushed him from me, and the fellow threw down his cap, drew his snickasnee, challenged me, called me monkey-tail, and asked whether I chose a straight, a circular, or a cross cut.

"Thus, here was I, in this excellent company, with no choice but that of either fighting or running away. The robust, herculean fellow grew more insolent, and I, turning round to the bystanders, asked them to lend me a snickasnee: 'No, no,' said the challenger, 'draw your great knife from your side, and, long as it is, I will lay you a dozen ducats you get a gash in the cheek.' I drew; he confidently advanced with his snickasnee, and at the first stroke of my sabre, the snickasnee, and the hand that held it, both dropped to the ground, and the blood spouted in my face.

"I now expected that the people would indubitably tear me to pieces; but my fear was changed into astonishment at hearing a universal shout, applauding the vanquisher of the redoubted Herman Rogaar, who, so lately feared for his strength and dexterity, became the object of their ridicule. A Jew spectator conducted me out of the crowd, and the people clamorously followed me to my inn. This kind of duel, by which I gained honour, would anywhere else have brought me to the highest disgrace."

From the Hague, where his letters of introduction, and his talents and acquirements, had won for him a flattering reception, Trenck was called to Vienna by a second citation, to give in his claim of inheritance; the letters from his friends, by which it was accompanied, assured him of meeting with ample justice and protection. On his journey to the Austrian capital nothing of

note occurred, except that he was robbed of a purse containing eighty ducats, and also of a watch, ring, and snuff-box, all of which were richly set with diamonds. The robber was a man named Schenck; a plausible villain, who had resided in the same hotel with him at the Hague, and who had worked upon his good nature to convey him, free of expense, as far as Nuremberg.

The empress queen, the celebrated Maria Theresa, gave a gracious reception to Trenck; she spoke of the high character which she had received of him from her ambassador at the Russian court, and promised that her favour should be extended to him. Her promise, however, never ripened into performance, and Trenck was speedily involved in a labyrinth of difficulties and annoyances, his chance of extrication from which was much diminished by the death of several warm and powerful friends. The inheritance bequeathed by his Pandour relative proved a curse. The malignant Austrian had contrived to burthen it with such onerous conditions and legacies, and had left it so entangled in law-suits, that, like the fabled apples of Sodom, though it was tempting without, it was all ashes and bitterness within. Just before his death, he exultingly said, "I shall now die contented, since I have been able to trick my cousin, and render him wretched."

The property, at a valuation far too low, was estimated to be worth a million of florins; it had against it the heavy drawback of being encumbered with no less than sixty-four law-suits! Even in lands where justice is better dispensed than it was in Austria, such a legion of suits would dwindle a princely fortune into insignificance; but in a country where almost every individual connected with the law, from the judge down to the crier of the court, was a persevering, shameless, and whole*sale* robber, any one who had the misfortune to come

within their reach could scarcely hope to escape from their grasp without having been stripped to the skin. From the perplexities which environed him Trenck tried to extricate himself, by renouncing all that he derived under the will, and claiming merely those estates which descended to him by right of birth. In this he was foiled. The profits from sixty-four suits were too valuable to be relinquished; and it was therefore decreed, that he must either adhere to the will, or forfeit the whole inheritance. For three years Trenck was incessantly employed in battling with the harpies which assailed him on all sides. During that time he drew from the bequeathed estates only 3600 florins, which, as he observes, "was hardly sufficient to defray the expenses of new years' gifts to the solicitors and masters in chancery." His resources were strained to the utmost, and he was even obliged to borrow money at the scandalous rate of sixty per cent. Vienna must, at that period, have been a perfect paradise for lawyers and usurers. In the course of three years, Trenck contrived to bring to a conclusion sixty-three of the suits, which were of minor importance; one remained, the crowning suit, which was to decide whether he should possess the long-litigated estates, or whether they should revert to the crown, he receiving for them only the semblance of a compensation. The decision was at length given, and it was adverse to him. The comparatively trifling sum of sixty-three thousand florins was all that he gained; a sum not exceeding that which he had been compelled to expend in this wearisome struggle against legal chicanery. His Austrian cousin had fully succeeded in "tricking him and making him wretched."

To divert his mind from painful thoughts, Trenck now made a journey to Italy, and visited Florence, Rome, and Venice. Fresh vexations marked his return to Vienna.

By a mistake of the police, or rather perhaps through the machinations of his enemies, he was arrested as a coiner, and confined, unheard, for nine days. Having proved his innocence, he was liberated, and an article was inserted in the Gazette, stating that the police department had acted hastily and erroneously. Unsatisfied by this kind of reparation, Trenck threatened to wreak his vengeance on a counsellor, whose aspersion of him had caused the recent insult; and, as he was well known to be a man who would carry his threats into effect, the empress-queen mediated between the parties, and bestowed on him a captaincy in the Cordova regiment of cuirassiers. Thoroughly disgusted with Vienna, Trenck joined his regiment in Hungary, and exerted himself strenuously, and with great success, to improve the discipline of the troops. His situation was, however, rendered extremely irksome, by the want of books and of intellectual society.

It is probable that Trenck now began to repent that he had not listened to an overture which, some time before, was made to him by the Prussian ambassador at Vienna. That minister seriously advised him to return to Berlin, and predicted that unceasing persecution would be his lot while he continued in the Austrian capital. In the strongest terms he pledged his honour that Frederic had forgotten the past, was convinced of Trenck's innocence, would aid him in recovering the litigated inheritance, and would insure his fortune in Prussia. "I answered," says Trenck, "that the favour came too late; I had suffered injustice too flagrant in my own country, and I would trust no prince on earth whose will might annihilate all the rights of men. My good faith to the king had been but too ill repaid; my talents might gain me bread in any part of the world, *and I* would not subject myself to the danger of unmerited imprisonment."

When Trenck threw out this bold defiance to the monarch, he little dreamt what a weight of woe it would contribute to bring upon him. The time was not far distant when, fettered and buried alive in a dungeon, he was to drain the cup of misery to the very dregs. In the spring of 1754 his mother died, and this event obliged him to make a journey to Dantzick, that he might settle the family affairs with his brothers and sister. It was his intention to proceed from Dantzick to St. Petersburgh, to seek for aid and advice from his friends; "for law and persecution," says he, "were not yet ended at Vienna, and my captain's pay, and small income, were scarcely sufficient to defray the charges of attorneys and counsellors." At Dantzick he met his relatives, an amicable partition was made of his mother's property, his share of which was about seven thousand florins; and he had the gratification to find that his sister was not to blame for the manner in which he had been treated at her abode, after his escape from the citadel of Glatz.

Having completed his family arrangements, and secured a passage for Riga in a Swedish vessel, Trenck would shortly have been out of the reach of his enemies, had he not been circumvented by the most infamous treachery. By his recent rejection of the overtures made to him, he had exceedingly incensed the Prussian monarch. After Trenck's flight from Glatz, the king is said to have suspected, erroneously, but not unreasonably, that his fugitive subject had given plans of the Prussian fortresses to the Austrian cabinet; and this suspicion, which he had subsequently been inclined to dismiss, would be revived, and would seem to be converted into a certainty, by Trenck's pertinacious refusal to return to his native land, even though he was tempted by the promise of fortune and military advancement. Frederic was looking forward to a war with Austria, and

did not wish to see in the service of that power one of his most active, intrepid, and intelligent officers, who had shown, too, how able he was to seduce others from their duty. He believed, also, that he had another strong motive for resentment. The enemies and plunderers of Trenck at Vienna were anxious to rid themselves of a formidable opponent, and, to attain this desirable end, they had the baseness to calumniate the man whom they feared. They wrote to Berlin, intimating that Trenck had a design upon the life of his sovereign, and that the king ought to beware, as Trenck meant to be at Dantzick just at the time when the monarch was visiting the camp in Prussia. Frederic determined, therefore, to seize the supposed offender. His taking this step may, perhaps, under all the circumstances, allow of palliation; but the cold-blooded cruelty with which, for years, he persevered in torturing his victim, admits of no excuse, and fixes upon his character an indelible blot.

Before Trenck had set out from Hungary, orders had been sent to Magdeburgh to prepare a prison for his reception. Yet he would have avoided the danger, had he not been betrayed by an individual who ought to have provided for his safety. The bribed traitor was the Austrian resident at Dantzick, a man by the name of Abramson, on whom Trenck placed an implicit reliance. The King of Prussia had required that Trenck should be given up to him, a demand with which the magistrates of the city hesitated to comply; and a correspondence took place upon the subject. The magistrates finally yielded. While the question was in debate, Trenck would have been on his voyage to Riga, had not the resident prevailed on him to remain for a few days longer. When the time fixed for departing was close at hand, "*the* deceitful Abramson," says Trenck, "promised to

send one of his servants to the port, to know the hour. In the afternoon he told me that he had himself spoken to the captain, who said he should not sail till the next day; adding, that he (Abramson) would expect me to breakfast, and would then accompany me to the vessel. I felt a serious uneasiness, which made me desirous of immediately leaving Dantzick, sending all my baggage, and sleeping on board. Abramson prevented me: he dragged me almost forcibly along with him, telling me that he had a great deal of company, and that I must absolutely dine and sup at his house. Accordingly I did not return to my inn till eleven at night."

It would have been well for Trenck had he obeyed the promptings of his own feelings, and placed himself under the shelter of the Swedish flag. He had but just got into bed, when a loud knocking was heard at the door, which was followed by two of the city magistrates, and twenty grenadiers, bursting so suddenly into his room, that he had not time to take his weapons. Resistance would, indeed, have been rash and unavailing, for he had no one to aid him, his three servants having already been secured. He was conveyed to the city prison, where he remained twenty-four hours. While he was in this durance, he was visited by Abramson, who hypocritically condoled with him, and promised to move heaven and earth for his deliverance. The deceiver played his part so well, that he induced the prisoner to place in his hands property to the amount of seven thousand florins, to prevent it, as he pretended, from being seized.

On the following evening, two of the city magistrates, with their officer, came to the prison, accompanied by Reimer, the Prussian resident, and a troop of his myrmidons. Reimer, who seems to have been fitter for a bandit than for an envoy, immediately plundered the

prisoner of all the valuables which he had about him. The Dantzick dragoons escorted the captive as far as Lauenberg, in Pomerania, where they gave him into the custody of thirty Prussian hussars. The first part of his journey lay through the district in which the Duke of Wirtemberg commanded. By the duke and his officers he was treated with the greatest kindness, and several opportunities, manifestly intended, were left for him to escape. But this good treatment had the effect of blinding him to his danger, and inducing a belief that Frederic only wished to question him respecting the plan of the war which was on the point of breaking out. As soon, however, as he passed out of the duke's district, he was undeceived by the harshness and vigilance of his conductors. He was interrogated at Berlin, but he firmly declared that he would not answer, till he had been legally tried for his first unspecified offence. After this he was conveyed to Magdeburgh, where he was thrown into a dungeon.

"My dungeon was in a casemate, the fore part of which, six feet wide and ten feet long, was divided by a party wall. In the inner wall there were two doors, and a third at the entrance of the casemate itself. The window in the seven-feet-thick wall was so situated that, though I had light, I could see neither heaven nor earth; I could only see the roof of the magazine; within and without this window were iron bars, and in the space between was an iron grating, so close, and so situated by the rising of the walls, that it was impossible I should see any person without the prison, or that any person should see me. On the outside was a wooden palisade, six feet from the wall, by which the sentinels were prevented from conveying anything to me. I had a mattress, and a bedstead, but which was immovably ironed *to the floor*, so that it was impossible I should drag it,

and stand up to the window; beside the door was a small iron stove and a night table, in like manner fixed to the floor. I was not yet put in irons, and my allowance was a pound and-a-half per day of ammunition-bread, and a jug of water.

"From my youth I had always had a good appetite, and my bread was so mouldy, that I could scarcely at first eat the half of it. This was the consequence of Major Rieding's avarice, who endeavoured to profit even by this, so great was the number of unfortunate prisoners. It would be impossible for me to describe the excess of tortures that during that eleven months I felt from ravenous hunger. I could easily, every day, have devoured six pounds of bread; and every twenty-four hours, after having received and swallowed my small portion, I continued as hungry as before I began, yet must wait another twenty-four hours for a new morsel. How willingly would I have signed a bill of exchange for a thousand ducats on my property at Vienna, only to have satisfied my hunger on dry bread! For so extreme was it, that scarcely had I dropped off to sleep before I dreamed I was feasting at some table, luxuriously loaded, where, eating like a glutton, the whole company were astonished to see me, while my imagination was heated with the sensation of famine. Awakened by the pains of hunger, the dishes vanished, and nothing remained but the reality of my distress; the cravings of nature were but inflamed; my tortures prevented sleep; and, looking into futurity, the cruelty of my fate suffered, if possible, increase from imagining that the prolongation of pangs like these was insupportable. God preserve every honest man from sufferings like mine! They ought not to be endured by the most obdurate of villains. Many have fasted three days; many have suffered want for a week, or more; but certainly no one, beside myself, ever endured it in

the same excess for eleven months. Some have supposed that to eat little might become habitual; but I have experienced to the contrary. My hunger increased every day, and, of all the trials of fortitude my whole life has afforded, this, of eleven months, was the most bitter."

Far from obtaining redress by his remonstrances and requests to be allowed a sufficiency of food, Trenck only drew on himself, from the governor, a volley of brutal insult, his inability to resent which inflicted on the captive an additional pang. His solitude was almost complete. It was only once a week, on Wednesday, that he saw a human being. On that day, after his den had been cleaned out, the governor and town-major paid their visit of inspection. All the rest of the week, no one came near him, his pittance of bread and water being thrust in, once in twenty-four hours, through an aperture in the door.

Nearly two months passed away before the mind of Trenck recovered its balance sufficiently to admit the hope of escaping. Hope at length came, and roused him to exertion. He had succeeded in making himself heard by the sentinel who guarded his window, and, among the number to whom he spoke, had found two good-natured fellows, who described exactly the situation of his prison. From them he learned, that the door of the adjoining casemate was always left open. Could he but make his way into that casemate, and have a boat ready on the Elbe, or swim over that river, he might reach the Saxon confines, which were not far distant. The wall between the casemates was seven feet thick; the central part consisted of hewn stone, and the facing was of brick. He nevertheless determined upon penetrating through it. Of time he had enough upon his hands, in perseverance, *as we have* already seen, he was not deficient, and as his

jailors visited him only weekly, and on a fixed day, he was not in danger of being taken by surprise while he was engaged in his labour.

The floor under the night table was of brick. It was behind and under this table that Trenck resolved to begin mining, that the hole might be less likely to be discovered. By dint of bodily strength and continued efforts, he contrived to loosen the long piece of iron which fastened the table, and to draw out the spike nails, taking care to preserve the heads of the nails uninjured, that he might restore the nails to their places against the day when his cell was searched. He thus obtained tools to raise the brick-floor, and commence his attack upon the wall. After he had laboured for some time, a compassionate soldier gave him an old iron-ramrod, and a soldier's sheath-knife, which were of infinite service to him. The outward layer of bricks and stones, which he took from the floor and the wall, he arranged on his bedstead in their proper order, that he might put them back correctly; a task which he was of course under the necessity of performing weekly. "The day preceding the visitation all was accurately replaced, and the intervening mortar was carefully preserved. The whole had probably been whitewashed a hundred times; and, that I might fill up all remaining interstices, I pounded the white stuff this afforded, wetted it, made a brush of my hair, then applied this plaster, washed it over, that the colour might be uniform, and afterwards stripped myself, and sat, with my naked body against the place, by the heat of which it was dried." To get rid of the loose rubbish and earth, Trenck resorted to various expedients. After grinding them to dust under his feet, he got rid of some of the powder by standing on the table, and pushing the dust out of the window on blowing nights; some he tossed into the night-table; and some he made into

pellets, and shot through the grating, by means of a paper tube, while the sentinel was walking at a distance. At the close of six months' toil, he had the satisfaction to find, that he had perforated the central mass of stone, and had only to break through the brick facing, in order to have a free passage into the neighbouring casemate. His labour had been severe; the mortar in some places having become quite petrified, so that he was obliged to wear down into dust both mortar and stone.

In the meanwhile, Trenck did not neglect to try his powers of seduction upon the soldiers who guarded him, and he was no less successful than he had been at Glatz. An old grenadier, whose name was Gefhardt, seems to have contracted a warm affection for him. Gefhardt introduced to him a good-natured Jewess, Esther Heymannen, whose father had been for ten years a prisoner; she could therefore feel for Trenck. She consented to be his agent, and she brought over to his interest two other grenadiers. They procured for him paper, another knife, and a file, of which he contrived to obtain possession, by tying together shivers from his bedstead, so as to make a stick long enough to reach beyond the palisades. Trenck now wrote to his sister, requesting that she would send by the Jewess three hundred rix-dollars, to assist him in effecting his flight. He also wrote to the Austrian ambassador at Berlin, and enclosed a draft for a thousand florins, payable from his property at Vienna, which sum he desired might be given to the bearer of the letter, as a reward for her faithful services. Unfortunately, the ambassador referred her to his secretary, Weingarten, who was a traitor, bribed by the Prussian court. Weingarten pocketed the thousand florins, and betrayed the plan of escape. The sister of Trenck gladly advanced the three hundred dollars, and entreated the *Jewess to* use every possible means for his deliverance.

Esther brought the money safely to Magdeburgh, and there, just in time to save herself, she learned, from the wife of one of the grenadiers, that the scheme was discovered. Upon hearing these tidings, she lost not a moment in hastening back to her abode, at Dessau, in Saxony, where she was beyond the reach of the Prussian myrmidons. Her confederates were less lucky. Her imprisoned father, though he does not appear to have been intrusted with the secret, was punished with more than a hundred blows, to extort a confession; one of the grenadiers was hanged; and the other was condemned to run the gauntlet for three successive days. Gefhardt was left untouched, it not being known that he was concerned in the project.

The monarch must have been excessively exasperated by the scheme of Trenck; for, on this occasion, he outraged every feeling of humanity. He determined that the future life of the captive should be spent in constant torture, unmitigated even by a gleam of hope. To accomplish his purpose, he himself planned a dungeon, and what may be called a system of fetters, which he thought would set at defiance all attempts to escape. By a refinement of cruelty, which is almost diabolical, the sister of Trenck, as a punishment for having aided her brother, was compelled to pay the expense of building the dungeon, and was also heavily fined. Her ruin was completed not long after, by the ravages which her estates suffered during the war, and she died of a broken heart. This damning blot, no talents, however great, no victories, however splendid, can erase from the character of Frederic.

Some days elapsed before Trenck was made acquainted with the calamitous circumstances which had occurred. The news was communicated to him by Gefhardt, who likewise informed him respecting the new dungeon, but

assured him that it could not be got ready in less than a month. This intelligence was an additional stimulus to Trenck to quicken his progress. Though he could no longer have a companion to assist in his flight, and must relinquish the idea of procuring a boat, he yet hoped that he might, by his own efforts, achieve his liberation. He twisted the hair of his mattress into a rope, which he meant to fasten to a cannon, and thus descend from the rampart; he would then swim across the Elbe, and, in a short time, he might gain the Saxon frontier. He resolved to complete the breach in the wall on the 26th of May. When, however, he set about the work, he found the bricks so hard and so firmly cemented, that, though he persevered till a very late hour, he was compelled to postpone till the following day the consummation of his task. The delay was fatal; the construction of the new dungeon had taken less time than he expected. Next night, when he was preparing to depart, a carriage stopped before the prison, the doors were thrown open, and he was scarcely able to conceal his knife before three officers entered. They ordered him to dress himself, manacled his wrists and ancles, bandaged his eyes, led him to the carriage, and took him through the city to the Star Fort, where the newly built dungeon was situated.

"The carriage at length stopped," says the captive, "and I was brought into my new cell. The bandage was taken from my eyes. The dungeon was lighted by a few torches. God of heaven!—what were my feelings when I beheld the whole floor covered with chains, a fire-pan, and two grim men standing with blacksmiths' hammers! To work went these engines of despotism. Enormous chains were fixed to my ancle at one end, and at the other to a ring, which was incorporated in the *wall.* This ring was three feet from the ground, and

only allowed me to move about two or three feet to the right and left. They next riveted another huge iron ring, of a hand's-breadth, round my naked body, to which they hung a chain, fixed into an iron bar as thick as a man's arm. This bar was two feet in length, and at each end of it was a handcuff. The iron collar round my neck was not added till the year 1756. With that addition, the weight of the chains was sixty-eight pounds."

When the horrible operation was completed, the tools of tyranny retired without uttering a word, and left Trenck in silence and darkness, a prey to his distracting thoughts. The night was passed in unutterable anguish. The only consoling idea that entered his mind was, that, as his knife had not been discovered, he had the power of throwing off the load of life whenever he pleased. Yet he forbore to avail himself of that power at present, and he declares himself unable "to account for the latent impulse which withheld his hand on that fatal, that miserable night."

"Day at length returned. But where was its splendour? Fled—I beheld it not. Yet was its glimmering obscurity sufficient to show me what was my dungeon. In breadth it was about eight feet, in length ten. Near me once more stood a night-table; in a corner was a seat, four bricks broad, on which I might sit, and recline against the wall. Opposite the ring to which I was fastened, the light was admitted through a semicircular aperture, one foot high, and two in diameter. This aperture ascended to the centre of the wall, which was six feet thick, and at this central part was a close iron grating, from which, outward, the aperture descended, and its two extremities were again secured with strong iron bars. My dungeon was built in the ditch of the fortification, and the aperture by which the light entered was so covered by the wall of the rampart that, instead of finding

immediate passage, the light only gained admission by reflection. This, considering the smallness of the aperture, and the impediments of grating and iron bars, must needs make the obscurity great, yet my eyes in time became so accustomed to this glimmering that I could see a mouse run. In winter, however, when the sun did not shine into the ditch, it was eternal night with me. Between the bars and the grating was a glass window, with a small central casement, which might be opened to admit air. My night-table was daily removed, and beside me stood a jug of water. The name of Trenck was built in the wall, in red brick, and under my feet was a tombstone, with the name of Trenck also cut on it, and carved with a death's head. The doors to my dungeon were double, of oak, each an inch thick; without, there was an open space, or front cell, in which was a window, and this space was likewise shut in with double doors. The ditch, in which this dreadful den was built, was enclosed on both sides by palisades, twelve feet high, the key of the door of which was intrusted to the officer of the guard, it being the king's intention to prevent all possibility of speech or communication with the sentinels. The only motion I had the power to make was that of jumping upwards or swinging my arms, to procure myself warmth. When more accustomed to these fetters, I was likewise capable of moving from side to side, about four feet, but this pained my shin-bones.

"The cell had been finished with lime and plaster but eleven days, and everybody supposed it would be impossible I should exist in these damps above a fortnight. I remained six months, continually immersed in water, that trickled upon me from the thick arches under which I was; and I can safely affirm that, for the first three months, I was never dry; yet did I continue in health. *I was visited* daily at noon, after relieving guard, and

the doors were then obliged to be left open for some minutes, otherwise the dampness of the air put out their candles."

About noon, the harsh jarring of the bolts announced the arrival of some of his jailers. They looked as though they pitied him, but they did not speak. A camp bedstead, a mattress, and blankets, were brought in, and a jug of water and a six-pound loaf of ammunition-bread were set down on the floor. The town-major broke the silence, by saying "That you may not complain of hunger again, you shall have as much bread as you can eat." Having uttered these few but welcome words, he and his attendants withdrew, and Trenck was left to his solitude.

So intensely had Trenck suffered from want of food, that he was now almost beside himself with joy, at the idea of having enough even of this coarse fare. "Never did the fond lover," says he, "rush more eagerly to the arms of his expecting bride, the famished tiger more ravenously upon his prey, than I upon this loaf; I ate, rested, surveyed the precious morsel, ate again, and absolutely shed tears of pleasure." But he had soon reason to repent this indulgence of appetite. Even his iron frame could not stand the shock which was caused by the sudden change from fasting to repletion. His body swelled, and throughout the night he was racked by cramp, colic, and burning fever. For three days he was unable to touch a morsel, and his mind, weakened by his bodily pains, gave way to despondency. It seemed impossible that he should ever recover his liberty, or much longer endure rigorous imprisonment, and the heavy weight of his fetters, and he therefore determined to resign an existence which was become an intolerable burthen. Either a remnant of hope, or an instinctive clinging to life, induced him, however, to postpone for a

week the fulfiment of his deadly purpose. If no prospect of better days should in the mean time open, he would terminate his woes on the 4th of July.

Though Trenck had resolved to die, rather than bear years of hopeless captivity, he did not the less task his ingenuity to save himself. On the morning after he had made this resolve, he cast a scrutinizing glance on the doors of his prison, when they were opened, and perceived that they were only of wood. It was consequently not unlikely that he might be able to cut off the locks with his knife. But, unless he could free his hands and legs, nothing could be done. In his efforts to effect this, his extraordinary muscular power was much in his favour. He first succeeded in drawing the right hand out of the handcuffs, though not without making the blood drop from his nails. The left handcuff was still more difficult to remove, but he at length conquered it by grinding down the badly clenched rivet with a brick, which he detached from his seat. By setting his foot against the wall, and leaning back with all his weight, he stretched open the hook, which fastened the chain to the rim round his body, and was thus enabled to force out the last link of the chain. The hardest task of all was to disengage his ancle. After much labour in trying to twist and wrench the links, he made a desperate effort, and sprang upward with such violence that two of the links flew off at once. He immediately groped his way to the door, examined the clenchings of the nails which held the locks, and lastly, sounded, by making a cut with his knife, the thickness of the door, which was less than he expected. The whole of the doors might, he calculated, be cut through in four-and-twenty hours. Having ascertained this point, he hastened to resume his fetters. It was not without much trouble *that*, in the dark, he could find the links which he had

broken off. These he tied on with his hair-ribbon. When, however, he endeavoured to put on the handcuffs, he found his hands swelled to such a degree, that he almost despaired of passing them through the rings. One he at last forced through, but all his efforts, continued through the night, were spent in vain upon the other. It was not till noon of the next day, and with excruciating torture, that he effected his purpose.

As it was not possible, in their present bloated state, to draw his hands out of the manacles, Trenck resolved to remain quiet till the 4th of July, by which time the swelling would have subsided, and he would also have recruited his strength. On that day, as soon as his jailors had quitted the cell, he began to throw off his fetters. He set to work on the first door so vigorously that in the course of an hour he got it open; with respect to the second, he had a harder task to perform. This opened outward, and was so constructed that cutting round the lock would not suffice; nothing less was required than to cut the whole of it away above the bar. This was an herculean toil; the more so as it was to be accomplished wholly in the dark. He pursued it nevertheless, till the sweat dropped from every pore, and the blood from his hands, which were one continued wound. At length light appeared; and he clambered over the lower half of the door, and got into the window, which was in the small cell between the double doors. After having reconnoitred from thence the exterior of the dungeon he descended, and began upon the third barrier, through which he cut his way with comparative ease. The fourth, which resembled the second, was a formidable obstacle, but it was the last, and that cheering thought kept up his spirits, though his hands were raw, and his frame was nearly exhausted by fatigue. He rested awhile, and then renewed his exertions. He had

made a cut of a foot in length, and was straining every nerve to accelerate his progress, when his knife snapped, and the broken blade fell to the ground.

Trenck was mentally stunned by this unexpected and terrible blow, which annihilated hope. The feelings of the mariner, who sees the parting of the last anchor which kept him from driving upon a rocky shore, would but faintly image those which distracted the captive, when the consciousness of his misfortune returned. With the mariner all is not yet lost, and, at worst, he has only speedy dissolution to dread; but at this cruel moment the captive utterly despaired of relief, and saw before him nothing but years succeeding years of aggravated and intolerable suffering. He dropped on his knees, and sought for comfort in prayer, but his mind was too bewildered and agonised to receive it. Death appeared to be his sole refuge; and in this persuasion he seized the broken knife, and gashed the veins of his left arm and foot. The blood gushed forth, and he sank down in a state of insensibility.

From this suspension of his faculties he was at length roused by hearing his name repeatedly uttered. The speaker was the kind-hearted Gefhardt, who had ventured upon the rampart, that he might converse with him. "'How do you do!' said Gefhardt. 'Weltering in my blood,' answered I; 'to-morrow you will find me dead.' 'Why should you die?' replied he; 'it is much easier to escape here than from the citadel. Here is no sentinel; and I shall soon find means to provide you with tools. If you can only break out, leave the rest to me. As often as I am on guard, I will seek opportunity to speak to you. In the whole Star Fort there are but two sentinels: one at the entrance, and the other at the guard-house. Do not despair: God will *succour* you. Trust to me.' The good man's kindness

and discourse revived my hopes: I saw the possibility of an escape. A secret joy diffused itself through my soul. I immediately tore my shirt, bound up my wounds, and waited the approach of day; and the sun soon after shone through the window, to me, with unaccustomed brightness. Let the reader judge how far it was chance —how far the effect of Divine Providence, that in this dreadful hour my heart again received hope. Who was it sent the honest Gefhardt, at such a moment, to my prison? For, had it not been for him, I had certainly, when I awoke from my slumber, cut more effectually through my arteries."

In the few hours that elapsed before the visit of his jailors, Trenck decided upon the conduct that he would pursue towards them. He had no doubt that his attempt to escape would bring additional cruelty upon him, unless he could find the means of averting it. To face them boldly, and declare that he would die on the spot, rather than submit to an increase of suffering, was the plan which he adopted. Though he was almost drained of blood, his hands were swelled and torn, his wounds smarting, his legs scarcely supporting him, and he was weighed down by an oppressive drowsiness, he rallied his spirits for a vigorous resistance. With the cross-bar of his handcuffs he loosened the bricks which formed his seat, and he then removed them to the middle of his dungeon. He completed his preparations by piling up his fetters on the half-destroyed second door, so as to render it difficult for an assailant to climb over. At noon, he heard, as usual, the approach of his jailors, and took his stand behind the pile of bricks, a desperate man, besmeared with blood, the picture of horror, with a brick in the one hand, and the broken knife in the other. His threatening appearance, and equally threatening language, induced them to pause.

After a parley with Trenck, the town-major went to consult the governor, who returned with him, and ordered six grenadiers to force their way into the prison. The soldiers, however, of whom only two at a time could advance in front, and who saw the bricks about to descend upon their heads, made a hasty retreat, and the result was another parley with the prisoner. It proved fruitless, and the governor again commanded the grenadiers to charge. They did so, and one of them was instantly stretched on the ground by a brick from the hand of Trenck; the rest ran away. As it was now manifest that the captive would not surrender on any other terms, the governor consented to pledge his honour that no further notice should be taken of this affair, and that everything should be reinstated exactly as it was before.

A very short respite from his fetters was all that Trenck gained by his attempt. After his wounds were dressed, he lay on his mattress more dead than alive. So completely was he worn out that he remained for two days in a sort of half-torpid state, from which he was now and then awakened by unquenchable thirst. When he recovered his feeling, he was racked by excessive pain in his limbs and back, and by the enormous swelling of his feet and hands. To restore his strength, he was allowed wine and broth, the latter of which he declares to have been so delicious and reviving, that no words could describe the pleasure it gave him. On the fifth day the new doors were put up; the second of them was plated with iron, that it might resist the knife. His fetters were then replaced; but the only change that was made in them was, that the principal chain which fastened him to the wall was something stronger than that which he had broken.

From this time the mind of Trenck began to acquire

a firmer tone. Despair vanished, and was succeeded by a stubborn determination to baffle his enemies, and by a cheering belief that he should ultimately triumph. The very tasking of his ingenuity to form plans, and devise means of executing them, contributed to prevent his intellectual faculties from being palsied by captivity and solitude. Some of his hours were spent in recalling to recollection the transactions of his life, and he did this till every event and person seemed present to him in the most vivid colours. At other times he amused himself by composing speeches, fables, odes, and satires, which he repeated aloud; and these he retained in his memory for years. The same improvement took place in his bodily condition. His chains, which, at first, he had believed impossible to be borne, became less irksome, and he even contrived to take exercise. By swinging with his arms, acting with the upper part of his body, and jumping upward, he often put himself into a strong perspiration, and afterwards slept soundly. "I could," says he, "comb out my long hair, and could tie it at last with one hand. My beard, which had so long remained unshaven, gave me a grim appearance, and I began to pluck it up by the roots. The pain, at first, was considerable, especially round the lips; but this, also, custom conquered, and I performed this operation in the following years, once in six weeks or two months, as the hair thus plucked up required that length of time before the nails could again get hold. Vermin did not molest me; the dampness of my den was inimical to them. My limbs never swelled, because of the exercise I gave myself, as before described. The greatest pain I found was in the continued unvivifying dimness in which I lived."

Additional vigilance was now exercised to retain the daring prisoner within his narrow bounds. Though the

second door was plated with iron, a sentinel was stationed there, and other measures of the same kind were adopted. This precaution was worse than useless. It was only by help from without that Trenck could possibly escape, and experience had already shown, that to multiply his guards was to multiply his opportunities of acquiring confederates. In the hope of securing the fidelity of the sentinels, they were selected from native Prussian soldiers who were married men. The idea was plausible, but it proved to be erroneous; for he uniformly found that these men were more ready than foreign deserters to render him their assistance.

After some time had passed, it came to the turn of Gefhardt to stand sentinel over the prisoner. From him Trenck learned that the foundation of the dungeon was not more than two feet deep, and they agreed that to mine under it was the only practicable method of escaping. As a preliminary step, however, money must be procured, and for this it was necessary that Trenck should write to a trusty friend at Vienna. By means of a long wire, Gefhardt conveyed to him through the grating a sheet of paper, a piece of wax-candle, a match, some ignited German tinder, and a pen. With blood from his finger, Trenck wrote a letter to his friend, Captain Ruckhardt, desiring that he would advance him three thousand florins, to be repaid out of his Austrian property, and that, to avoid interception, he would bring it to Gummern on the Saxon territory, at no great distance from Magdeburg, where it was to be delivered to Gefhardt. One-third of the money Ruckhardt was to appropriate to the expenses of his journey; with an equal sum Trenck intended to reward Gefhardt; and the remainder was to be devoted to the furtherance of his designs. The money was punctually brought to Gummern on the 15th of August, the appointed day. How

to get it into the hands of Trenck was the next subject of debate, as he could not take it through the window, the aperture being too small, and both his hands being chained to an iron bar. The difficulty was removed by Gefhardt, who contrived to be chosen to clean out the dungeon, and carried the gold into the prison in a water-jug. With a rare disinterestedness, he steadily refused to accept the thousand florins; he contented himself with five pistoles, which he declared was a sufficient reward.

Before Trenck could begin his subterraneous operations, it was necessary that he should relieve himself from his fetters. Two small files were supplied by the serviceable Gefhardt, and with these Trenck accomplished the task, though not without bestowing much time and labour upon it. He managed so dexterously, that he cut through most of the fastenings in such a manner that, when he put them on again, no fracture was visible in any part. He next tried his skill on the window. "This," says he, "was never strictly examined; I, therefore, drew the two staples by which the iron bars were fixed to the wall, and which I daily replaced, carefully plastering them over. I procured wire from Gefhardt, and tried how I could imitate the inner grating; finding I succeeded tolerably, I cut the real grating totally away, and substituted one of my own fabricating; by which I obtained a free communication with the outside, additional fresh air, together with all the necessary implements, tinder, and candles. That the light might not be seen, I hung the coverlid of my bed before the window, so that I could work fearless and undetected."

The floor of the dungeon was composed of three layers of oak planks, placed cross-wise; each layer was three inches thick, and the whole were fastened together by iron spike-nails, half-an-inch in diameter, and nearly a

foot long. He began by cutting round the head of a nail: after which he applied the bar of his handcuffs as a lever—the bar had at the end of it a hole, into which he inserted the nail-head, and thus obtained a sufficient purchase to wrench out the nail. The nail he ground down upon his tombstone, till he had sharpened it into an excellent chisel. The next step was to cut through the first layer of the flooring. He succeeded in removing a piece of it, so that it could be replaced; and, that no trace of his operations might be visible, he filled up the crannies with kneaded bread, and strewed dust over the parts whenever he suspended his labour. With the under layers of plank he proceeded more rapidly, because, not being obliged to conceal his work, he could split the boards into chips. At last he came to the fine white sand on which the fort was built. From inability to get rid of the sand which he dug out, here he must have stopped, had not Gefhardt provided him with several ells of cloth for making bags. These bags Trenck pushed through the bars to Gefhardt, who scattered or carried away the contents. By the same channel, the friendly sentinel conveyed to him various kinds of food, chiefly sausages and salted meat, some more implements, a pair of pistols, powder, balls, and a bayonet. The latter articles the captive secreted under the floor.

Though Trenck discovered that the foundation of his dungeon was double the depth which he had been led to expect, he was not discouraged. He was justly of opinion that, where resolution was not wanting, few things are impossible. The man who is not of this opinion will never accomplish anything that is great. The toil which he had to undergo could, however, have been borne only by a man of his muscular frame. "The hole I made," says Trenck, "was obliged to be four feet *deep, corresponding* with the foundation, and wide enough

to kneel and stoop in: the lying down on the floor to work, the continual stooping to throw out the earth, the narrow space in which all must be performed, these made the labour incredible; and, after this daily labour, all things were to be replaced, and my chains again resumed, which, alone, required some hours to effect. My greatest aid was in the wax candles and light I had procured; but, as Gefhardt stood sentinel only once a fortnight, my work was much delayed; the sentinels were forbidden to speak to me on pain of death; and I was too fearful of being betrayed to dare to seek new assistance. Being without a stove, I suffered much from cold this winter, yet my heart was cheerful, as I saw the probability of freedom; and all were astonished to find me in such good spirits. When I was not digging, I composed satires and verses; thus time was employed, and I was contented even in prison."

When Trenck was one day leaving off work, an accident occurred, which might have led to immediate detection, and which was the remote cause of much disappointment and vexation. In replacing the casement he dropped it, and three of the panes were broken. Had his jailors seen the fractured glass the secret would have been betrayed, as they knew that, while he was chained, he could not possibly reach the window. Hazardous as it was to trust a stranger, Trenck had no other resource. By dint of bribing the sentinel liberally, and assuring him that some of his comrades would suffer if he refused, Trenck prevailed on the man to run into the town and purchase the glass. It was brought just in time for the prisoner to repair the window before the usual visitation took place.

Gefhardt was so much alarmed by this misadventure that, though he remained faithful to the captive, his courage was sadly shaken; he began to start difficulties,

and maintained that to attempt escaping without further aid would be to rush upon certain destruction. Trenck, therefore, wrote to Ruckhardt, desiring that he would come to Gummern with more money, and wait for six nights with two horses, on the glacis of Klosterbergen. Within those six days, either by rotation or by exchanging the guard, Gefhardt could find means to join him, and they would escape together.

By this deviation from Trenck's original plan it was rendered abortive; his eight months' toil was thrown away. Gefhardt's wife was sent to put the letter into the Saxon post-office at Gummern, and she had the folly to give the postmaster ten rix-dollars to take especial care of it. His suspicions were excited, he read the letter, and then, with a baseness which more than equalled her folly, he carried it to Prince Ferdinand, the governor of Magdeburg. To the astonishment of Trenck, the prince abruptly entered the dungeon, followed by his attendants, held out the letter, and peremptorily insisted upon knowing who took it to Gummern. Trenck denied that he had ever seen the sentinel who was the bearer of it, or had asked his name. The prince then resorted to threats; but, finding that they were fruitless, he assumed a milder tone, and promised that the captive should be released from his fetters, and have that fair trial which he had so often demanded. Even this temptation failed to seduce Trenck from the path of honour. He asserted his innocence, and his right to recover his liberty by any means within his reach, and he proudly intimated that his wrongs might yet find powerful avengers. He repelled with scorn the proposition to purchase his own ease by sacrificing those who pitied him. "Were I capable," said he, "of treachery to the man whose compassion induced him to succour my *distress*, were I the coward that could buy happiness at

his expense, I should then, indeed, deserve to wear these chains with which I am loaded." Finding that he could draw nothing from him, the prince retired; and, though his last words in the dungeon were menaces, he could not, when out of the prisoner's hearing, forbear from saying to those around him, "I pity his hard fate, and cannot but admire his strength of mind." To Trenck the conversation with the prince proved highly beneficial; he ever after possessed the entire confidence of the garrison soldiers, who knew that he would reward services generously, and were now convinced that they might serve him without the fear of being betrayed.

A strict search was made in Trenck's den by smiths, carpenters, and masons; but, though they spent half an hour in their investigation, they failed to discover either the hole which he had made, or the manner in which he had disencumbered himself of his fetters. The removal of the middle grating in the aperture was all that they detected. On the following day, a board, with only an air-hole of about six inches diameter, was substituted for the grating.

It was a fortunate circumstance that this change was not immediately made. The prince had not been gone more than an hour, when Trenck heard the sentinels say that a grenadier had hanged himself on the palisades of the dungeon. An officer, also, who came back to fetch a lantern they had left behind, whispered to him, "One of your associates has just hanged himself." Trenck was horror-struck by this news; the victim must certainly be his kind and honest Gefhardt. After having passed a considerable time in lamenting this event, he recollected the promise given by the prince, that he should have a fair trial, if he would disclose the name of his confederate. He knocked at the door, and an officer came, whom he desired to inform the governor that, if a

light and materials for writing were supplied, he would divulge the whole secret. The things which he required were brought, and an hour was allowed for writing the letter. "I sat myself down," says the captive, "began to write on my night-table, and was about to insert the name of Gefhardt, but my blood thrilled, and shrunk back to my heart. I shuddered, rose, and went to the aperture of the window—'Is there no man who, out of compassion, will tell me the name of him who hanged himself, that I may deliver many others from destruction?' I then wrapped five pistoles in a paper, threw them out, called to the sentinel, and said, 'Friend, take these, and save thy comrades; or go, betray me, and bring down innocent blood upon thy head.' The paper was taken, a pause of silence ensued; I heard sighs, and presently after, a low voice said, 'His name is Schütz, he belonged to the company of Ripp's.'" Trenck inserted the name of Schütz, called in the officer, and gave him the letter for the prince. The prince, however, seems to have suspected some deception, for he did not perform his promise.

Trenck had never before heard the name of Schütz, and it was not till a later period that he became acquainted with the facts of the case. While the captive was confined in the citadel, this man, a Westphalian, who was standing sentinel, had come under his window, loudly execrated the Prussian service, and exclaimed, "If Trenck only knew my mind, he would not long remain in this infernal hole." A conversation ensued, and Schütz declared, that if he could have money to buy a boat, in which they might cross the Elbe, he would set him free. Having then no money, Trenck gave the sentinel a diamond shirt-buckle, worth five hundred florins, which he had contrived to conceal. From that *hour the* treacherous Schütz, though he was often on

duty, would never reply to the captive. The buckle, however, proved his ruin. His lavish expenditure excited suspicion, and, on the letter sent to Gummern being intercepted, his commanding-officer said to him, "You must certainly be the rascal who carried Trenck's letter. You have for some time past been spending much money, and we have seen you with louis-d'or. How came you by them?" Schütz was so terrified by this abrupt charge, that imagining Trenck would certainly criminate him, he went and hanged himself opposite the door of the dungeon.

It was soon after his interview with the prince, and when he had been nearly two years and a half at Magdeburg, that the Seven Years' War broke out. The news was communicated to him by Gefhardt, who also informed him that, in the course of a few days, the garrison would take the field. At first, he deplored this event, which he considered as a death-blow to his plans. He lost the faithful Gefhardt, and all those officers who had regarded him with compassion and esteem. He became, as he himself expresses it, an old prisoner in a new world. On second thoughts, however, he was disposed to believe that there was less cause than he had imagined for regret. The excavation which he had made was still a secret, and he possessed five hundred florins, and a store of candles and implements. But the greatest consolation was, that the officers and men of the militia were much more easily won over than the regular troops. It was not long ere he had a striking proof of the seducible disposition of these men. Four lieutenants were appointed to mount guard in turn at the Star Fort, and twelve months did not elapse before three of them were entirely devoted to him.

At the outset, nevertheless, he had much to endure. Bruckhausen, the new major of militia, was one of the

most stupid and sulky of mortals, and General Borck, the recently appointed governor, was an imperious, unintellectual, pitiless tyrant. The latter commenced his reign by an act of atrocious barbarity. Round the prisoner's neck he ordered to be riveted an iron-collar, of a hand's breadth, which was connected with the chains of the feet by additional heavy links. He next walled up the window, with the exception of a small air-hole, took away the bed, and refused the captive even straw to lie upon. All this was aggravated by the most insulting language; which, however, Trenck retorted with such ample interest as to madden the brutal governor.

The privations and the additional weight of fetters, to which he was now subjected, could not fail to produce a sinister effect even on Trenck's iron frame. He could free himself from the chains attached to the ancle rims, but the rest he did not dare to think of removing, till, by close observation, he had ascertained what portions of them his jailors considered to be secure, and therefore left unexamined. The enormous collar round his neck was a source of perpetual torture; he being obliged to use his hands alternately, to support the chains which hung from it, as they would have strangled him had they been thrown behind, and brought on excessive headache when they descended in front. Of sleep he was nearly deprived; for he was compelled to sit on the bare ground, reclining against the damp-wall; and, while he leaned on his elbow in this posture, one of his hands was kept down by the bar which connected the handcuffs, and the other was employed in bearing up his chains. By the constant pressure and constraint, the circulation was so much impeded, that his arms began to waste away. Burning fever at length came on, and for two months the wretched captive suffered inexpressible *agony*. No food but coarse dry bread, no medical aid,

was given; for the villanous Borck hoped that he should be relieved by the death of the victim from the responsibility of guarding him. He was not without good grounds for his ferocious hope; the strength of the prisoner was hourly decaying. "There came a day," exclaims Trenck, "a day of horror, when these mortal pangs were beyond imagination increased! I sat, scorched with this intolerable fever, in which nature and death were contending, and, when attempting to quench my burning entrails with cold water, the jug dropped from my feeble hands, and broke! I had four-and-twenty hours to remain without water. So intolerable, so devouring, was my thirst, that I could have drunk human blood; ay, in my madness, had it been the blood of my father!" Nature could bear no more, and a long insensibility ensued.

On the following morning, his jailors found Trenck motionless, and his parched tongue out of his mouth. They believed that he had ceased to exist; but, as there was a chance that life was not quite extinct, they poured some water down his throat. The reviving draught recalled him to consciousness. "Oh God! Oh God!" he enthusiastically exclaims, "how pure, how delicious, how exquisite was that water! My insatiable thirst soon emptied the jug; they filled it anew, bade me farewell, hoped death would soon relieve my mortal sufferings, and departed." But Trenck was reserved for another fate. This was the crisis of his disease; and the copious supply of water produced, almost instantaneously, the most salutary effect. From that moment his progress towards recovery was uninterrupted. It was no doubt accelerated, by his regaining one of the comforts of which he had long been deprived. His deplorable situation became the talk of all Magdeburg, and excited so much sympathy, that the ladies joined with the officers to plead

for him, and by their united remonstrances shamed the tyrannical governor into restoring the prisoner's bed. At the expiration of six months, Trenck was once more in the full enjoyment of health and spirits.

It is well for those who live under a despotism, that a despot can never rely upon the perfect fidelity of his instruments; whenever there is a chance of eluding detection, some will violate his orders from humanity, and more from interest. Frederic had provided with such malignant ingenuity for the safe keeping of the prisoner, that escape would have been impossible had the keepers strictly performed their duty. The keys of the four doors were committed to four different persons, that the captive might never be able to speak to any of the jailors singly. It was not long, however, before the whole of the keys were trusted first to one and then to another, so that Trenck had opportunities to confer in succession with the officers upon guard. He received remittances, from his sister and the Countess Bestucheff, and he made such a liberal use of them among the officers, that the rigour of his captivity was much alleviated. He had a supply of light, books, newspapers, sausages, and cold meat; the guards were bribed with money to drink, and, occasionally, some of the keepers would even spend half the night in his company. A lieutenant Sontag got false handcuffs made for him, which were so wide that he could easily draw out his hands, and he could free himself from all his other fetters, with the exception of the neck-chain, which was too firmly riveted for him to remove.

The renewed health and spirits of Trenck gave rise to new projects for regaining his liberty. To carry into effect his former plan was impracticable, as the sentinels had been doubled, and there was therefore no possibility of making his exit, and climbing the twelve feet high *palisades*, without being seen. A more arduous task

must be accomplished. Between the excavation which Trenck had made and the entrance of the gallery in the principal rampart, the distance was measured by Lieutenant Sontag, and found to be thirty-seven feet. If the captive could continue his tunnel as far as the gallery, his egress would be certain; as he was furnished with full instructions how to shape his course, and the officer on duty was to leave open the door which led to the second rampart. The toil of this undertaking was immense. To abridge his labour, he was under the necessity of making the passage so small that his body had barely space to move in, and he could not draw his arm back to his head; he could dig only with his hand, because the noise of an instrument would have been heard by the sentinels; and he was obliged to work naked, lest the dirtiness of his shirt should betray him. At the outset, he could advance with tolerable ease, but, as he mined further, his progress became daily more slow and wearisome. In going backward and forward, to empty by handsful the sand out of the hole, that he might have room to go on, he calculated that he crept under ground from fifteen hundred to two thousand fathoms within four-and-twenty hours. This he at length in a great measure remedied, by putting the sand into bags made of linen, partly supplied by the officers, and partly obtained by cutting up his bed-tick and sheets. When he left off, he had to replace the sand, the flooring, and his fetters; and it often happened, that he had not completed his arrangements many minutes before his jailors entered to make their weekly examination. At times he was on the point of giving up his enterprise in despair. So severe was the fatigue of one day thus spent, that he was compelled to rest on the three succeeding days.

When he had reached within seven or eight feet of the gallery, an accident occurred, which eventually frustrated

all his exertions. He was then under the rampart, and it unluckily happened that the clanking of the chain attached to his neck-collar, which was the only part of the irons he could not loosen, was heard by the sentinel above him, who reported the circumstance to his officers. The dungeon and the prisoner were in consequence examined, but in a careless manner, and everything was believed to be right. The sentinel was even laughed at, as a blockhead who had mistaken the burrowing of a mole for the working of the captive. Trenck went to work again in high spirits, and would, in all probability, have effected his purpose, had he not resolved to postpone breaking through till it was the turn of Bruckhausen, his enemy, to be on duty. Bruckhausen, however, was taken ill, which occasioned a further delay. As soon as this obnoxious personage resumed his post, Trenck proceeded to remove the last three feet of earth, which separated him from the gallery. It chanced that the same sentinel was on guard who had heard the captive. Piqued by the ridicule which had been lavished on him, he was now on the alert to prove that he was not such a blockhead as he had been called; he laid his ear to the ground, and again distinctly heard the miner at work. He called his comrades and the major to listen, and they were convinced of the fact. They then entered the gallery with lanterns, and stood ready to pounce upon Trenck, as soon as he should make his appearance. They were disappointed, however. Through a small crack he could perceive the light, and the heads of those who were waiting for him; and, half frantic with vexation, he made the best of his way back to the dungeon. His first care was to secure his pistols, candles, money, paper, files, and knives; these he concealed in various minute crevices about the prison, and in holes which he *had* contrived under the flooring. He then resumed his

handcuffs and bar, that he might be supposed to have worked in them.

Trenck had just completed disposing of his instruments, when Bruckhausen and his followers entered the dungeon. The major immediately began to interrogate him, and Trenck answered in such a manner as to impress his superstitious questioner with an idea that he had diabolical aid. Bruckhausen was asinine enough to believe this, and also that the prisoner could pursue his subterraneous labour in irons. He began to stand in fear of the captive, and his fears induced him to behave with some degree of politeness. Trenck amused himself with playing upon the major's credulity, and he twice called him back, to show him a file and a knife, which he pretended that Beelzebub had brought to him the moment after the jailor's departure. The report was soon spread through Magdeburg, that Trenck was a magician; and one citizen was so desirous to see a wizard, that he bribed an officer with fifty dollars, to obtain a peep at the marvellous being. Trenck humoured the joke, disguised his face in three different and grotesque ways, almost scared the citizen out of the scanty portion of sense that he possessed, and sent him away convinced that the prisoner was in close alliance with the powers of darkness.

It was seldom that Trenck could indulge in such a frolic as this. His irons were increased in weight, and the foot chains, instead of being fastened as before, were screwed and riveted. The hole was filled up, and the flooring repaired, and thus the toil of the past twelve months was rendered of no avail. But his bed, of which he was now deprived, was the loss which he most regretted. Fever again attacked him; but this time the compassion of his friends provided him with the means of recovery. Six months, nevertheless, passed away

before he was in a condition to encounter a renewal of toil. The weekly examination of his chains by Bruckhausen was so strict, that he could not venture to free himself from them, till he had, for several weeks, attentively remarked to what parts of them that functionary chiefly directed his attention. When he had ascertained that point, he cut through the link which was least noticed, and closed up the vacancy with bread. At last, by a lucky incident, he got rid altogether of this inconvenient investigator. Bruckhausen one day spoke so opprobriously of the empress-queen, that Trenck in a rage snatched the sword of an officer who was present, and would have put the offender to death, had he not hastily retreated. From that day the major never ventured within reach of Trenck. Thenceforth, whenever he visited the cell, he was preceded by two grenadiers, with their muskets presented, and bayonets fixed, behind whom he discreetly stood at the door. Nothing could have been more gratifying to the prisoner, as Bruckhausen was the only person whose scrutiny he had cause to dread.

Soon after this abortive attempt to escape, a dreadful addition was made to Trenck's sufferings. An order arrived, that his sleep should be broken every quarter of an hour, by the sentinels calling to him. This fiend-like aggravation of cruelty was directly carried into effect, and was persisted in for four years. "This was, indeed," says Trenck, "a punishment intolerable to nature; yet did custom at length teach me to answer in my sleep." One benefit he managed to derive from it. By the advice of one of the friendly officers, he refused to answer the sentinel, unless his bed was restored; and his firmness ultimately compelled his persecutors to comply with his demand.

The misfortune of being roused from rest was, in some

degree, counterbalanced by a circumstance which occurred about this period. Borck, the deputy governor, a man who was the prompt and obsequious tool of tyranny, became insane, and was replaced by Lieutenant-Colonel Reichmann. The new governor was of a benevolent disposition. He could not strike off Trenck's fetters, or alter the general regulations, but he did all that lay in his power to lighten the woes of his prisoner. By his direction, or connivance, the doors were occasionally left open, to admit light and air, and at length were suffered to remain so throughout the day. Bruckhausen, too, thought proper to adopt towards Trenck a more conciliatory manner than he had hitherto displayed. For the latter change the captive was probably indebted to the fears of Bruckhausen. Most of the royal family were then at Magdeburg, to which fortress they had fled on the approach of the enemy to Berlin; all of them, especially the Princess Amelia, were favourable to Trenck, and the major, perhaps, deemed it prudent to propitiate a man who had such powerful friends.

The light that entered the dungeon of Trenck enabled him to beguile many tedious hours. To amuse himself, he began to carve, with a nail, a variety of figures and satirical verses upon the pewter cup out of which he drank. His work was admired, every one wished to possess a specimen, fresh cups were constantly sent to him, and practice at length gave him such a mastery in his art, that his productions were sold at a high price, and admitted into museums. One of them, on which was depicted Naboth's vineyard, with a motto allusive to himself, was carried to Vienna, and made so strong an impression on the empress-queen, that she commanded her minister to make every exertion for the captive's deliverance. The command was, however, speedily forgotten, by the minister and the sovereign. He was

infinitely more benefited by the permission which his keepers granted, and which they did not revoke, that he should have the comfort of a candle at night. Trenck spent twelve months in his occupation, and never felt the moments hang upon his hands. "The difficulties of this engraving will," says he, "be conceived, when it is remembered that I worked by candle-light upon shining pewter, attained the art of giving light and shade, and, by practice, could divide a cup into two-and-thirty compartments, as regularly with a stroke of the hand as with a pair of compasses. The writing was so minute that it could be read only with glasses. I could use but one hand, both being separated by the bar, and therefore held the cup between my knees. My sole instrument was a sharpened nail, yet did I write two lines on the rim only."

The pleasant employment of Trenck at last degenerated, as most pleasures do, into a toil. The garrison officers carried on a lucrative traffic in his cups, and applicants became so numerous, that a daily labour of eighteen hours was required to satisfy them. His eyes suffered from the glare of the pewter, and his brain was fatigued by the constant demand upon its inventive powers, for designs and verses. The sedentary life was prejudicial to his health, and the pressure of the neck-collar and chain often produced distracting headaches. A dangerous indigestion came on, which was succeeded by putrid fever, and he was reduced almost to a skeleton. Yet he once more recovered.

Relinquishing for a while the decoration of cups, Trenck again turned his attention to the means of regaining his liberty. Being unable to serve on account of bad health, Lieutenant Sontag had obtained his discharge from the army. Trenck now despatched him to Vienna, to procure money from the administrators of his estates, and to seek an audience from the empress-

queen, for the purpose of exciting her compassion in the prisoner's behalf. But the administrators had no desire that Trenck should be set free, to detect their past spoliations, and prevent their future; and they contrived so well that, instead of being admitted to the royal presence, Sontag was arrested as a spy, ill treated in prison for some weeks, and finally expelled from the Austrian dominions.

Foiled in this scheme, Trenck formed another, which, for its magnitude and desperate daring, left all its predecessors far behind. It was no longer his intention to fly as a fugitive; he aspired to act the conqueror, and to strike a blow which should shake the throne of his royal persecutor. Magdeburg, the bulwark of Prussia on the western frontier, which requires a garrison of fifteen thousand men, was then guarded by less than as many hundred militia, among a large portion of whom discontent was prevalent. In the harvest months the garrison was still weaker, as the soldiers were allowed to work for the neighbouring farmers; a practice which the captains promoted, because they derived from it a considerable profit. Besides this inadequacy of the garrison, there was another formidable source of danger. Magdeburg contained about sixteen thousand Austrian prisoners; seven thousand of these were Croats, on whom the name of Trenck would operate like magic. It was on these circumstances that Trenck built his hopes of seizing upon the fortress. For the commencement of his operations, he had gained over two majors and two lieutenants, and could reckon upon being joined by four hundred privates. Everything was arranged for his quitting the dungeon, liberating the Austrians, and surprising the various posts. "Magdeburg, the magazine of the army, the royal treasury, and arsenal," says he, "all would have been mine; and sixteen thousand men,

who were then prisoners of war, would have enabled me to keep possession."

To carry on a plot like this, money was an indispensable article. Trenck had already procured six hundred ducats; but that sum would not go far in the way of bribery, on such a momentous occasion. A lieutenant, who had a furlough to visit his friends, was therefore despatched to Vienna by Trenck, with a draft on his administrators, for two thousand ducats. In his letter he imprudently stated that, with that sum he should not only soon regain his liberty, but also be master of Magdeburg. At Vienna the lieutenant was closely questioned by the administrators, who were exceedingly anxious to learn his real name, he having assumed that of Kemnitz. Suspecting their motives, he had the good sense not to gratify their curiosity. When they found that they could not worm out his secret, they dismissed him with only a thousand florins, and advised him not to be concerned in so perilous an undertaking. Their conduct alarmed him so much that he did not deem it prudent to return to Magdeburg. The result proved that he acted judiciously.

About a month later, the hereditary prince of Hesse-Cassel, who was then chief-governor, entered the prison, showed Trenck the letter, and demanded to know who was the bearer of it, and by whom the fortress was to have been betrayed. Trenck had the presence of mind instantly to deny the handwriting, and to affect astonishment at a forgery so infamous. After some conversation, the prince retired, apparently satisfied by the captive's defence. He was, however, obliged to order a formal examination, at which Reichmann, the deputy-governor, presided. Reichmann was a humane man, who pitied the prisoner, and consequently was not disposed to press hard upon him. There was, in fact, no legal evidence;

Trenck persisted in denying the handwriting, and witnesses there were none. The knowledge that there was nobody to confront him, encouraged the captive to speak boldly, and he did not hesitate to animadvert in the sharpest terms on the conduct of Frederic. He inveighed against the monarch, for having imprisoned him without a trial and without a crime; asserted his natural right to recover the liberty of which he had been unjustly bereaved; and closed his speech by declaring, that he owed neither fidelity nor duty to the King of Prussia, who, by an act of sheer tyranny, had robbed him of bread, honour, country, and freedom.

Trenck passed the ordeal unhurt; but every officer to whom suspicion could attach was removed, and thus he was deprived of some trusty friends. The loss, however, was easily reparable, for in a short time he gained over two of the new-comers. The militia officers were all poor, and few of them could resist the seductive influence of gold, especially when their kindly feelings were in unison with their interest.

Undiscouraged by his repeated disappointments, Trenck recommenced his exertions to mine his way out. He cut through his chains and the flooring, as he had before done, taking care, when he left off, to fill up every cranny so artfully, that no trace of his work was visible. To get rid of the sand, he had recourse to an ingenious stratagem. After having thrown out a large quantity, he replaced the flooring, and began, with much noise, to excavate another hole near the door. The noise drew, as he expected, the jailors into the dungeon. They laughed at his folly in excavating at a spot where escape was impossible, ordered the sand to be wheeled away; and punished him by the deprivation of his bed and candle for a fortnight.

When the vigilance of his keepers had somewhat

relaxed, he proceeded with his mining. This time he reverted to his original plan of making an outlet between the foundation and the palisades. When he had burrowed as far as the dry ditch, he broke a hole through, and threw one of his slippers beside the palisade, that he might be supposed to have lost it in climbing over. He then returned towards his prison, and concealed himself in a hole, which he had made under the floor; stopping up the passage between the two holes, that he might not be seen. The event turned out as he had anticipated. In the morning the slipper was found: it was concluded that he had got off, the alarm-guns were fired, cavalry was sent to scour the country, and all the garrison thronged to look at the spot whence Trenck had emerged. He, meanwhile, could hear throughout the day the searches and remarks that were made by his keepers. Yet a few hours more and he would be able to quit his retreat, and scale the palisades, as it was not probable that sentinels would be posted, now that he was imagined to be gone. The sanguine hopes of Trenck were, however, blighted by a mere beardless boy, an ensign of fifteen, who, in spite of his youth, was gifted with more penetration than any of his comrades. On looking at the hole, it struck the stripling as being too small for its purpose. He tried to enter, found that he could not, and thence rationally inferred that a man of the prisoner's size and lofty stature could never have passed that way. Having obtained a light, he peeped into the aperture. The stifling heat of the spot where he was coiled up had compelled Trenck to remove the sand between the holes, and a part of his dress was in consequence perceived by the sharp-sighted ensign. He was drawn from his hiding-place, amidst the laughter of the bystanders, and reinstated in his dungeon; but no additional severity was inflicted upon him.

For the clemency which he experienced Trenck was

indebted to the benevolence of the hereditary prince, who held the government of Magdeburg. The kindness of the prince did not stop here. Trenck being again taken ill, the governor sent him his own physician, and meat from his table, ordered the collar to be removed from the sick man's neck, and forbade the soldiers to wake him at night. His humanity brought on him a severe reprimand from Frederic. He persisted in it, nevertheless. In a visit which he made to Trenck, he promised to interest himself in his behalf, encouraged him to hope for better days, and assured him that his situation should be ameliorated as far as circumstances would permit. The expectations which he raised by this assurance were promptly realised. The window was unclosed, the door was allowed to be left open for two hours daily, finer linen was furnished for the prisoner's shirts, and he was supplied with books, paper, and the public journals. Filled with gratitude for these unwonted acts of kindness, Trenck voluntarily pledged his honour that he would make no effort to escape, as long as his princely benefactor held the government of Magdeburg.

"After my last conference with the prince," says Trenck, "I waited my coming fate with a mind more at ease than that of many a prince in his palace. My dawn of hope daily grew more bright. The newspapers they brought me foretold approaching peace, on which all my dependence was placed, and I passed eighteen months calmly, and without further attempt." This comparatively happy period was employed in reading, composing verses, and engraving cups, to which latter occupation he returned with increased pleasure, as he knew that his works had been praised by the queen and the Princess Amelia.

On the death of his father, the Landgrave of Hesse, the prince succeeded him, and resigned the government

of Magdeburg. Trenck was left at liberty to resume his projects of escape. He, nevertheless, remained quiescent for some time; his hopes were yet sanguine, and the conduct of Reichmann, the deputy governor, was kind. When, however, the signing of the treaty between Prussia and Russia indicated that, in all probability the war with Austria would soon come to a termination, he thought it prudent to be prepared for flight, in case his freedom should not be insisted upon by the Austrian cabinet. His having remained quiet so long had lulled suspicion, and he could pursue his operations with little risk of detection. He now began to reopen the subterraneous passage which he had formerly made to the gallery in the rampart. That he might have more room for working, he broke up all the under layers of planking, except as much as was necessary to support the floor. The chips he burned in the stove. The officers whom he had bribed furnished him with tools, bags to hold the sand, and keys to the doors of the gallery under the rampart. He pushed on the mine till, between the end of it and the gallery, there was only a space which could be pierced through in a few minutes. Having done this, he replaced the flooring with his usual skill, so that nothing could be seen. A friend was, on certain days, to be ready with horses at an appointed spot, and a house was purchased in the suburbs, at which Trenck, in the meanwhile, might be safely concealed.

All this was not effected without much difficulty and danger. The toil was so severe, that he was extremely enfeebled by it; and more than once it seemed likely to have a fatal end. In one instance, a singular circumstance was near betraying him. He had rendered a mouse so tame, that it would play round him, come at his call, and *eat* from his mouth. One night, when it was capering on

a trencher, and nibbling at his door, the sentinel chanced to hear it, and reported to his officers that all was not right in the dungeon. In the morning the officers entered with a smith and mason to examine the cell. On their asking the cause of the noise, Trenck mentioned the mouse, and whistled for it, upon which the familiar animal immediately leaped upon his shoulder. Little to the credit of their humanity, they carried it off, but promised that it should be given to a lady, who would treat it kindly. It was taken in a handkerchief to the guard-room a hundred yards off, whence it contrived to escape; it found its way back to the dungeon door, waited till that was opened, and then testified its joy by gamboling between its master's legs. It was again removed, presented to the lady, and caged. But the poor mouse pined, refused all sustenance, and died. Trenck was much affected by the loss of it. Yet he had reason to think that, some day or other, it might have been the cause of great annoyance to him; for he found that it had so eaten away the bread which hid the crevices in the floor, that his operations would have been detected.

In the course of his mining, he was exposed to a far more terrific peril. While he was working under the foundation of the rampart, a huge stone fell down behind him, and closed the passage. The narrowness of the trench which he was digging, would not admit of his turning round; and, that he might have room to move, he was compelled to scrape the sand from the side, and throw it into the small space which he had opened in front of him. But the cavity in which he was cooped up was so small, that the air became scarcely breathable, and he began to be tormented by raging thirst, which almost deprived him of his senses. After having struggled for some time, he desisted, and then renewed his ineffectual exertions; he was driven to such despair, that he tried

to strangle himself. Full eight hours were passed in this dreadful situation. By a violent effort, bending his body into a ball, he at last succeeded in turning round. He could now breathe freely; for though the stone filled the whole width of the passage, there was an open space above it. Revived by the cool and pure air, he set to work to remove the sand from under the stone, that the mass might sink in, and admit of his creeping over it. This he accomplished, just in time to replace the flooring, before his jailors paid the customary visit to the dungeon. For many days after this misadventure, Trenck was extremely ill; and so much did he dread a repetition of his agonies in the mine, that he never again worked without having a knife hung round his neck, that he might shorten his misery, if he should chance to be in a similar state, and unable to retreat. "Perhaps of all my nights of horror," says Trenck, "this was the most horrible. For a long while I repeatedly dreamed that I was buried alive in the centre of the earth, and now, though three-and-twenty years have elapsed, my sleep is still haunted by this vision."

Trenck did not neglect to seek for other means of liberation. Some benefit he perhaps hoped to derive from the efforts of love and friendship at Berlin. From Austria, too, he strove to obtain that support which he had a right to expect. He wrote to his friends at Vienna to solicit for him, and addressed an impressive memorial to the empress-queen. But, knowing what he had already achieved by bribery, he seems to have placed more reliance on the influence of gold than of compassion or justice. To General Riedt, who had been appointed as imperial ambassador to the Prussian court, he despatched a letter, entreating him to act vigorously in the captive's behalf; and, as he knew that the general was *not a man* to refuse money, he backed his prayer by the

siren eloquence of drafts for the sum of ten thousand florins.

The peace of Hubertsburg put an end to the war between Austria and Prussia. In one respect it was prejudicial to Trenck. The militia were relieved from duty at Magdeburg, and the keeping of the fortress was committed to the regular troops. He was thus deprived of many who had become his warm friends, and they were not easily to be replaced, the officers of the regulars in the garrison being mostly men of rank and some fortune. By these new-comers he was more strictly watched, and he ceased to obtain the comforts which he had recently enjoyed; ammunition-bread was again his sole fare. To make his condition more painful, he learned that, instead of his release being insisted on, his name had scarcely been mentioned during the negotiation for peace. Still his spirits were kept up by the friendly assurances which he received from Berlin, and the belief that, at worst, his undiscovered mine would enable him to baffle his enemies.

At this moment fortune seemed inclined to give him a third chance of getting free. There was in the garrison a lieutenant of the regular forces, who had run so deeply into debt, that he was preparing to desert. This man having manifested pity for Trenck, and a desire to be serviceable, the captive made him a present of a hundred ducats. This led to the forming of a plan for the liberation of Trenck. It was arranged, that the lieutenant should procure four keys, like those of the dungeon, which he was to substitute for them; the guards were to be got out of the way on various pretences; and the two fugitives were then to mount the horses which would be ready for them, and gallop off to the Saxon town of Gummern. The day was also fixed for carrying this scheme into execution.

Being thus, as he fondly imagined, thrice armed against disappointment, he "came to a resolution which," says he, "will to every reasonable man appear extravagant, absurd, and pitiable. I was vain enough, stupid enough, mad enough, to form the design of casting myself on the generosity and magnanimity of the Great Frederic. Should this fail, I still thought my lieutenant a certain saviour." This singular resolution consisted in disclosing every particular relative to his means of escape through the mine and gallery. He carried it into effect. When the major came to visit the cell, Trenck desired him to inform Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who was again governor of Magdeburg, that the captive would make his appearance on the glacis of Klosterbergen, at whatever hour the prince might please to appoint; in which case he should hope for his highness's protection, and statement of the matter to the king, "who would then be convinced of Trenck's innocence, and the perfect clearness of his conscience."

The major rode to town with this message, and soon returned, with three other officers. Trenck was told that all he required had been promised by the prince, on condition of his proving the truth of his assertion; but that, as a breaking out could not be permitted, it would suffice for him to give other proofs of his veracity. After they had made the most solemn promises of good faith, he threw off his chains, raised the flooring, and left nothing unrevealed. They then quitted him for about an hour, came back, and said that the prince was astonished, and wished him all happiness. Trenck was now conducted to the guard-house, where he continued for some days; and, though the strictest watch was kept upon him, he was treated in a friendly manner, and fared sumptuously. It is probable that the sight of several workmen employed on his dungeon, and carts carrying

heavy stones to it, did occasionally excite unpleasant doubts and feelings; but it was not till his friend the lieutenant came on guard, that Trenck's hopes of freedom were crushed. The officer blamed the disclosure which the captive had made, and assured him that Prince Ferdinand knew nothing of the matter. The report spread in the garrison was, he said, that the prisoner had been detected in making a new attempt. The information given by the lieutenant was correct. Dreading censure for their want of vigilance, the officers had suppressed the captive's message, and stated that, by their diligence, he had been caught at work.

As soon as the dungeon was completed, Trenck was led back to it. It had been paved with enormous flagstones, and rendered impenetrable in every part. In one point his condition was amended. Only his ancle was chained to the wall; and, though the links were twice as strong as before, the relief must have been considerable. While the smith was riveting the chain, Trenck vented his indignation in bitter reproaches, and tauntingly declared, that if they were to build their dungeon of steel, it would be insufficient to retain him. Some smiled contemptuously at his boast; Reichmann, more humane than the rest, advised him to keep up his courage, and intimated that probably he might soon obtain his freedom in a proper manner.

The lofty tone of Trenck was prompted by a firm reliance upon the promised aid from the lieutenant. He waited anxiously for the day when his friend was to be on guard; and, when that day arrived, his disappointment was extreme to see another officer instead of him. Week after week, he hoped to see the man on whom his liberty depended; but he saw him no more. At length, he learned that the lieutenant had quitted the corps of grenadiers. The cause of his supposed friend's breach of faith he never discovered. It is not unlikely that the

officer was intimidated, or disgusted, by what he might consider as the rash disclosure which Trenck had made. The defection was severely felt by the prisoner; gloom and sadness took possession of his heart, he ceased to delight in his favourite amusement of engraving cups, and all his verses spoke the language of despondency.

Yet, while he was thus mourning over his ruined hopes, and looking forward to nothing but a life of monotonous incarceration and misery, he was on the eve of being gratified to the full extent of his wishes. On the 24th of December, 1763, nine months after the close of the war, the day, the blessed day, to accelerate which he had made almost superhuman struggles, at last dawned upon him. Reichmann, the deputy governor, accompanied by several persons, entered his dungeon; their countenances were more cheerful than usual. "This time, my dear Trenck," said Reichmann, "I am the joyful messenger of good news. Prince Ferdinand has prevailed upon the king to let your irons be taken off." Accordingly to work went the smith. "You shall also," continued he, "have a better apartment." "I am free then," said Trenck, "but you are afraid to tell me too suddenly. "Speak! fear not! I can moderate my transports." "Then you *are* free!" was the reply. When the smith had ended his work, Trenck was conducted to the guard-room, where he was congratulated by everybody, and took the oath which was administered to all state prisoners on such occasions. At the time of his liberation he was thirty-seven years of age, eleven years of which had been wasted in captivity—seventeen months at Glatz, and the remainder at Magdeburgh.

The mode in which his deliverance was effected is thus narrated by Trenck, on the authority of Prince Henry, Prince Ferdinand, and Count Hertzberg: —"One *gala-day*, the 21st of December, the king happened to be *in an* extraordinary good humour, and the queen, the

Princess Amelia, and the present monarch said to the imperial minister, 'This is a fit opportunity for you to speak in behalf of Trenck.' He accordingly waited his time, did speak, and the king replied, 'Yes.'" It may, however, be doubted whether the monarch would have complied with the minister's request, had not Prince Ferdinand previously made known to him Trenck's candid disclosure of the means which he possessed to escape. Frederic could scarcely fail to be moved by a conduct which at once appealed to his magnanimity, and afforded presumptive proof of the prisoner's innocence.

After having bestowed gratuities on the soldiers and the widow of Gefhardt, and been feasted by the officers, Trenck set off to Prague, under the care of Count Schleiben, who gave him up to the Austrian governor. But the tribulations of Trenck were not yet over. The managers, or rather robbers, of his Austrian property, felt no small alarm at the prospect of being called to account, and they bestirred themselves vigorously to avert this evil. They contrived to persuade Maria Theresa that he was furiously insane, and that he was continually uttering threats against the King of Prussia, whom she was desirous to conciliate. Instructions were consequently sent to Prague, to take his sword from him, and send him under a guard to Vienna. On his arrival in the Austrian capital, he was confined in a barrack, and an order was issued that he should not be suffered to write or speak to any one without a permission from his administrators. In this state he remained for several weeks; and he would certainly have been removed to the fortress of Gratz, to be confined for life as a madman, had not Count Alton chanced to converse with him, espoused his cause, and convinced the empress of his sanity. On his release, he obtained audiences from the emperor and Maria Theresa, both of whom

expressed much compassion for him. Yet, so powerful were his persecutors, that the empress insisted upon his avoiding all retrospect, and passing the accounts of his felonious administrators. As a recompense for his obedience, he received the wretched boon of a major's commission, without any prospect of employment or higher promotion. He attempted to recover part of the property bequeathed by his late cousin, of which he had undeniably been robbed, and in this, too, he failed. So incessantly harassed was he by law-suits and extortions of all kinds, that, in his Memoirs, he solemnly declares he would prefer the sufferings in the Star Fort to those which he endured in Austria.

Sick of Vienna and all that it contained, Trenck, after a two years' residence, quitted it, with the intention of settling at Aix-la-Chapelle. Before he had been a month in his new abode, he was tempted back to Vienna, by the flattering promise that her imperial majesty would make his fortune. He was admitted to her presence, and she graciously declared that she had chosen a rich wife for him. Trenck was already engaged; but had he not been so, he would have rejected this offer. The proposed bride had almost every quality which could inspire disgust: she was a widow of sixty-three, a canting hypocrite, a termagant, and extremely covetous. The empress was indignant that he should refuse such a blessing, and Trenck went back in disgrace to Aix-la-Chapelle, where he married a young, handsome, and virtuous woman, of good family, who brought him some fortune, and did all that lay in her power to render his home a happy one.

At Aix-la-Chapelle, Trenck lived for some years in tolerable comfort. But he had been too rich a prize to the legal harpies to be relinquished as long as they could *retain* their grasp of him; and he was too fearless an *utterer* of his sentiments not to make numerous enemies.

He was still kept entangled in the meshes of the law, and the enormous fees and costs, and the expense of continual journeys to the miscalled courts of justice at Vienna, were a ruinous drain upon his purse. Even the most trifling suits in that country seem to have been endowed with the noxious and tenacious vitality of an English chancery suit. In one case, where his signature had been forged to a note of hand, the proceedings were spun out through a period of five years; and, though the verdict was ultimately in his favour, he was obliged to pay costs to the amount of three thousand five hundred florins. At Aix-la-Chapelle, too, he made bitter and active foes, by his laudable efforts to suppress the peculation which prevailed among the municipal functionaries. Another source of disquiet arose out of his favourite amusement. Trenck was a mighty hunter, and the strictness with which he guarded his rights of the chase produced many quarrels. These disputes were sometimes decided by the law, and oftener by the sword. But it was his writings, more than anything else, that raised up against him a host of formidable persecutors. In those productions he attacked without mercy the bigotry and hypocrisy of ignorant or worthless priests and monks; and they, in return, pursued and calumniated him with true theological hatred. Poison and fire-arms are said to have been several times ineffectually resorted to by them, for the purpose of gratifying their revenge. Among the works which raised this storm was a poem called "The Macedonian Hero," a periodical work entitled "The Friend of Man," and a newspaper, the latter of which would have enriched him, had it not been suppressed by Maria Theresa.

From 1774 to 1777, Trenck spent much of his time in travelling through England and France. In France, he became acquainted with Dr. Franklin, and other eminent persons. When the contest broke out between

Great Britain and her transatlantic colonies, the French ministers made to him advantageous proposals of service in America; which, however, his affection for his wife and children induced him to decline. A similar offer was made to him by the landgrave of Hesse Cassel (the former governor of Magdeburgh), who had been subsidised by the British ministry. "Gracious prince," replied Trenck, "my heart beats in the cause of freedom only; I will never assist in enslaving men. Were I at the head of your brave grenadiers, I should revolt to the Americans."

The journeys of Trenck, especially to England, were connected with a traffic in Hungarian wines, in which he had engaged to a considerable extent, with a view of filling up the gap made in his pecuniary resources by lawyers, advocates, and judges. The traffic was at the outset so successful, that he had a fair prospect of acquiring a competency; but all his hopes were destroyed in one day, by the loss of nearly two thousand pounds, out of which he was defrauded by a gang of swindlers in London.

With the fragments of his property, Trenck, in 1778, purchased the Hungarian lordship of Zwerbach, to which he removed his whole establishment. In 1780, he visited Vienna with his wife and family; and Maria Theresa was so pleased with his amiable partner, that she granted her a pension of four hundred florins, received him very graciously, and promised to befriend them. Eight months afterwards, the empress died, the pension was suppressed, and Trenck's day-dreams of imperial patronage and generosity were for ever put to flight.

The lordship of Zwerbach proved, in various ways, an unfortunate acquisition. By dint of chicane, and treating him as an alien, the legal banditti contrived to fasten themselves on his property, and "to torment him with deputations, sequestrations, administrations, and exe-

cutions." In the course of only two years, he was compelled to attend personally, at Vienna, no less than nineteen times. Bribes, fees, and a thousand other forensic calls for money, wasted away his income for years, before he was suffered to be at rest.

The elements, too, seemed to league with man against him. The picture which he gives of his disasters is affecting. "Fortune, my irreconcilable enemy, persecuted me even in my retreat. Within six years, two destructive hail-storms swept away my crops; one year was a misgrowth; there were seven floods, and a rot among my sheep—all possible calamities befel me and my manor.

"The estate, when I bought it, had been totally ruined: the ponds were to be drained, the mansion-house was to be repaired, three farms were to be put into a proper condition, and the whole new stocked. This rendered me poor, especially as my wife's fortune had been sunken in law-suits at Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne.

"The unfortunate, miserable peasants had nothing, therefore could pay nothing: I, on the contrary, was obliged to advance them money. My sons assisted me, and we laboured with our own hands; my wife, an excellent woman, though accustomed to the affluence of the great world, yet, anxious to fulfil the duties of a mother, took care of eight children without so much as the help of a maid. We lived in poverty and wretchedness, obliged to earn our daily bread by the sweat of the brow; and had the emperor, by chance, amid his peregrinations, visited Zwerbach, he would have beheld the abode of industry and virtue, exerting themselves to fulfil all the duties of man, and our sufferings had certainly been less severe.

"Enough: I have aided myself! The monarch who oppressed, never beheld me crouching to his power. I have deserved a fate more favourable; I avoided a place

where men are not actuated by the love of man, and hid myself at Zwerbach. I sighed, said nothing, wrote much, and feared no man, and rather desired to seek the world's utmost boundaries, than live a witness of certain scenes."

To assist in providing for the wants of his family, Trenck applied himself vigorously to literary labour. He formed a collection of his writings, in eight volumes, and wrote a narrative of his eventful life. These works, which he completed in fourteen months, met with a flattering reception in Germany, and gained him "money, esteem, and honour." The Memoirs were translated into various languages, and made his name familiar throughout Europe. So great was, indeed, his success, that he resolved thenceforth to look to his pen alone for the means of support. "I will live," exultingly exclaimed he, "as though I had never possessed any property on this poor earth, but what is included within my own head. By my writings only will I seek the means of existence; by my writings only, endeavour to obtain the approbation and love of men." Well would it have been for him, to have persisted in this resolution, and passed the rest of his days in the solitude of Zwerbach!

The death of Frederic of Prussia, in 1786, and the accession of Frederic William, put an end to the banishment of Trenck. The confiscation of his property was annulled by the new monarch, who also sent him a passport for Berlin. On his arrival in the Prussian capital, in the beginning of 1787, he met with a warm reception from most of the distinguished personages of the court, supped with the queen, and was admitted to a private audience by the king. Frederic William also bestowed on one of Trenck's sons a commission in a regiment of dragoons. But the interview which was *most grateful* to Trenck's feelings was, perhaps, that *which he* had with the Princess Amelia, whose early

regard for him had never been obliterated. The meeting between them is said to have been highly pathetic. She desired him to invite his wife and daughter to Berlin, and promised that she would do all in her power to make them happy. Only five days afterwards, this amiable woman ceased to exist. While she was on her death-bed, Trenck was on his way to Königsberg, to visit his brother. On his arrival there, he was hailed with joy by his brother, and other relatives; but he had the vexation to find, that he had no hope of recovering his paternal estate, which had been sold, and must content himself with an assurance that his children should inherit it, on the decease of its present owner.

Trenck had suffered so much from despotic sovereigns, that it is not wonderful he should rejoice in a change, which promised to narrow their power of tyrannizing. Accordingly, he became a partisan of the Belgic and French revolutions. He visited Paris in 1790, and was enthusiastically greeted by the popular leaders and societies. Some pamphlets which he wrote on the subject of these events, and particularly one which he published at Baden, in 1791, excited the resentment of the Austrian government. Trenck is said to have been then in possession of a pension of two thousand florins, which the government had granted on condition that he should write no more. The condition was disgraceful to those who imposed it; but if it be true that a contract existed, there is no denying that he broke it. He was in consequence arrested, and sent to Vienna. The emperor released him, after a confinement of seventeen days, but deprived him of the pension; a part of which, however, he settled on Trenck's wife, who resided at Vienna.

Trenck was destined to learn, at the cost of life, that the tyranny of a democracy is to the full as formidable and as cruel as that of a despot. Towards the close of 1791, he took up his abode in Paris, where he lived

almost in obscurity. Three years before this, he had been the great object of wonder to the Parisians; his portrait was then seen everywhere, his story was dramatised, and a waxen model of him in his dungeon was exhibited at the Palais Royal. Truly hath Shakspeare said, "An habitation giddy and unsure hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart." In 1792, when the Duke of Brunswick was about to invade France, Trenck offered to put himself at the head of a regiment of cavalry, formed of Prussian malcontents. His offer seems to have had no other effect than to furnish a pretext for his destruction. With an impudent absurdity, which would be laughable had not its result been fatal, the base and sanguinary Jacobins, who domineered over and disgraced France, affected to believe that he was a spy of the Prussian monarch. He was accordingly thrown into prison, where he remained for a long time. The same ill-fortune which had haunted him through life, pursued him to the last. Had his trial been deferred but two days, the fall of the Jacobins would have saved him. He was included among the victims, most of whom had never seen or heard of each other, who were accused of having engaged in what was called the conspiracy of the prisons. He heard his sentence with unshaken courage, and wrote an affecting letter to his wife before he proceeded to the scaffold. On his way to the place of execution, he preserved the same serenity; and when the rabble pressed round the cart to gaze at him, he said to them, "Well! well! what are you wondering at? This is nothing but a comedy in the Robespierrean style." He suffered in his sixty-ninth year, on the 25th of July, 1794, only two days previous to the downfall of the Jacobin faction. His blood was scarcely dry on the guillotine before it was mingled with that of his murderers.

THE CAPTIVITY AND DEATH OF LOUIS XVII.

Among the numberless acts of cruelty which, after the subversion of the throne, were perpetrated by the Jacobin rulers of France, though many of them display circumstances of deeper horror, there is none more strongly marked by baseness and malignity than their treatment of the helpless family of the monarch, and especially of his infant heir. Had Louis the Sixteenth been really the tyrant which they falsely charged him with being, their conduct towards his orphan children would not the less have been infamous; they had not even the hackneyed and futile plea of necessity to urge in excuse of this evil deed,—it was the cold-blooded and wanton barbarity of vulgar minds and corrupted hearts. It is gratifying to an Englishman to contemplate the different measure which his fellow-countrymen meted out to the offspring of a deposed sovereign, though that sovereign had brought upon the people a long series of severe calamities. Charles the First had repeatedly perverted and violated the laws, he had been guilty of flagrant acts of despotism, he had maintained a civil war for years, he had negotiated for peace with a determination to break his promises, and, therefore, though the sending of him to the scaffold was an unprecedented and illegal proceeding, it was neither unprovoked nor undeserved. Here, then, was a case where, if man could ever be justified in visiting the sins of the parents upon the children, something like a palliation might be found for harshness. But the men who held the sway in England were too high-minded to descend to this despicable vengeance. The parliament placed the youthful Duke of Gloucester and Princess Elizabeth, with a liberal allowance, under

the care of the Countess of Leicester, who was instructed to treat them "as noblemen's children;" it subsequently resolved that they should be sent abroad, with "a fit maintenance for their support;" the Princess Elizabeth having died before the resolution could be carried into effect, she received an honourable funeral; and, finally, the Duke of Gloucester, who was only ten years of age, was sent to be educated at the University of Heidelberg, and a sum of fifteen hundred per annum was granted for his subsistence.—Now "look here, upon this picture, and on THIS!"

Louis the Seventeenth, the second son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was born at Versailles, on the 27th of March, 1786, and received at his birth the title of Duke of Normandy. On the death of his elder brother, in 1789, he acquired that of dauphin. He possessed great personal beauty, and early gave promise of more than common talent and a benevolent heart. But the blast was at hand by which those blossoms were to be withered. He had only entered into his fourth year when his parents became objects of the popular fury. On the morning after the memorable night of the 5th of October, when his mother narrowly escaped being massacred in her bed by a ferocious mob, she was compelled to appear in one of the balconies of the palace, before those who had been seeking for her blood. The dauphin was in her arms. Cries of "No children! no children!" arose from the multitude, and, sending him away, she stood unprotected. Murder was evidently the intention of the savage vociferators; but her calmness and courage, and perhaps some remains of manly feeling and shame in her enemies, saved her for that time, though only to perish ultimately under worse indignities and tortures. In their impolitic and ill-*manage*d flight, which was terminated by their arrest

at Varennes, the dauphin accompanied his parents. He was also a terrified spectator of the brutal insults which were heaped upon them, on the 20th of June, 1792, when, preluding to the 10th of August, an armed rabble, twenty thousand in number, and drunk with passion and strong liquors, forced their way into the palace of the Tuileries. The scene made such an impression on him, that, next day, hearing a drum beaten, he started, and exclaimed to the queen, "O mama! is not yesterday over yet!"

During the first months of his incarceration in the Temple, the king occupied his mornings in giving to the dauphin lessons in Latin, biography, history and geography, and recitation from Corneille and Racine. In the afternoon, Cléry taught the child arithmetic and writing, under the inspection of the king, who indicated passages from Montesquieu and other eminent writers, for copies. Arithmetic, however, Cléry was soon obliged to desist from teaching, because a brutal and stupid municipal officer mistook the multiplication-table for a contrivance to keep up a correspondence and conversation by means of a cypher. The memory of the pupil was so good, that when a map of France, covered with paper, was laid before him, he could point out all the departments, districts and towns, and the courses of the rivers. When he was released from his tasks, he diverted himself by talking to or playing at some game with his sister, or with quoits, football, and running. In the evening, the whole family drew round the table, and the queen read to them, from some standard author in history, morals, and literature. This reading, with the king's comment on it, lasted till eight o'clock, when the dauphin had his supper; and while the child was eating it, the king amused himself with making his family guess at enigmas, from old numbers of the French Mercury. At half-

past nine, the dauphin went to bed, and the queen and Madame Elizabeth in turn staid by his bed, while the king supped, and till he came up to give his nightly kiss to the children.

The rest of the royal family derived much comfort from the winning manners, the affectionate disposition, and the childish frolics of the dauphin. But though he was lively, he had a degree of thought which was beyond his years; one proof which he gave of this was, his being particularly careful never to mention or allude to any place or event which could awaken painful recollections in the minds of his parents. When Cléry was ill, the dauphin would scarcely quit him, and was assiduous in bringing drink to allay his attendant's feverish thirst. On another occasion, the Princess Elizabeth had desired him to give a box of lozenges to Cléry, who had caught a cold. On going into the king's room, about eleven o'clock at night, Cléry was surprised to hear himself called in a whisper by the dauphin, and inquired how it happened that he was awake. "Because," replied the child, "my aunt gave me a little box for you, and I would not go to sleep without giving it to you. It is well that you are come, for I have several times not been able to keep my eyes open." He put the box into Cléry's hand, kissed him, and almost immediately dropped asleep.

Helpless and unoffending childhood, especially where there was so much to adorn it, would have been held sacred from wrong by every one whose heart was not thoroughly vitiated. But the hearts of some of the revolutionists were rotten to the core. There were writers in the journals who were infamous enough to declare that "the two little wolves in the Temple ought to be stifled;" and there were found others, *equally* infamous, to scrawl this detestable sentiment,

with more of the same kind, on the inner walls of the Temple, in large characters, that it might not fail to meet the sight of the parents. Young as he was, the dauphin poignantly felt his captivity, and sometimes gave utterance to his feelings. Among the commissioners sent by the Parisian Common Council to keep watch at the prison, there was a man named Mercerant, of more than common coarseness and brutality, who had originally been a chairman, and was then a stone-cutter. Having one day taken it into his head that the dauphin had not treated him with sufficient respect, he angrily said, "Dost thou not know, Capet, that liberty has made us all free, and that we are all equal?" "As *equal* as you please," replied the dauphin with a laugh; "but as to *free*, that is not true."

These were gloomy days, but they were sunshiny when compared with those which succeeded to them. After the death of the king, his youthful heir was allowed to remain with his disconsolate family during the early part of 1793. They were left tolerably quiet till the 20th of April, when they were broken in upon, late at night, by the notorious Hebert and several municipal officers, who came to search their apartments. The females rose hastily, and their couches were strictly examined. Louis, who was asleep, was roughly snatched from his bed by the myrmidons of injustice, and was taken into his mother's arms. The nocturnal scrutiny was prolonged for nearly six hours, and those who made it were enraged at finding nothing which could criminate the captives. At four o'clock in the morning they drew up an official statement of their proceedings: this, by threats of carrying off the children, they compelled the queen and the Princess Elizabeth to sign, and then they departed.

About three weeks subsequent to this inquisitorial

visit, the youthful Louis was taken ill; he suffered greatly from fever, headach, and pain in the side, and could not remain in a recumbent posture without the risk of suffocation. Yet, for several days, his unhappy mother vainly entreated that he might have medical aid. Her fears were declared to be imaginary. At length, a physician was permitted to have access to him. The life of the child was saved; but the symptoms of disease were still manifest; the fever and pain in the side recurred at intervals, though with less violence, and on one occasion he fainted. His constitution, though naturally good, had begun to give way; it was undermined by the want of air and exercise, and by his constantly living with those who were ever lamenting the past and trembling for the future. The dolorous regions which Dante has so appallingly described were not more destitute of comfort or hope than was the prison of the Temple.

The worst was, however, yet behind; it did not long remain so. While the struggle for supreme power was undecided between the Girondists and the Jacobins, the royal family were only exposed to subaltern tyranny and insult; but no sooner did the latter gain the ascendency, than they hastened to pour forth all the bitterness of their hatred upon the captives in the Temple. Their first step was to tear the son from his mother, and place him in the custody of the vilest of mankind. On the 3rd of July, a decree of the Convention, which ordered that he should be separated from his parent, was communicated to the queen. "The moment the young prince heard the sentence of separation, he threw himself into the arms of his mother, uttering loud screams, and praying that he might not be taken from her. The unhappy queen was crushed to the earth by this cruel order. She refused to give up her child, and defended *against* the municipal officers the bed in which she had

placed him. But they were determined to have him, and they threatened to use violence, and to call in the guard. "O! kill me! kill me!" exclaimed the distracted mother, "rather than rob me of my child!" An hour was spent in resistance on her part, in menaces and insults from the officers, and in prayers and tears from the two other princesses. At length they so positively threatened to kill the child, if he was not surrendered to them; that her maternal tenderness forced her to make the sacrifice. The Princess Elizabeth and princess royal took up and dressed him, for the strength of his poor mother was entirely exhausted. Yet, when he was dressed, she took him herself, and gave him into the hands of the officers, bathing him with her tears, for she foresaw that she should never see him more. The poor little child embraced his mother, aunt, and sister, in the most tender manner, and went away, weeping, with the municipal officers. Before they departed, the queen entreated them to ask permission for her to see him, if it were only at his meals. That favour, however, though her request was afterwards frequently renewed, was never granted. It was only now and then that she could catch a distant glance of him through a chink, as he passed by from his room, to walk on the leads of the tower; and to obtain that transient glance, she used to watch patiently, gazing through the chink, for many hours at a time.

The man, if indeed he may be so called, to whom the son of the deceased Louis was consigned, was well fitted to answer the purpose for which he was undoubtedly chosen; he was a worthy substitute for poison or the dagger. His name was Simon, and his trade that of a shoemaker; an obscene, drunken, ferocious, godless being, whose proficiency in crime had acquired for him a situation and influence in the Parisian municipal body. The superior brutality which he had delighted to dis-

play at the Temple, during the captivity of the monarch, had pointed him out as the person who might best be trusted with the charge of tormenting the son of that monarch. In his new office he was ably seconded by his wife, a congenial helpmate, who having cast off, or never possessed, the feelings of humanity, approached, as near as mortal could approach, to the nature of a fiend. The task which they had to perform was quite a labour of love to them.

For two days and nights after he was torn from his mother, the unfortunate child never ceased to weep, and to call for her. But violence soon taught him to suppress his tears, and mourn in silence. The room into which he was taken, and which was to be his future abode, seems to have been malignantly selected with the view of wounding his heart; it was that in which he had been accustomed to live with his father, and in which he last beheld him. There the mate of Simon cut off the flaxen ringlets that adorned his head, replaced them by the red cap, the emblem of blood, stripped him of his mourning, and clothed him in the dress which distinguished the most furious of the revolutionists. The pair completed their work by lavishing on him their gibes and jeers; the wife, in allusion to a French game, boasted that she had been "playing at stripping the king," and the husband congratulated him on being transformed into a jacobin. That he might not be wholly without playthings, he was furnished with a miniature guillotine.

Well had it been for the young prince if insult had been all that he was doomed to endure. But this was the least of his woes. He was obliged to wait upon his barbarous jailors, and to perform the most degrading offices, and was unmercifully beaten when his obedience was not deemed sufficiently prompt. A few instances

will suffice to show the manner in which he was treated. On one occasion, Simon, in a paroxysm of drunken rage, threw a plate at him, which was near depriving him of an eye. On a second, because the child refused to sing an infamous song against his mother, and wept at the recollection of her, he seized an andiron, and aimed at his head a blow which must have been fatal had it not been avoided. Another time, he lifted up his victim by the hair, exclaiming "Wretched viper! I have a great mind to crush you against the wall!" He would, perhaps, have gratified his inclination, had not the child been wrested from his grasp by M. Naudet, a surgeon, who was at the moment prescribing for Simon's wife, and who expressed his contempt of him in no measured terms. On the following morning, when M. Naudet again visited his patient, the prince stealthily approached him, and offered two pears which he had received for his own breakfast. "I thank you, sir," said he, "for your kindness yesterday. These are all I can offer you to show my gratitude, and you will give me great pleasure by accepting them."

His amiable disposition was still more strikingly manifested in an answer which he made to his persecutor, at a period when the royalists of the western provinces were scattering the republicans like chaff before the wind. "What wouldst thou do to me, Capet, if the Vendeans were to deliver thee?" said Simon to him one day, after he had just given way to a furious burst of passion. "I would forgive you," was the reply. Yet he could display firmness, as well as mildness. On the anniversary of the establishment of the republic, while the cannon were firing in commemoration of that event. Simon bade him say, "Vive la Republique!" The prince remained silent, till Simon threatened, and raised his arm to strike him; upon which he said, "You are the

strongest, but you shall never make me repeat such words as those." But neither mildness nor firmness availed to save him from the ferocity of his jailor. Night itself, which brings unbroken sleep to the slave, was not allowed to yield repose to the captive. Simon was in the nightly habit of several times calling out, "Capet, Capet!" When the child replied, "Here I am, citizen," Simon would bellow out, "Come near, that I may see you." Trembling and half-awake, the child would grope his way towards him, and as soon as he came within reach was stretched on the floor by a kick, and was then dismissed with the brutal words, "Now go to bed again, you wolf-cub."

But to debilitate the body, and wear out the spirits, and thus bring their victim to an early grave, was not enough to satisfy the fiendish malignity of his oppressors; nothing less than polluting his mind would suffice to complete their triumph. Though he lived in an atmosphere of crime, and heard only obscene, sanguinary, and impious sentiments, intermingled with oaths, this was found insufficient to pervert him, and additional means were therefore employed. To accomplish their purpose, he was plied with intoxicating liquors. Wine he had always disliked, but he was now compelled to drink it, and other stimulants, till reason was overpowered. While he was in this situation, he was taught to sing disgusting songs, and to utter frightful execrations; and he was placed at the window, that he might be heard by his relations, and by the soldiers who guarded his prison. It must have been in one of these fits of compelled insanity that he signed a paper—if, in truth, he did sign it—which was presented to him by Simon and Hebert, and which, among other falsehoods, contained an accusation of the most infamous nature against his mother. *It may*, indeed, be doubted whether such a paper

existed; it is certain that those who pretended to have it in their hands did not venture to produce it on the trial of the queen.

Towards the latter end of January 1794, he was relieved from the presence of Simon, who was under the necessity of resigning his office, that he might take his seat in the Parisian Common Council. But the change brought only a change of woe to the captive. From profligate society he passed at once to utter solitude. His situation during the greater part of the year is thus described by his sister, the Duchess of Angoulême. "They had the unheard-of and unexampled barbarity to desert an unfortunate infant of eight years old, who was suffering from illness, and to keep him in his room, under locks and bolts, with no other resource than a broken bell, which he never rang, because, so much did he dread the people whom it would have brought, that he preferred wanting everything to asking for anything from his persecutors. He was in a bed which had not been shaken for six months, and which he had no longer strength enough to make: it swarmed with fleas and bugs, and his linen and person were covered with them. For more than a year he had no change of shirt or stockings; every kind of filth was suffered to accumulate in his room, and was not removed during all that time. His window, which was locked as well as grated, was never opened, and such was the pestilential odour that it was impossible to stay in the place. He might, indeed, have washed, and kept himself a little cleaner, for he had a pitcher of water; but his spirit was too broken, and, besides, his malady began to deprive him of the strength which was necessary for exertion. He never asked for anything; such was the terror inspired by Simon and his other keepers. He spent his days without any kind of occupation; nor was he allowed a light.

His situation affected his mind as well as his body, and it is no wonder that he fell into a frightful atrophy." To this must be added, that he was roused from sleep, and obliged to get up every two or three hours, by the sentinels; and that, to render his seclusion perfect, he was not permitted to see even the individual who brought his coarse food, his meals being placed in a box, which turned upon a pivot. The only voices which he heard were those which ordered him to go to bed at sundown, and which summoned him from it in the dead of the night.

The downfall of Robespierre and the heads of his faction * checked the carnage made by the guillotine, and threw open the prison-doors for thousands of persons who had almost ceased to hope. But the change which it wrought in the situation of the prince was less favourable. It was confined to giving him another bed, bathing, and freeing him from vermin, and ordering that he should be more mildly treated; but he was still left in silence and solitude. While some of the Jacobins continued to hold sway, and the recently-defeated terrorists were desperately struggling to recover the sceptre which had been wrested from their grasp, little more was done to ameliorate the condition of the captive. On the contrary, he was spoken of with brutal asperity. To express pity for him was considered as a treasonable act; and in answer to an assertion in one of the journals, that the government intended to provide for his comfort and education, it was unblushingly declared, from the tribune, that there was "no idea entertained of lightening the captivity of Capet's children;" and that "the committee and the convention well knew how to take off kings' heads, but knew nothing about bringing up their offspring."

* Among the subordinate terrorists who were involved in the downfall of Robespierre was the miscreant Simon.

It was not till late in the year, when the moderate party had acquired influence, that more attention began to be paid to the comfort of the prince. He was furnished with some means of amusing himself, was allowed a light in the evening, and was put under the care of two commissioners, named Laurent and Gomier, who were kind-hearted men. But kindness came too late to save, it could only smooth the passage to the tomb; he was rapidly sinking under the pressure of disease and long-continued anguish. At length, the committee of public safety despatched three of its members to the Temple, to ascertain the state of the captive. Their report, which was drawn up by M. Harmand de la Meuse, was kept a close secret by the committee, and did not become public till many years after.

"We found," says M. Harmand, "the prince seated at a little square table, on which were scattered a great many playing cards, some bent into the form of boxes, and others built up as houses. He was engaged with these cards when we entered, and he did not leave off his play. He was dressed in a new sailor's dress of slate-coloured cloth; his head was uncovered; the room was clean and light; his bed was a stump bedstead without curtains; the linen seemed to us to be fine and good.

"We approached the young prince, on whom our motions and our conversation did not seem to make the slightest impression. I told him that the government, informed too late of the bad state of his health, and of his refusal to take exercise, and to reply to the questions which had been put to him, had sent us to repeat those questions in its name, to say that a physician should visit him, and to procure for him whatever he might desire either to amuse him, or to restore his health. I begged that he would have the kindness to give me an answer. While I was addressing him he looked stead-

fastly at me without moving; he listened to me with the appearance of the utmost attention; but not a word of reply.

"I then repeated what I had said, as if I thought that he had not understood me, and I continued thus: 'Perhaps, sir, I did not explain myself clearly, or you did not comprehend me. Do you wish for a horse, a dog, birds, playthings, or one or more companions of your own age? I am commissioned to offer you all these things, and likewise to desire that you will take exercise, which is necessary to your health.' I exhausted in vain the catalogue of things for which a child like him might be supposed to wish; I did not receive a single word of answer, not even a sign or a gesture; though his head was turned towards me, and he looked at me with an astonishing steadiness, which expressed the greatest indifference. I then allowed myself to take a harsher tone, and said to him, 'So much obstinacy in one so young as you are, is an inexcusable fault. It is the more astonishing, because our visit has no other object than to render your situation more comfortable, to make care be taken of you, and to offer you assistance. How do you suppose we can accomplish this, if you persist in refusing to answer, and to tell us what you would like? Have the goodness to let us know what we are to do, and it shall be done.' Still the same fixed look, and the same attention, but not a single word.

"I continued—'What answer, sir, do you wish us to give to the government, which has sent us here? We beg that you will reply to us, or we must end by ordering you to do it.' Not a word, but still the same countenance, the same fixed look. My colleagues and I were deeply affected. In that look especially, there was so decided an expression of indifference and resignation, that it seemed to say to us, *What matters it to me? Finish your victim!*

"My heart was swelling with grief. I tried, however, what could be done by using the tone of command, and, seating myself near the prince, I said to him, 'Give me your hand, sir.' He gave it immediately, and touching it, I felt a tumour at the wrist. 'The other hand, sir.' He stretched it out directly. 'Allow me, sir, to touch your legs and knees.' He got up, and I found the same kind of tumours on the two knees and under the hams.

"As he stood up, the prince had all the signs of being rickety; his legs and thighs were long and thin, his arms were the same, his bust was short, the chest was prominent, the shoulders were high and contracted. His head was very beautiful in all its parts, his complexion clear, but colourless, his hair long, and of a bright chesnut colour. 'Now, sir, have the goodness to walk.' He did so by going towards the door, but he returned directly, and sat down. 'Have the goodness, sir, to walk again, and for a longer time.' Silence and refusal. He remained on the chair, with his elbows resting on the table. His features did not change for a single instant; not the slightest apparent emotion, not the least astonishment in his eyes, no more than if we were not present, and he had never been spoken to. During the whole of this scene my colleagues did not utter a word, but we looked on each other, filled with surprise and sorrow. We were just approaching each other to communicate our reflections on the subject, when the prince's dinner was brought in.

"A porringer of red ware, containing a black kind of broth, in which floated some lentils; on a plate, of the same kind of ware, a small bit of dry shrunk-up boiled meat, the bad quality of which was plain from the badness of its appearance; a second plate full of lentils, and a third, in which were six chesnuts, rather burned than

roasted, a pewter plate, no knife, no wine. Such was the whole of the service. Such, as the commissioners informed me, was the order given by the common council.

"My colleagues and I manifested to them by our looks the indignation which we felt; but to spare them from hearing, in the presence of the prince, the reproaches which they deserved, I made a sign to them to leave the room, and I then told them what I thought of the detestable dinner of the young prince. They repeated that it was according to instructions from the Municipality, and that before their time it was still worse. We ordered them to alter this mode of proceeding, and to begin by serving up directly some nice things and some fruit. I sent out for some grapes, which are scarce at this season.

"Having given these directions, I returned to the prince's room. He had eaten up the whole. I asked him, 'Whether he liked his dinner.' No answer. 'Whether he was fond of grapes.' No answer. A moment after, the grapes were brought in; they were placed on the table, and he ate them without saying a word. I begged him to say, whether he wished for some wine. He still remained silent.

"It was no longer possible to doubt, that all our attempts to obtain an answer would be made in vain. I finished by saying, 'It is very vexatious to us to be obliged to believe that we displease you. Do you wish us to go?' He was still mute. We then quitted the room, full of the most melancholy reflections on so obstinate a silence, and on the moral and physical situation of the young prince."

It is obvious, from this report, that the mental as well as the corporeal faculties of the young prince had received a fatal shock, from the sufferings which he had undergone. His reluctance to take exercise did not

spring from obstinacy, but from feebleness; motion was become extremely painful to him. He was nearly in the last stage of a virulent pulmonary and scrofulous disease. A few days after the visit of the three deputies, the committee of public safety directed M. Dusault, one of the most eminent physicians of Paris, to take him under his care. Dusault did not conceal that it was too late to rescue the patient, but he hoped that he might prolong his existence for a few months, and render his departure less painful. But, while he was striving to effect this, he was himself snatched away by sudden death. His place was supplied by two physicians of equal eminence, MM. Pelletan and Dumangin. Their task, which was begun on the 5th of June, was speedily brought to a close. Their first step was to remove him to a better room, the windows of which looked into the garden. The sight of the sun and the verdure seemed to afford him a momentary pleasure; a faint smile now and then gleamed upon his features, but he never spoke. A fainting fit on the 7th showed that his end was nigh, and, on the following day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, he ceased to exist. Entirely worn out, he expired without a single struggle.

> "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
> Treason has done his worst."

THE EXILES OF THE EIGHTEENTH OF FRUCTIDOR.

In perusing the history of the French Revolution, the reader cannot fail to perceive, that various events took place for which parallels may be found in the history of our own Commonwealth. Among them may be noticed, a sovereign led to the block; the royal children left in the hands of the republicans; and the representatives of the people tyrannised over by an armed force. In each instance, however, a comparison between the French and English subverters of monarchy turns out much to the advantage of the latter, whose proceedings displayed but little of that baseness, malignity, and thirst of blood, by which their Gallic imitators were so infamously distinguished. If, for example, we direct our attention to the attacks made on the legislative bodies, in the two countries, we discover the same striking difference in the conduct of the parties concerned, that was manifest in the treatment of the royal children. When, in 1648, the House of Commons was deprived of a majority of its members, and when, five years later, it was violently broken up by Cromwell, there was at least no imprisonment, no confiscation, no banishment, inflicted upon their opponents by the triumphant wrong-doers; justice and the rights of the people were violated, but humanity was respected. In what manner a victorious French faction treated its political opponents, the following narrative will show; though it presents but a faint picture of the sufferings endured by those who were victims of the memorable day which, according to the "gipsy jargon" of the republic, was called the 18th of Fructidor.

On the 4th of September, 1797, under the pretext that a royalist conspiracy was formed in the councils, the

majority of the French directory, seconded by the Jacobins, consummated its infringements of the constitution, by the daring measure of calling the military force to its aid, deposing two of its colleagues, and employing cannon and bayonets against the representatives of the people. Their treason was successful; for the councils had imprudently confined themselves to debating, or rather talking, upon defensive measures, while they ought to have been acting vigorously to avert the threatened danger. The directory followed up its easy success, by dictating to a minority of the councils a decree, which was worthy of being enrolled along with the laws enacted during the reign of terror. Among other things, this decree annulled all the recent elections, whether for legislative or administrative purposes, in no less than forty-nine departments; established ninety military commissions, to sit in judgment on royalists and emigrants; proscribed all the members of the Bourbon family; ordered all persons whose names were inserted, justly or unjustly, in the list of emigrants, to quit France within a fortnight, under the penalty of being shot; placed for twelve months the whole of the journals and periodical works under the superintendence of the police; and, without any form of trial, or legal proof being produced, transported, to the distant and pestilential colony of Cayenne, two directors, two generals, fifty-three deputies, and twenty-seven journalists.

Though the directory had hurried on the passing of this decree of proscription, it failed, in the first instance, to secure more than a fifth of its prey. The disappointment must have been a sore annoyance to it. Of the eighty persons whom it had doomed to exile, between sixty and seventy had been apprised of the danger, and had found the means of concealment or flight. Among this fortunate number was Carnot, one of the expelled di-

rectors. It was, therefore, compelled to be satisfied, at present, with transporting only fifteen persons.

The persons who composed the first detachment of exiles were, Barthélemy, Pichegru, Barbé Marbois, Aubri, Bourdon de l'Oise, Laffont Ladebat, Tronçon de Coudray, Rovère, Murirais, De la Roue, Dossonville, Ramel, Willot, la Villeheurnois, and Brotier. Of these individuals, the last two were agents of the Bourbons, who had been detected in tampering with the military force, and sentenced to death, which punishment had been mitigated to ten years' imprisonment. Among the remaining thirteen were, generals, diplomatists, statesmen, and orators; some of whom had defended their country in the field, while others had no less honourably distinguished themselves in political life. Let us now see what was the treatment which they met with.

At midnight, on the 7th of September, the jailor of the Temple announced to the prisoners that the moment of their departure was at hand. Scarcely a quarter of an hour was allowed them to collect necessaries for their journey, and for a voyage to another hemisphere. This scanty notice of their removal was the commencement of that system of varied and perpetual annoyance which their enemies had obviously determined to act upon. They were led through a double line of soldiers to the vehicles which were to convey them, and, as they passed along, they, and the faithful domestics who came to bid them farewell, were insulted and ill treated by the soldiers. These men, who deserved rather the name of bandits than of soldiers, did not scruple to murmur that the lives of the captives had been spared, and, still more, that they were allowed to carry away even a fragment of their property. Augereau, their general, gave a convincing proof that he was a fit chief for such demoralised

beings. When the exiles were about to leave the temple, Le Tellier, one of Barthélemy's domestics, came running up with a permission, which had been granted to him by the directory, to accompany his master into banishment. On reading the paper, Augereau said, "You are resolved, then, to share the fate of these men, who are lost for ever? Take my word for it that, whatever may be in store for them, they will never come back." "I have made up my mind," replied Le Tellier; "I think myself but too happy to partake in my master's misfortunes." "Well, then, go, fanatic, and perish with him," angrily exclaimed Augereau; and then, turning to the guards, he added, "Let this man be watched as closely as these villains."

In the conduct of the directory towards their vanquished foes everything was consistently base. Before the exiles could reach Rochefort, where they were to be embarked, they had to journey between three and four hundred miles, through several departments. This afforded an excellent opportunity of subjecting them to insult, and it was not lost. The vehicles, by which they were to be conveyed, were so constructed as to expose them to the gaze and even to the violence of the mob, and to make them feel all the discomfort of travelling over execrable roads. They were a sort of cages, breast high, formed of bars of iron, and placed on a four-wheeled carriage, which resembled that of an ammunition waggon. Each of these was to contain four persons, and a guard, who kept the key. The escort consisted of six hundred horse and foot, with two pieces of cannon; and it was worthily commanded by a jacobin, named Dutertre, who had not been released more than a month from the galleys, at Toulon, to which a court-martial had condemned him, for having been guilty of robbery, assassination, and incendiarism, in the department of La Vendée. His

orders were, to put the prisoners to death, in case of any attempt being made for their rescue.

At two in the morning, on the 8th of September, the captives quitted the Temple, amidst the hooting and clamour of the rabble, which had assembled to enjoy the sight. In order to reach the Barrière d'Enfer, they had to pass through nearly the whole width of Paris; and they were also taken out of the direct road, that they might be paraded under the windows of the Luxembourg palace, for the gratification of the directors, who resided there. During the three-quarters of an hour which they remained at the palace, they heard the commander of the escort called to, and desired to "take good care of those gentlemen," and were scoffed at by some of the jacobin members of the council of five hundred. "The stormy night, the fire-pots blazing round the Odeon theatre, (where the revolutionized council held its permanent sitting,) and the howlings of the terrorists, made this last scene, and these horrible farewells, worthy of the barbarians who had prepared them."

A tedious march of twelve hours, over an ill-paved road, brought the exiles to Arpajon, little more than twenty miles from the capital. Short as the distance was, they were all nearly exhausted, particularly Barthélemy, Barbé Marbois, and Tronçon de Coudray, who were suffering from illness. Every jolt had bruised them severely against the bars of the cages. On their reaching Arpajon, they were plunged into a gloomy and fetid underground dungeon, in which was a little straw for them to rest upon. Dutertre watched their countenances, as they descended from the carriages, and was furious that they betrayed no signs of dejection. "These scoundrels," said he, "look as if they were setting me at defiance; but I will see whether I cannot bend their spirit before I have done with them." When Barbé

Marbois, who was exceedingly ill, approached the top of the stairs, the sight and smell of the den overcame him, and he groaned forth "Shoot me at once, and spare me the horrors of dying by inches!" Unmoved by his condition, the wife of the jailor said to him, "You are very nice, forsooth; plenty of folks, as great as you, have not made so much ado!" After having made this feminine speech, which was interlarded with oaths, she seized his arm, threw him to the bottom of the stairs, and closed the door, leaving them in total darkness. By the fall one of the jaw-bones of Marbois was broken, his face was lacerated, and he was covered with blood. His companions, however, could not obtain a surgeon for him, nor even water to wash his wounds.

At Etampes, on the following day, Dutertre halted them in an open spot, that the rabble might have the pleasure of indulging in their usual brutality. The sovereign people were not slow in availing themselves of the privilege; the prisoners were hooted, pelted with mud, and loaded with execrations. Tronçon du Coudray was one of the members of the department of the Seine and Oise, and the inhabitants of the district of Etampes had been pre-eminently active in bringing about his election. Indignant at the baseness of the multitude, he arose, and vehemently harangued them. "It is I myself, it is your representative," said he; "do you recognise him in this iron cage? It is I, whom you commissioned to vindicate your rights; and it is in my person that they have been violated. I am dragged to punishment without having been tried, without having been even accused. My crime consists in my having protected your liberty, your property; in having sought to procure peace for our country; in having wished to restore your children to you: my crime is having been faithful to the constitution which we have sworn to maintain. As the reward of my zeal in your service

and defence, you now join my executioners!" For a while the clamour of the mob was suspended, but it was soon renewed, and was kept up during the three hours which the exiles remained at Etampes. In the afternoon, they proceeded to Angerville, where they would again have slept in a dungeon, had not one of the officers taken on himself to lodge them at an inn; an act of humanity, for which he was put under arrest by Dutertre, and sent off to Paris.

After having passed part of a day and slept at Orleans, where, thanks to a few benevolent individuals, they were in comparative comfort, the cavalcade proceeded to Blois. In that city a mob of boatmen had collected to meet them, by which the cages were attacked. The assailants were, however, repulsed by Captain Gauthier, one of the officers of the escort, and the captives were shut up, for the night, in an extremely damp church, on the pavement of which a scanty portion of straw had been spread. In the morning, their danger was renewed and increased. Their departure was delayed far beyond the usual time, till a furious mob was again got together, which was stimulated to violence by two officers of the escort, Colin and Guillet, of whom the former had acted a conspicuous part in the massacres of September 1792, and the latter was worthy to be his comrade. It would probably have been all over with the captives, had not the firmness of the chief of the municipal guards compelled the leaders of the convoy to proceed on their journey.

At Blois, an affecting scene took place in the parting of Barbé-Marbois from his wife. As soon as the news of his arrest reached her, she had hurried from their country seat at Metz to Paris. She was too late; he was gone. Without waiting to ask the directory for permission to see him, she instantly followed on his track, and came up to him at Blois. This affec-

tionate woman, who had travelled post nearly three hundred and fifty miles, seemed destined to fail at the very moment when she thought her purpose was accomplished. Both Dutertre and the commissioner of the directory refused to comply with her request. The jailors, however, were more humane, and suffered her to see him for a single quarter of an hour. That the time might not be exceeded, one of them stood by with a watch in his hand. "When the last minute was nigh, Marbois, summoning up all his fortitude, led towards us his amiable partner. She hardly recognised Barthélemy and Du Coudray, they were already so much altered. 'Companions,' said he, 'I present to you Madame de Marbois, who, at the moment of separating from me, wishes to bid you also farewell.' We crowded round her delighted; and she wished us, not courage, but strength and health. She then burst into tears, upon which Marbois firmly said, 'Go, go, my love; it is time now.' He folded her to his breast, carried her in his arms to the door of the prison, opened and shut it himself, and then dropped upon the floor in a fainting-fit. We hastened to assist him. 'My friends,' said he, as soon as he revived, 'I am quite myself again! I have recovered the source of my courage.'" From that moment he bore ill health and misfortune with unflinching constancy.

At Amboise, which was their next stage, they were thrust into a room so small, that there was not space enough for them to stretch themselves on the straw. Nor was their situation improved on their reaching Tours. Here they were lodged in the prison of the Conciergerie, which was full of galley-slaves. Their conductors ushered them into a court-yard, where the convicts were assembled, and round which were dungeons, into which they were locked at night. One of these dungeons was destined for the exiles. As soon as

the jailors had retired, all the convicts withdrew into a corner of the yard, with the exception of one, who approached the new-comers, and said, "We are very sorry, gentlemen, to see you here. We are not worthy to come near you; but if, in the wretched condition to which we are reduced, we can render you any service, we hope that you will condescend to accept it. The dungeon which is intended for you is the coldest and smallest of them all; we beg that you will take ours instead, for it is larger and less damp." What a strange contrast did this conduct form with that of the rulers of France! Humanity, discarded by the directors and their agents, had taken refuge in the bosoms of galley-slaves. "We thanked these poor creatures," says Ramel, "and accepted this singular hospitality, which was offered by men whose hands were sullied with crimes, but whose hearts were not entirely closed against pity." When the captives were in their dungeon, a pound of bread and a portion of wine were brought to each of them; it was the first food they had tasted for more than thirty hours.

Their fare and treatment during the next day's march was somewhat better. The escort was so fatigued that Dutertre placed the captives under the care of a moveable column of the national guard, while he rested and refreshed his troops. The peasants, of whom the guard consisted, allowed them to walk about, and the inhabitants of St. Maur supplied them liberally with good provisions. They were now on the verge of an extensive forest through which they had to pass, and the surrounding country was thickly wooded. This circumstance suggested to some of them the idea of trying to escape. The scheme was, however, successfully opposed by Barbé-Marbois, Tronçon du Coudray, and others, who erroneously held it to be a duty to submit to their doom, till it was reversed by a legal tribunal.

The indulgence which the captives had met with at

St. Maur, ceased as soon as they resumed their journey. The road to Châtelhérault was in such a detestable state, and the vehicles were of such a clumsy construction, that the exiles could scarcely support the shocks which they incessantly encountered; by the three who were labouring under illness, excessive torture was suffered. A request to be allowed to walk in the midst of the escort was brutally refused. On arriving at the town, they were first, as usual, exposed to the gaze and vulgarity of the mob, and were then shut up in a dungeon, the stench of which was so noisome, that several of them fainted on entering, and the whole of them must have been stifled, had not the door been promptly opened. Here, as at Amboise, they were indebted to a criminal for the only kindness which was shown to them. A man, who had been condemned to three years' imprisonment in chains, charitably brought them some clean water, and offered his bed to Barbé-Marbois. "Have patience, gentlemen," said he; "in time one gets used to everything."

At Poitiers their treatment was not bettered, and at Lusignan it seemed likely to be rendered still worse. The prison of the latter town being too small to contain them, the ferocious Dutertre ordered that, chilled as they were by the heavy rain and wind which had beaten on them throughout the day, they should pass the whole of the night in the cages, in the middle of the market-place. With much difficulty, however, and by becoming responsible for them, the mayor and the commander of the national guard succeeded in obtaining permission to lodge them at an inn. The meditated exposure of his prisoners was the last act of inhumanity which Dutertre had the power of exercising upon them. A courier from the directory arrived at Lusignan, with orders to send him under arrest to Paris—not because he had disgraced them by his cruelty, but because it was discovered that he had pocketed the money given to him for the expense

of the march, and had supplied the deficiency by requisitions upon the municipalities. When the degraded general was passing by the inn where the captives were quartered, Ramel threw up the window to look at him; and nearly paid for his curiosity with his life. A sentinel fired at him, and the ball broke the window-frame above his head.

The exiles gained nothing by the removal of Dutertre; his successor, Guillet, being at least equal to him in barbarity. The first act of this new commander was to arrest the mayor of St. Maixent, for having ventured to manifest sympathy with the sufferers. But the murmurs of the crowd compelled him to set the mayor at liberty. Here, the inmates of the cages were mustered, to have a description taken of their persons, ages, and professions. The men who questioned them embraced this opportunity of treating them with unbounded insolence; but they did not do so with impunity in every instance. "And thou," said one of the ruffians to Ramel, "what trade didst thou follow?" "The trade which has been dishonoured by such caitiffs as thou art, the trade of a soldier," replied Ramel.

A dungeon, cold, dark, and wet, more than twenty-five feet under ground, received them at Niort. They had, as yet, obtained no official notice respecting their destination; all that they knew was from hearsay and conjecture. To relieve them from their suspense, the municipal officer, who was on guard, promised to procure for them as many newspapers as he could collect; but he was not permitted to keep his promise. In the morning, when they quitted the dungeon, the whole of them had nearly lost the use of their limbs, in consequence of the damp and cold to which they had been exposed.

The severe bruises, occasioned by the roughness of the road, were their worst annoyance for the last two days of

their journey. They consoled themselves, however, with the idea that they were about to enjoy at least a temporary repose. The precaution now adopted of placing a sentinel in their nightly dungeon, to deprive them of all chance of escaping, the frequent arrival and despatching of couriers, and various other circumstances, convinced them that they were not far distant from the spot to which they were destined. They indulged the flattering though not very rational hope, that their victorious enemies would, perhaps, treat them with some degree of lenity, or, at worst, that they would be allowed sufficient time to recover from their fatigue, and to provide the necessaries of which they stood greatly in need. They were speedily undeceived.

At length, after having been a fortnight on their horrible journey, they reached Rochefort, where they were to bid farewell to their native land. They, however, were still ignorant of the place to which they were destined. At this moment, everything conspired to fill them with the gloomiest forebodings. Instead of entering the town, on its way to the fort, the procession passed round it, through a double line of troops, formed by the garrison. A mob of shipwrights, sailors, and soldiers, gathered round the vehicles, and rent the air with ominous cries of "To the water with them! Down with the tyrants! Make them drink out of the big cup!" The prisoners well knew what was meant by these savage exclamations, and they feared that, like the victims of the monster Carrier at Nantes, they were doomed to perish by drowning. Their fears were increased when they were taken on board a small vessel, which was anchored in the middle of the river. There they were immediately forced down between decks, by some sinister-looking soldiers, who drove them to the forecastle, where they could scarcely move, and were almost stifled by the smoke from the cook's stove. Sentinels were

placed over them, by whom they were pressed into a still narrower space, and loaded with insults and threats, couched in the most violent and disgusting language. A bucket of water was now let down among them, and two loaves of ammunition-bread were thrown by its side, with a gesture expressive of the utmost contempt. The captives had not tasted food for thirty-six hours; but the thick smoke, their crowded condition, and probably the terror under which they laboured, prevented them from availing themselves of this wretched and scanty fare.

Still impressed with the idea that the bottom of the Charente was to receive them, they believed their last hour to be at hand, when they heard the sailors busy in their vocation, and found that the vessel was descending the river. In a few hours, the vessel came to an anchor in the Basque roads. It was now eleven at night; and, in a few minutes after the anchor was dropped, six of the prisoners were summoned upon deck. Their worst fears seemed to be realised. "This," says Ramel, "was a dreadful moment. I was not one of those who were first called. We bade a final farewell to our companions. This successive calling up, the ferocious joy of the soldiers and of the crew, and the presence of Guillet, convinced us that our fellow-captives were led out to die. Thus cruelly situated, we remained for nearly half an hour in silent horror and resignation."

Their alarm, though natural, was groundless. The time was gone by when prisoners by hundreds could be plunged into the waves, or slaughtered by volleys of grape-shot. The directory knew this, and adopted a different mode of satisfying its vengeance. On this occasion it boasted of its clemency; it took merit to itself for "not having disgraced its triumph by shedding a single drop of blood;" it professed to have taken a course which was "dictated by humanity." True; it did not massacre, it did not doom its foes to a summary death;

it only condemned them to die by inches, far from their homes and friends, in a pestilential climate, deprived of every comfort, and exposed to perpetual insult and outrage from the basest of mankind.

The circumstance which had so much terrified the prisoners, was occasioned by their removal into the ship in which their voyage was to be performed. They found themselves all united on board La Vaillante corvette, commanded by Captain Jullien. By their transfer to a ship-of-war, and the obvious preparations for sailing, they were relieved from their apprehensions of being drowned; and their first sight of the captain, who seemed not to be a brutal man, led them to hope that they would experience treatment more humane than had recently fallen to their lot. In the latter point they were mistaken, Guillet, the officer who escorted them on board, having excited in the mind of the captain a prejudice against them.

The first step was to shut them up between decks, and throw down to them two coarse loaves for their supper. This was the last time, while they were at sea, that bread was given to them, and the first time that they had eaten during forty hours. The captain next descended with some armed marines, and hammocks were given to twelve of the prisoners. To the other four, Ramel, Pichegru, Willot, and Dossonville, none were given; they were separated from their companions, and the captain ordered them to go down into the boatswain's store-room: "As to you four gentlemen," said he, "that is to be your abode." This abode was a noisome den, involved in utter darkness, where they could not stand upright, had nothing whatever to cover them, or to lie upon, and were almost poisoned by exhalations from the cables and the bilge-water in the hold. Some of their companions indignantly insisted upon sharing the same fate; and Barthélemy and Le Tellier actually leaped down among

them, but they were compelled to desist from their purpose. Though the captives who were between decks had hammocks, and were not exposed to breathe the stifling vapours from the hold, their situation was abundantly uncomfortable; they had scarcely room to move, and, the hatches being down, they suffered much from the want of air. In the morning, a biscuit, for the breakfast of each person, was thrown through the hatchway. In vain did the prisoners urge that the biscuit was too damaged for food, and that age prevented some of them from masticating it; and equally fruitless was their request that a larger supply of air might be admitted into their dungeon. Their dinner consisted of a biscuit a piece, and a tub of boiled beans of the commonest sort, without seasoning of any kind. Such was their fare during the whole of the voyage.

The coming on of a storm obliged La Vaillante to take shelter in the road of Rochelle. There the captain was superseded by another, whose name was La Porte. The change was by no means advantageous to the prisoners. Jullien was rigorous in conformity with his instructions; his successor was a brute by nature. The first greeting from La Porte, on his assuming the command, sounded ominously to the exiles. They heard him exclaim, in a loud and harsh voice, "Marines, I order you to keep a close watch upon these great criminals; and you sailors, I forbid, on pain of death, to hold any communication with the villains." Then, turning to those whom he had so courteously described, he said, "Gentlemen, you are very lucky to have had so much mercy shown to you."

A circumstance shortly afterwards occurred, which marks the thorough baseness and cruelty of this man's disposition. When the vessel was about to depart again, a boat was seen making towards her. On her being hailed from the ship, the boatman replied, that he came

with effects which belonged to one of the transported persons. La Porte ordered him to keep off, or he would sink him. The son of Laffond-Ladebat was in the boat, and he earnestly entreated to be allowed to see his father, for whom he had brought some articles of clothing. The father, who heard his son's voice, was excited almost to madness by it; he cried out, clamoured, and ineffectually strove to get upon deck, that he might see him. The poor youth, too, fell upon his knees, and piteously supplicated for leave to embrace once more a parent whom he was perhaps never again to behold. But the distraction of the father and the anguish of the child were alike unavailing. "Begone," exclaimed the savage, "begone instantly, or I will sink you!" Permission to hand up to the sailors the portmanteau which he had with him, was the only favour that young Laffond could obtain.

Everything seems to have been studiously contrived to disgust and torment the unhappy captives. The guards placed over them were of the scum and refuse of the human race; men embruted by a long indulgence in the worst of crimes. "They chiefly," says Ramel, "consisted of marines whom M. de Circey had sent back from the isles of France and Bourbon, together with the commissioners despatched by the directory for the purpose of carrying to those colonies the same decrees which had disorganised and destroyed the French establishments in the West Indies. These men had formerly been selected from among the revolutionary bands of the committee of Nantes, so famous in the annals of terror, by the massacre and drownings of the priests who were sentenced to transportation. We heard them relate to each other their various exploits. One boasted of having, on a march, murdered his captain, by stabbing him in the back, and then thrown him into a ditch, because he suspected him to be an aristocrat; another coolly

enumerated how many priests he had drowned in the Loire; a third described to his comrades the mode in which the drownings were performed, and the 'wry-faces' made by the unfortunate beings at the moment when they were submerged; and several of them bragged of having knocked on the head with their oars those who, on being dropped into the water through the trap-door of the vessel, endeavoured to save themselves by swimming. They acknowledged that those who had sent them away from the isle of Bourbon had done well; for, said they, 'if we had remained there, we would soon have brought the colony up to the true revolutionary pitch.' When these monsters for a moment suspended their horrible conversations, it was to sing disgusting songs. They chose the hours of our resting, to place themselves by the hatchway, and howl out their obscenities, blasphemies, and cannibal strains. If we requested them to spare us, they loaded us with abuse, and resumed their infernal chorus."

Seven days, days of extreme misery, were spent by the captives without their being allowed to move out of the fetid and gloomy dens in which they had been placed at their coming on board. All of them, except Pichegru, were racked by sea-sickness, and some of them were seriously ill from other maladies. The wretchedness of their situation was aggravated by the state of the weather, which was so stormy that, soon after leaving Rochelle, they narrowly escaped being lost on the reefs of the Pertuis d'Auteroche, and were subsequently obliged to take shelter in the river Gironde. The hatches were therefore always kept fastened down, and the free circulation of air was consequently impeded. As if to render still more poisonous the stagnant atmosphere which they breathed, they were denied even the commonest articles indispensable to cleanliness and health. Of course, the slightest approach to comfort was not permitted. The

four prisoners in the boatswain's store-room having asked for a little straw, or something else to protect them from being bruised by the rolling of the vessel, La Porte replied, "They are making game of me; the boards are too soft for these scoundrels; I wish I could have the place paved for them." The other prisoners met with a similar rebuff. They complained that they had no spoons, dishes, or cups, and he answered, "What need have they of spoons to eat beans and biscuit with? Have not the vagabonds their fingers; and don't they know how to drink out of a bucket?" Barbé-Marbois having desired that a boat might be sent ashore, to purchase provisions, at their own expense, La Porte refused to comply, and threatened to flog with the cat-o'-nine-tails the first man who dared to trouble him with any application!

On the eighth day after their departure, the captives were suffered, for a short time, to breathe a purer air. It was arranged that one half of them should, in future, be called upon deck at four o'clock, and the other half at five. During the hour of their being upon deck, their walk was restricted to the gangway between the two masts, every one was strictly prohibited from speaking to them, and they were watched by the marines under arms. But, at first, few could avail themselves of the boon. All but three of them were too exhausted to go upon deck. Ramel was for eight-and-twenty days unable to quit the den in which he was pent up. It required, indeed, some strength and dexterity to emerge from their places of confinement. Evidently for the purpose of annoying them, they were denied the use of a ladder; so that their only means of ascending was to scramble up a rope which hung down the centre of the hatchway. The worthy and venerable General Murinais, who was almost seventy years of age, was near falling a victim to this awkward contrivance. He had reached the top

of the rope, when his feeble grasp gave way, and he was precipitated into the hold. Some pitying sailors hastened to his assistance, and brought him up motionless, with his face lacerated, and his white hair streaming with blood. La Porte rushed to the hatchway, and thundered out, "Sailors, you know the order which forbids you to hold any communication with the transported persons. Come away, and let a glass of water be sent to the sick man."

The food which was given to the captives was of a nature to excite disgust, and was rendered still more loathsome by the filthy manner of serving it to them. The coarse dark-looking beans were always brought in a tub, at the top of which floated hairs and vermin. Large living worms dropped out of the black biscuit when it was broken. Yet, even of this wretched fare, they were not allowed a sufficient quantity for their subsistence. When, therefore, sea-sickness went off, and appetite returned, they were sorely tormented by hunger. Pichegru, Barbé-Marbois, Willot, and Dossonville, in particular, felt it so severely, that, at times, they were almost in a state of madness. Dossonville was so beside himself, that he uttered cries of rage, and his companions feared that he would bite them. In one instance, he nearly lost his life, by voraciously eating several pounds of the worst part of a shark's flesh, which the captain had sent down to the prisoners. In another ravenous fit, he willingly gave a new great-coat for a three-pound loaf. Willot was almost equally pressed by famine. He devoured with his eyes every eatable that he saw, and was made dangerously ill by greedily swallowing a pound of hog's-lard, which he bought of a sailor. All of them, when they could find an opportunity, which was but seldom, were glad to purchase bread at the price of four livres a pound, and wine at as much per glass.

Twice only did La Porte manifest a feeling of huma-

nity; and in one of these cases he was perhaps actuated by fear. Writhing under the pangs of famine, Barbé-Marbois, while he was taking his daily walk on deck, chanced to see the captain passing by. Fixing on him his eyes, which gleamed with rage, Marbois, in a loud yet hollow tone, exclaimed, "I am hungry! I am hungry! Give me something to eat, or throw me into the sea!" La Porte ordered some victuals to be brought for him. At another time he seems really to have been softened for a moment. One day, while the sailors were at supper, he saw the aged General Murinais sitting by one of the guns, and leaning against it, trying in vain to chew the flinty biscuit which was dealt out to them; he had lost his teeth, and could neither bite nor soften it. The fine countenance of the old officer, whom even the sailors beheld with respect, suddenly struck La Porte. "I see that you cannot chew the biscuit," said he; "I will tell them to let you have bread." "No, sir," replied Murinais, in a firm voice; "I want nothing from you. Do your duty. I will not accept any preference from you; I will have nothing which is not shared by my comrades. Leave me in peace."

Yet, though those who held authority in the corvette seem to have been selected for the hardness of their hearts, and the brutality of their manners, a good Samaritan or two had by mistake been admitted among them. One of these honourable exceptions was Captain Hurto, who had command of the marines. At a moment when, from sea-sickness, other ailments, and want of air, the captives were almost at death's door, he leaped into the hold with tea and sugar for them, and wept when he saw their deplorable condition. Whenever it was in his power, he strove to alleviate their misery. Equally full of benevolence, and more frequently exerting it, because he had more opportunity, was Dominique, the boatswain. This worthy being, who was about sixty, often

shed tears on beholding the wretchedness which they endured. At night, when he was on watch, he used to throw down to them his allowance of bread and cheese, contenting himself with biscuit, though he had lost all his teeth; and he more than once contrived to furnish them with a welcome change of diet. In this labour of charity he was seconded by his mate, Choquiset, and by a kind-hearted cabin-boy, who was called Aristides. "His active humanity," says Ramel, "at length betrayed his secret. He was detected by the captain, who, in presence of the whole crew, ordered him to account for his conduct, and threatened him with chains and death. We heard this scene. Dominique did not belie his character. He owned everything. 'I regret,' said he boldly, 'that I had nothing more to offer to those gentlemen. I would mitigate their sufferings at the expense of my blood. Now, order me to be shot directly. What more would you have? Order me to be shot.' La Porte would probably have taken him at his word, had there not been obstacles in the way." Some of his officers openly disapproved of such a sanguinary measure, and he had also serious doubts whether the sailors, with whom he was no favourite, would allow their comrade to be sacrificed. By these circumstances the brave and generous Dominique was saved.

For this disappointment, La Porte soon afterwards indemnified himself, by wreaking his spleen upon the four prisoners, who were confined in the boatswain's store-room. The cabin-boy, who daily brought them their food, was a perverse and mischievous imp, a perfect contrast to Aristides, who served their twelve companions. It was his delight to bring them their food in as filthy a state as possible. One day, the tub which held the beans was almost covered with hairs when he brought it up. Half-maddened with hunger, Pichegru pushed the boy, who fell into the tub, and was scalded.

This incident the captain made a pretext for venting his malice upon the four exiles. They were immediately put into irons, and confined on the forecastle, in which situation they were kept for six days. On the seventh day they were released. It was no merciful feeling that induced him to liberate them. He had recently disgusted the sailors, by defrauding them of a part of the booty taken in a vessel, and this had awakened their dormant compassion for the captives. The constant sight of senators and generals in fetters now produced such an effect upon them as might have led to disagreeable consequences, and he therefore deemed it prudent to unshackle the prisoners and send them back to their original quarters. To recover the good-will of his crew, he allowed them to plunder, without restraint, an English prize, which soon after fell into his hands.

At length, after the exiles had been cooped up for fifty days in this floating hell, the Vaillante cast anchor in the road of Cayenne. When they heard the welcome exclamation of "Land! land!" a new life seemed to inspire them. Their ardent imaginations pictured to them the happiness of living in rural retirement, far from their enemies, and perhaps forgotten by them. "Our persecutors," said they, "will be satisfied with having placed the ocean between them and us; they will feel themselves in security, and will think themselves sufficiently revenged by our forlorn state, and the perfect oblivion that awaits us." Their illusions as to the country were kept up by the grateful scent which the breeze wafted from the lemons, ananas, and other odoriferous plants, which grew near the coast. But liberty, and the prospect of obtaining an ample supply of food, were, in truth, the principal sources of the pleasure which they felt. "To quit the Vaillante," says Ramel, "to eat our fill, and to drink fresh water, seemed to us to be the supreme good."

The captives were landed at the town of Cayenne, on the 11th of October. Appearances, when first they went on shore, strengthened the hope which they had formed of existing with some degree of comfort. They were met by a crowd of people, among whom were the magistrates and chief inhabitants of the town, whose sympathy they evidently excited. Many pressed around them, offering their arms, to help them on to the spot where they were to be formally delivered over to Jeannet, the governor of the colony. Jeannet himself seemed well disposed towards them; he even shed tears on seeing their woful plight, and promised to soften their fate as far as his power would permit. They were consigned to the care of the benevolent Sisters of Charity, at the hospital, and no restraint whatever was imposed upon their movements.

This, however, was all delusion, and less than a week elapsed before they were startled up from their pleasant dream. The malignant La Porte came on shore, to dine at the government-house, and drew such an alarming picture of their past misdeeds, the sinister designs which they were still meditating, and the resources they possessed for doing mischief, that he completely turned the governor against them. He also delivered to him instructions from the directory with respect to the captives. One of his expressions plainly indicates what was the tenor of these instructions. "Yes," said he, in answer to a question from Jeannet, "they have suffered on the voyage; and had I carried my orders into effect, I should not have brought a single one of them thus far!"

The effects of this conference were speedily manifest. On the following day an order was issued forbidding the captives to leave their rooms, and guards were set over them, who performed their duty with irritating vigilance; the inhabitants were likewise forbidden to hold any in-

tercourse with them. Some persons, however, and particularly a kind-hearted mulatto woman, named Mary Rose, still continued to supply them with various refreshments. The only favour accorded to them was permission to walk out on the savannah twice a day, for an hour each time, attended by a detachment of soldiers. These soldiers were commanded by a Captain Desvieux, who seems to have been cast in the same mould with the ferocious La Porte. Marbois having conversed in German with two Alsatian serjeants, Desvieux would have shot them, had not a great number of the colonists interceded for their pardon. His feelings towards the prisoners were broadly manifested in a speech which he made, in consequence of the kindness shown to them by the Sisters of Charity. "Your transported folks are lost men," said he, in a significant tone; "they are lost men; and if they do not drop off speedily, we shall find the means of despatching them."

In spite of all this, the exiles persisted to hope that banishment from France would be the only calamity which they must endure; that, in this distant land, they would be allowed to choose their place of abode, and be left unmolested. Even the refusal of Jeannet, to permit the inhabitants to receive them into their houses, did not annihilate this hope, as the refusal was grounded on the necessity of keeping them together, and it was understood that he meant, for the present, to settle them at the former dwelling of the Jesuits. A far different residence was assigned for them; they were doomed to find "in the lowest deep a lower deep;" and, singularly enough, that Jacobin influence, by whose direct action they had been expelled from France, was now, indirectly, the cause of their banishment being rendered tenfold more terrible. In 1795, Collot d'Herbois and Billaud Varennes, two of the most infamously celebrated of the terrorists, were transported to Cayenne; with liberty, however, to

reside in whatever part of the colony they pleased, and to be masters of their movements. They had only contributed to send thousands to the guillotine, and to spread conflagration and ravage through various parts of France, and were, therefore, thought to be sufficiently punished by simple banishment. The liberty left to them in Guiana they soon misused, by exciting insurrection among the negroes, and they were in consequence sentenced to be confined at Sinamari. Collot d'Herbois died, but Billaud Varennes was there at this period. As soon as the Jacobin party at Cayenne heard that the exiles had a chance of being placed in a state of comparative comfort, they raised a loud outcry, and demanded that Billaud Varennes should be recalled to Cayenne. Jeannet did not comply with their demand; but he gratified their feelings, by directing that his fate should be shared by the victims the 18th Fructidor.

It was to no purpose that these exiles, who were in bad health, remonstrated against this removal, or that Murinais wrote to say that the order to depart was his death-warrant: their doom was irrevocably sealed. On the 22nd of November, they sailed, on board the Victory schooner, for Sinamari, into the river of which name they entered the following day. It is astonishing that though they were sixteen in number, and the cabin was full of arms, while the crew and guard consisted of only ten persons, and the sailors seemed rather to favour them, they never thought of attempting to escape, but went like sheep to the slaughter!

The first objects which met their view, the first greetings which they received, were of evil omen. The discoloured stream was shut in by tangled woods, and its banks were overhung with mangrove trees, the fallen branches and foliage of which were rotting on the muddy shore, and sending forth noxious exhalations. The only habitation in sight was a house, or rather a wretched

cabin, belonging to Mr. Korman, a colonist. At his door they stopped to ask for a draught of water, and he came out to them. Though he was but thirty, he had the appearance of being twice that age; his voice was feeble, and his frame was debilitated. "Ah, gentlemen," said he, "you are going into a grave!" "We know it," replied Murinais, "and the sooner the better." After having toiled on a league further, through paths where the ground seemed a furnace, the captives, who were almost sinking from illness and fatigue, at last came suddenly upon the fort of Sinamari, which is so shrouded in forests as not to be visible at more than a musket-shot distance. It appeared to deserve the name which was given to it by Korman.

The fort of Sinamari is situated about twenty leagues to the north-west of Cayenne, in one of the most unwholesome and uncultivated districts of Guiana. The soil of the surrounding country is sterile, water is scarce and exceedingly bad, and mephitic vapours, from the rank decaying vegetation of endless jungles and swamps, spread around a slow but certain poison. The fort, a square of about two hundred yards each way, was constructed of planks and palisaded; a large stagnant moat surrounded it, which, in so fiery a climate, must have constantly emitted a pestilential steam, offensive to the senses and pernicious to life. It was probably with the view of correcting or concealing the stench, that a vacant space, in the centre of the fort, was planted with orange trees. "In entering this fort," says Ramel, "we saw but too plainly that not the least hope remained of our enjoying, even in the midst of these deserts, a shadow of liberty. The crime was consummated."

Under a sort of shed, or penthouse, were eight wretched rooms, or rather huts, which had been formerly used as cells for the confinement of negroes and criminals. Seven of them were vacant; the eighth was inhabited by

Billaud Varennes. They contained no article of furniture, no utensil whatever. To these they were conducted by the commandant of the fort. Murinais, as being the oldest, he allowed to have a hut to himself. "This," said he, "will suit you." "Let me have that which is nearest to the burying-ground," replied the general, "for that will suit me best." The other six huts were divided among the remaining exiles; in one instance, as many as four persons were obliged to occupy a single hut. A hammock was then given to each, but nothing else.

To clean out their huts, and expel from them some of their disgusting occupants, was the first task which the captives had to perform. Had they neglected to do this, it would have been impossible for them to exist in their new abode. Every venomous thing that crawls or flies seems to congregate and luxuriate at Sinamari. Creatures that suck blood, or torment with their sting—mosquitoes, vampire bats, centipedes, scorpions, serpents, besides innumerable other species; and creatures that burrow into and breed in the human flesh—ticks, chigoes, maccoco worms and guinea worms—were in countless numbers. All the care of the new-comers was insufficient to protect them from some of these loathsome enemies. The chigoes penetrated their feet and legs; the mosquitoes and other insects covered them with boils and swellings, and robbed them of sleep; and even their lives were in jeopardy from more dangerous assailants. Serpents glided into their huts, and one of them, thicker than his arm, was found by Pichegru within the folds of his cloak, which served him as a pillow. Everything around them was in unison with their dreary dwelling. If they looked from the ramparts of the fort, they saw on all sides nothing but a dense forest, and heard only the howl of the closely-approaching tiger, the shrill cry of the monkey, the scream of the parroquet, and the deep croaking of enormous toads, that swarmed in the

moat, and on the muddy beach of the neighbouring river.

Their fare was not calculated to reconcile them to their prison. It generally consisted of a ration of biscuit, a portion of salted meat, and a glass of rum, the last of which articles was necessary to render the water drinkable. This diet was sometimes varied, by giving to them bread so full of worms and ants that it was not eatable, and wine which had remained in the magazine till it was nearly converted into vinegar. Their cook was an old negro, who had been taken out of the bridewell at Cayenne to perform this service, and who repeatedly threatened to put an end to them by poison.

As they had neither room, nor indeed inclination, to take their repast together, they separated into messes, according to their conformity of habits and sentiments. Their original arrangement was, however, soon changed. Even in this remote spot, and among men who might have been supposed to be linked together by misfortune, political dissensions arose, and produced their usual dissociating effect. Slight shades of difference in opinion served to make several of them seek other companions. The most singular change was that which took place with respect to the Bourbon agents, Brottier and La Vilheurnois. Extremes are proverbially said to meet, and so it proved in this case. The former became the close friend and comrade of Billaud Varennes, whom no one else would deign to notice. Strange conjunction of an ultra royalist with an ultra Jacobin! Brottier, who was of a malevolent and contentious disposition, was always quarrelling, and sometimes fighting, with La Vilheurnois, while they messed together. One day, when he had provoked La Vilheurnois to strike him, some of the captives entered, and sought to part them. "Gentlemen," said La Vilheurnois, "let me chastise this paltry fellow, for he stands greatly in need of it, and when you know

him thoroughly you will thank me. He is a fiend of discord; and the Abbé Maury was quite right when he wrote to the princes, that if throwing everything into confusion was all that was wanted, they could not do better than employ the Abbé Brottier, for he would sow disunion even among the celestial legions."

When not occupied in conversing, or walking within their narrow bounds, the captives strove in various ways to beguile the weary hours. Barthélemy, for instance, assisted by Le Tellier, made incessant war upon the scorpions and insects that infested them, and thus rendered an important service to the little community. In his gayer moments, Pichegru amused himself with singing patriotic and warlike songs; at other times he studied the English language. Tronçon du Coudray declaimed eloquently against the injustice which had been done to them, and penned memorials and orations. The most calm and fertile in resources of them all was perhaps Barbé-Marbois: he furnished his hut neatly with the work of his own hands; constructed a fiddle, with which he set the negroes a-dancing; cleared out and put in order the alleys between the orange-trees, that they might walk with comfort; and when he was tired of bodily exertion, he resorted to the solace of books, with which he had prudently supplied himself.

A part of the exiles had been fortunate enough to receive money, linen, and clothes, while they were on their way to Rochefort; but others, who had been taken by surprise, or whose friends had been less active, were destitute of common necessaries. General Murinais, a man of large fortune, was obliged to button his coat round him while his linen was being washed. A few shirts and handkerchiefs, out of the stores for the negroes, were at last sent by Jeannet.

The officer who was in command of the fort when they arrived, was not disposed to aggravate by harshness the

pain of banishment. But the luxury of being treated in a lenient manner was thought too great for them. Five days after they had taken up their abode at Sinamari, a Lieutenant Aimé was despatched from Cayenne to be their jailor. For the purpose which was in view, the choice could not have been more judiciously made. This man was originally a footman at Nancy, next a fomenter of insurrection and mutiny at that place, and finally obtained a commission. He had scarcely entered the fort before he began to persecute the prisoners. On pain of death the soldiers were forbidden to speak to them; they were mustered twice a day, and whoever was not in his hut at those periods was liable to be put into irons; and the reveille was ordered to be beaten every morning at their doors for a quarter of an hour. The drummer who was appointed to perform this duty was a malicious varlet, and delighted in annoying them. When they entreated him to have pity on their sick companions, to whom the din that he made was agony, he hooped, hallooed, laughed, and plied the drumsticks with redoubled vigour.

There was one of the victims who was speedily delivered from this new tyranny. This was General Murinais. Till the last moment, he gave to his companions a noble example of courage and resignation. No complaints or bursts of passion ever escaped from him. He was convinced that his end was not far distant, and he looked forward to it with a tranquil mind. "I would rather," said he, "die irreproachable at Sinamari, than live culpable at Paris." The progress of disease was rapid, and he soon became insensible. "I was myself almost on the verge of the grave," says Ramel, "and it already began to be said that the youngest of us would quickly follow the oldest; but I rallied all my strength, and crawled to the general's hut. I found him suspended in his hammock. There was nobody with him at the time. He was stretched out, his mouth was open and

parched, and I strove to make him drink. But he was in the death struggle, and in the course of a few moments he expired." His companions buried him on the outside of the fort, with all the decent ceremony that was in their power, and lamented his loss with unfeigned sorrow. Tronçon du Coudray honoured his memory with a magnificent funeral eulogium, which he pronounced before his comrades, and the soldiers and negroes of the fort. He took for his text, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down and wept;" and he so pathetically depicted the wrongs and virtues of the deceased, and the degraded state of France, that even the soldiers and blacks made the fort echo with their sobs and lamentations. On hearing of this circumstance, Jeannet issued an order, that whoever should endeavour by his discourse to excite the soldiers or negroes to commiserate the exiles, should instantly be shot.

Murinais had been dead less than a week before Barthélemy was smitten by a fever, and seemed likely to follow his late companion. He was, however, allowed to be removed to the hospital at Cayenne, attended by his faithful Le Tellier; and there the skill and care of the Sisters of Charity succeeded in prolonging his existence. Bourdon de l'Oise and Willot were next attacked. Jeannet was solicited to permit their removal, but he inflexibly persisted in refusing. Bourdon died in excruciating agony. Willot recovered, and for his recovery was probably indebted in a great measure to Barbé-Marbois, who constantly watched over him during his illness, and when the disease was gone, deprived himself of his best food to repair the strength of the patient. This was the more meritorious, as, in the course of a recent dispute, Willot had seriously offended him.

The conduct of Jeannet towards the banished men now grew daily more oppressive. The cause was a desire to propitiate the Jacobin faction in France, which

he supposed to have entirely regained the ascendancy. Barthélemy was sent back to Sinamari before he was entirely re-established. The severest penalties were denounced against every colonist that held the slightest intercourse with the captives. Another measure—and it might have proved fatal to them—was the issuing of a proclamation, addressed to the negroes, in which the prisoners were described as royalists, who had intended to re-enslave the blacks. Their letters to their friends in Europe were intercepted and suppressed, and the system of annoyance was never for a single moment relaxed.

The situation of the prisoners was now becoming almost unendurable. Nor did there appear any probability that it would be ameliorated. On the contrary, there was reason to believe that it would, if possible, be rendered more horrible. The faction which had banished them seemed so firmly to have established its usurped power, that its victims could not expect to be rescued by any political change in their native land. Jeannet was known to have said, "If they are not carried off by the English, it is all over with them, for they have nothing to hope from France;" and they were also told, by the brutal Aimé, that in the district of Conamana, huts were building for the reception of three thousand exiles.

An attempt to escape must necessarily be fraught with danger; its success would be very doubtful, and its failure would subject them to all the sufferings which the vengeance of their ferocious enemies could invent for them. Yet a part of the prisoners deemed it better to run even this risk, than to continue at Sinamari, with the certainty of dying by inches under the tyranny of their persecutors. Eight of them, Barthélemy and his faithful Le Tellier, Dossonville, Aubry, La Rue, and Generals Pichegru, Willot, and Ramel, determined upon

braving every peril rather than remain in this den of horrors. They endeavoured to prevail on their friends Barbé-Marbois, Laffond-Ladebat, and Tronçon du Coudray, to join in their undertaking; but their solicitation was fruitless. It was a noble though erroneous feeling which prompted the refusal of the three deputies. "They relied on their innocence," says Ramel; "as if that had not been the primary motive of their proscription! and they thought it their duty to wait in the deserts of Sinamari till the hour should come for the nation to demand justice."

It was only a chance of freedom which was rejected by these mistakenly honourable men. One of them, soon after, obtained a perfect release, by the intervention of the great liberator, Death. Tronçon du Coudray and Laffond-Ladebat were both taken ill nearly at the same time, and in both the disorder was of the most violent character. Their agony was incessant, a burning thirst consumed them, and their frames were shaken by continual and convulsive retching. A letter was addressed to Jeannet, imploring that the sick captives might be sent to the hospital. He did not deign to reply. To a second application the monster answered, "I know not why these gentlemen are perpetually importuning me; they ought to know that they were not sent to Sinamari that they might live there to all eternity."

After Du Coudray and Laffond Ladebat had for a month endured the severest torment, the purpose for which the exiles were sent to Sinamari was accomplished with respect to the former. As the fatal moment approached, Du Coudray, who knew that it must soon come, but was not aware that it was so very close at hand, began to feel a desire to die in possession of his liberty, and he entreated his companions to take him with them. "I would fain," said he, "breathe my last sigh beyond the walls of this horrid prison." His wish,

however, was in vain: on the following day he ceased to exist. His death was an affecting scene. In spite of pain, fever, and intense thirst, he preserved his faculties unimpaired, and his last thoughts bore testimony to his warm affections and his devoted patriotism. "Fly, my friends," said he, "fly from Sinamari. May Heaven assist you! As for me, I shall speedily be no more. If ever you see my friends again, tell them my latest sigh was for them and for my country. Do not forget my children. Should fortune ever favour you, do not disturb the peace of our native land; rather brave the worst of misery." Then, raising his head, and pointing to the hut of Brottier, he added, "He talks of nothing but civil war; he wishes for it! Ah, my friends! promise me that you will prevent it, if it be in your power; promise me that you will." He then divided among them what money he had, again recommended his memory to them, bade them farewell, and expired. His eyes were closed by his friend Barbé-Marbois, who had never ceased to watch over and minister to him with the tenderest care.

Laffond-Ladebat had, from the beginning, lain in a bed close to that of his departed friend, and, of course, had witnessed his dying pangs. He seemed about to join him. His physical strength was inferior to that of Du Coudray, and was more exhausted by the disease. Overcome by grief and pain, it was but at intervals that he was able to utter a few words. He now and then faintly articulated the names of his children and wife, and kept his eyes constantly fixed on the portrait of the latter. Contrary, however, to all probability, he recovered, and was restored to his native land, where he enjoyed many years of health and happiness.

The worthless Abbé Brottier, to whom Du Coudray alluded, was, at the period in question, the cause of additional cruelty being practised upon his fellow-

captives. His language was at once so disgustingly slanderous and shockingly ferocious, that the other prisoners were compelled to manifest their disapprobation of his conduct. To silence, as he said, their disputes, Aimé ordered the complainants to be put into irons. Seeing, however, that Barthélemy suffered greatly, he offered to release him, on the ground of his not being strong enough to bear such a punishment. "Leave me," Barthélemy coldly replied. "My strength and patience are more than equal to your barbarity. Leave me, to suffer in peace with my companions." But they did not long remain in durance. Either Jeannet had a transient fit of humanity, or he was irritated by his prerogative of tyrannizing being encroached upon; and the consequence was, that he severely reprimanded Aimé for his presumption, and commanded him to free the captives from their fetters.

All now conspired to make the prisoners eager to effect their escape. The spot where their friend had sunk into the grave was, from that very circumstance, become doubly odious to them. The savageness of the commandant also grew daily more menacing. Whenever the signal was made for a hostile ship being on the coast, he would seize his arms, and exclaim, "Ah! you reckon upon the English; but you shall be disappointed, for they shall never have you alive!" Besides, if their enterprise was to be undertaken at all, it was indispensable that no time should be lost. The deadly season of rain and hurricane was approaching, which would not only preclude them from making an effort to liberate themselves, but would aggravate, in a tenfold degree, all the horrors of their pestilential abode.

Various plans were meditated on, adopted, and then discarded, by the captives. It was, indeed, difficult to find one which, on cool reflection, bore any semblance of feasibility. The first idea was to penetrate through the

interior, to a Portuguese settlement. But this was soon dismissed. The nature of the country, almost impassable from streams, swamps and forests, the want of guides, and the bitter hatred with which Frenchmen were regarded by some of the native tribes, offered insuperable obstacles to a flight by land. On looking to the sea, the prospect was scarcely more cheering. The nearest Dutch settlement, that of Surinam, could be reached only by a navigation of more than three hundred miles, along a coast which was unknown to them, and beset with numerous dangers. Resolved, however, to escape or perish, they made light of the perils which lay before them. There was one circumstance which encouraged them. "We knew," says Ramel, "that the inhabitants of Surinam took a lively interest in our situation; they had made us acquainted with this; they had even sent to General Pichegru a small supply of beer and fresh provisions. The present did not reach us; but the secret was revealed to us by the insolence of the French coasting captain, to whom they gave the package in charge, and who came to the fort to boast, in our presence, that he and his crew had eaten and drunk the articles which were designed for us by the generous colonists of Surinam."

But in what manner was the voyage to be accomplished? Here, as on the land, an almost insurmountable difficulty seemed to cross their way. The few vessels which frequented the river of Sinamari were schooners, and they always cast anchor at the Point, a league below the fort. To surprise one of these vessels was impossible; even could they have eluded the malignant vigilance of the commandant, they had no means of reaching the ship, no arms with which to attack it. Despairing to find any better bark, they finally turned their thoughts to a small canoe, which was used for taking the guard to and from the redoubt at the Point,

and was moored at the foot of one of the bastions, under the eye of a sentinel. Only the most ardent longing for liberty could have impelled them to think of trusting their lives to so frail and diminutive a conveyance, which was made still more hazardous by their utter ignorance of the peculiar management it requires. With no knowledge of navigation, and no compass, they at last found that, to give their project a chance of success, it would be necessary to procure the aid of some sailor or Indian who was capable of steering them. Pichegru accordingly sounded an Indian who brought vegetables to the fort; but the savage was not to be gained over, and he spread abroad suspicions of their purpose. Fortunately, he could say but little; and what he did say seems not to have reached the commandant. Still, they were not safe. A more formidable enemy than the Indian had incessantly his eye upon them. This was the peryerse and brutal Brottier, who felt convinced that they were meditating some scheme, though he could not divine what it was. "You keep me in the dark," he often exclaimed; "I know very well that you are plotting something, and I will have you caught in the fact." Had he succeeded in penetrating their secret, he would not have failed to keep his word.

There was in the fort one individual whom they could venture to trust; to him they unfolded their project, and the counsel and information which he gave were invaluable. He agreed with them, that it was to Surinam alone they could retreat; but he doubted greatly whether, in such a small canoe, it was possible to make the voyage, and he warned them that, even if they reached the Dutch colony, they would not be permitted to land unless they were provided with good passports. This last difficulty, though apparently a serious one, was easily removed. They had at Cayenne a firm and bold friend, who did not shrink from serving

them at some risk to himself. This worthy individual contrived to procure from Jeannet eight passports for the captives, under the borrowed names of Gallois, Picard, Daunon, Desailleux, Delvezai, Tallebois, Toulouse, and Frederick. If "'tis sport to have the engineer hoised with his own petar," the exiles must have exulted to witness the persecuting governor thus unconsciously aiding their escape.

Though they had many misgivings as to the capability of the canoe to carry them safely to Surinam, their resolution to embark in it was unshaken. But there was one thing wanting, without which it was scarcely possible to avoid destruction. "We only wanted a pilot," says Ramel; "but where, in this desert, could we find a man capable of so much devotedness—the angel who was to lead us forth from this hell? Providence brought it about in the following manner:"—In consequence of the scandalous proceedings adopted by the French directory against the commerce of neutrals, a swarm of privateers were sent out from the colony of Cayenne. One of these licensed pirates captured and carried into Sinamari an American trader, commanded by her owner, Captain Tilly, which was proceeding to Cayenne. Soon after he was brought into the port, Tilly paid a visit to the exiles. He burst into tears, as he said, "Alas! unfortunate men, it was you of whom I came in search. I knew you were here; I have news for you from your families and friends, and packages concealed in the flour-barrels, which it is now out of my power to touch. Having no idea that I should be attacked by a French privateer, I suffered myself to fall to leeward of Cayenne, that I might have an excuse for anchoring in the road of Sinamari, or in that of Courou, whence I hoped to open a correspondence with you, and effect your escape. But Heaven has ordered it otherwise. I expected to be your liberator, and I am a prisoner with you. What can I still do to serve you?"

The noble behaviour of this humane mariner deserved, and received, all the gratitude and confidence of the persecuted exiles. They communicated their plan, and pointed out to him the canoe by means of which they meant to accomplish it. At sight of the canoe, he shook his head, and told them that to venture in it, on such a voyage, could hardly fail of causing their destruction. They, however, resolutely replied, "We are determined to perish, rather than remain in the hands of these barbarians: besides, at the worst, we only go freely to anticipate an inevitable death, the horror of which, should it be suddenly and violently brought upon us by shipwreck, will be softened by the recollection of the protracted agony which has been suffered here by our friends." The reply of Tilly was full of heroism. "Well!" said he, "I do not think you can escape from so many dangers; but you must not exclude me from sharing them; I will steer the canoe myself, and will also bring my pilot, the courageous Berwick. Perhaps Heaven will protect us, and the wind may favour us." They protested repeatedly, in the strongest manner, against his encountering the peril, but he would take no denial.

The 3rd of June was the day appointed by the captives for carrying their project into execution. But on the 1st, while they were lamenting the recent death of Du Coudray, a circumstance occurred which threatened to subvert their plans. Tilly came to inform them, that Jeannet had sent orders for him and his whole crew to be transferred to Cayenne on the following day. This news came upon them like a thunderclap. Their brave friend was, however, not disposed to abandon them. He declared that he would absent and hide himself in the woods till the time came for their departure; but on this proposal they put a decided negative; and, finally, with much difficulty on their part, and reluctance on his, they prevailed on him to let Berwick alone be their

guide. The absence of Berwick, when the roll of the crew was called over, would, they urged, excite much less suspicion than that of the captain, whose visits and walks with them had already attracted notice. It was, therefore, agreed that Berwick, who had espoused their cause as warmly as his commander, should conceal himself in the forest till the evening of the 3rd, when he should meet them on the bank of the river under the bastion. This was a service of danger for Berwick. Besides having to endure the stings of myriads of insects and reptiles, he was beset by serpents, alligators, and tigers; to save himself from which, he was under the necessity of seeking refuge in a tree, where he continued for six-and-thirty hours.

A part of the cargo of Tilly's vessel consisted of forty thousand bottles of French, Rhenish, and Spanish wines. The captain of the privateer had invited Aimé to dine on board the prize on the 3rd of June; on which occasion the captives had no doubt that the wine would flow liberally, and they hoped that it would prove a potent auxiliary to them. It was this hope which induced them to fix on that day for their flight. They were not disappointed. The distribution of the juice of the grape was not limited to the guests in the vessel, but was extended to the soldiers in the fort, and even to the prisoners. The latter saw with delight their guards approaching rapidly towards a state of helpless intoxication. To prevent any suspicion of their being engaged in a plot, they themselves pretended to be equally maddened by their copious potations; and, to keep up the cheat, they feigned a furious quarrel at dinner, in which threats and abuse, and plates and glasses, were profusely scattered around. "But," says Ramel, "Barthélemy was the least skilful at feigning, and while he was awkwardly imitating rage, he broke his glass so coolly, that a burst of laughter had nearly betrayed us."

The day, which the captives thought would never end, at length drew towards a close. The commandant Aimé was brought in dead drunk; and the soldiers and negroes were lying here and there, either in the same situation, or sunk in heavy sleep. Everything appeared to favour the daring enterprise of the proscribed persons. They now took leave of Barbé-Marbois, who persisted in staying at Sinamari, and considered their fate as inevitable—but had he been certain of their success, his conduct would have been the same, for he seemed riveted to the spot which contained his buried friend.

"The last hour of our abode at Sinamari now struck," says Ramel. "The clock struck nine! Dossonville, who was on the watch, gave all of us notice. We went out, and assembled near the gate of the fort, the drawbridge of which was not yet raised. All around us was buried in deep sleep. Ascending, with Pichegru and Aubry, the bastion of the guard-house, I went straight to the sentinel (the contemptible drummer who had so often tormented us) and asked him the hour. He fixed his eyes on the stars. I seized him by the throat, Pichegru disarmed him, and we dragged him along, throttling him so as to prevent his crying out. We were on the parapet, and he struggled so violently that he got away from us and tumbled into the river. We rejoined our companions at the foot of the rampart, and seeing that there was nobody in the guard-house, we went in, to provide ourselves with arms and cartridges. We then left the fort, and hurried to the canoe. Berwick was there already; and he came to meet us, and helped us into it. Barthélemy, who was infirm, and less agile than we were, fell and sunk into the mud; but Berwick seized him with his muscular arm, drew him out, and seated him in the canoe. The cable was cut, and Berwick took the helm. Sitting silent and motionless, we glided down with the stream; the current and the tide

bore our light bark rapidly onward; and we heard only the murmur of the water, and of the land-breeze, which soon swelled our little sail. We soon ceased to behold the tomb of Sinamari."

To avoid being seen from the redoubt, at the Point, they struck their sail. They passed unperceived; the eight men who guarded the redoubt had been well supplied with liquor, and were as drunk as their comrades in the fort. The tide carried them over the bar at the entrance of the river, and they found themselves in the open sea. The breeze began to freshen, but the water was smooth, and they made tolerable way. Their progress in the dark was, nevertheless, perilous; for if they stood out to a distance from the land, they ran great risk of deviating from their course; and if they kept too near the coast, they might run upon some of the numerous rocks with which it is studded between Sinamari and Iraconbo. Fortunately, the moon broke forth, and they could proceed with safety. "This was a delicious moment," exclaims Ramel. "We congratulated each other, and thanked Providence, and our generous pilot Berwick, who was in a terrible state, he being much swelled and disfigured by the stings of musquitos."

About two hours after they had quitted Sinamari, three guns, from the fort and redoubt of that place, which were answered by the same number from the post of Iraconbo, gave sign that their flight was discovered. They had, however, little to fear from pursuit. At the former place there was no boat to follow them; from the latter, they could be encountered only by a force not superior to their own, which, in case of their being attacked by it, they determined to resist. They were not placed under the necessity of fighting. Darkness covered them when they passed the post of Iraconbo, and by daylight they had left it far behind them.

But though there was little cause to dread being re-

captured, they had other sources of discomfort. The canoe was so small, and its sides were so low, that it was nearly filled by the slightest undulation of the sea, and they were obliged to be perpetually at work baling out the water with a calabash shell. It was also so light, that the gentlest motion would upset it. Ramel had nearly brought their voyage to a sudden close by an act of carelessness. While he was rowing, his hat dropped into the sea, and his sudden movement to recover it threw the canoe out of her trim, and they had much difficulty in righting her. Had not Berwick lent his skilful aid, they would probably have been drowned. Ramel was punished by a severe reprimand from Pichegru, who acted as captain, and by the loss of his hat, the place of which he endeavoured to supply by twisting round his head some banana leaves, that the negroes had left in the canoe.

But even these unpleasant circumstances were trifles, when compared with others which might have proved fatal to them. They had been unable to provide themselves with provisions; they had not so much as a biscuit or a drop of water. Le Tellier, indeed, had brought with him two bottles of rum; and, as they flattered themselves that in two days they should reach Monte Krick, where they purposed to land, they hoped that, for this short time, the liquor would keep their strength from failing. They soon found that they had made too sanguine a calculation. Though for two days the wind had favoured them, they had not yet reached the river Marowni, which was little more than half of the way to Monte Krick. "On the 6th," says Ramel, "a dead calm came on. We were tortured by the sharpest hunger, having eaten nothing for three days, and we were burnt up by the sun, the heat of which was now unmitigated by the breeze. Being no longer occupied by motion, nor supported by the hope of speedily ending

our wearisome voyage, we felt all the horror of our situation. Yet we strove to raise up our courage, though we had nought to expect from human aid, nor from our own efforts, which were baffled by the elements. It was on this day of despair that we mutually urged each other to sacrifice our just resentment, and not to be led away by revenge. In the presence of God, we swore never to bear arms against our country, and we resigned ourselves to the will of Providence."

Happily for them, a breeze sprang up on the fourth morning of their voyage, and they reached the mouth of the Marowni. The currents, shoals, and reefs rendered their passing of it a matter of toil and difficulty. There was also another danger, which was scarcely less formidable. They were harassed by enormous and ravenous sharks, which they could keep off only by firing at them. Again the wind died wholly away, and during nine hours their progress was inconsiderable. Early in the morning it began to blow, and by the middle of the day they were off Fort Orange. It was not, however, their intention to stop there, they having been advised to continue their voyage as far as the post of Monte Krick. The garrison of the fort seemed bent upon bringing their adventures to an abrupt close, for several cannon-shots were fired at them, and they would certainly have been sent to the bottom had they not stood out to sea. This rough salute was, nevertheless, meant only to make them hoist their flag; a ceremony which, as the fugitives had no flag, they could not have performed, even had they been aware of the reason why they were so alarmingly noticed.

They had sailed but a few miles beyond Fort Orange when signs of a storm began to appear. The sky lowered, the wind increased, and a heavy swell set in upon the shore. Berwick at first hoped that they might reach Monte Krick before the tempest raged; but this hope

was speedily crushed, as the gale rapidly increased in violence, and their fragile bark was every instant in danger of being sunk. Berwick said that there was no chance of safety but in running the canoe ashore. At the moment it touched the ground, a wave upset it, and, as the tide was receding, they were all thrown into the mud. Yet in spite of this misadventure, and of the fury of the storm, they contrived to keep hold of the canoe, and even to restore it to its right position. Their situation was now deplorable. They had no shelter but a wood, which was swarming with wild beasts, and with venomous insects and reptiles; the rain fell in torrents, the storm raged furiously, the cold was intense, their scanty and ragged apparel was soaked with mud and water, and they were exhausted with hunger, thirst, and toil. When the night came on, they could hear the roaring of the tigers mingled with the howling of the blast, and they had no means of defence, all their arms and ammunition having been swept away by the waves when the canoe was overset. In this woeful condition they had to perform a task which added much to their suffering. They had nothing with which to fasten their canoe, and, consequently, when the tide began to rise, they were compelled to stand in the sea, holding their bark, and struggling with the billows, which perpetually threatened to rend it from their grasp. All their efforts failed to prevent it from being much injured. The whole of a tempestuous night was spent in this manner. Ill and feeble as he was, Barthélemy exerted himself equally with his comrades, and was conspicuous among them for his patience and courage.

The morning of the sixth day found them nearly worn out with hunger, fatigue, and cold. Yet, so delightful to the heart is liberty, that even the bare idea of dying free can afford consolation. "We shall at least not die in their hands," said they, as they con-

doled with each other on their wretched appearance and apparently desperate state. Pichegru had saved his pipe, and the materials for lighting it; and they now made a fire, and dried their clothes. To avoid the stings of the numberless reptiles and insects, they laid themselves flat on their bellies, in the sand. In the course of the day, however, the faithful Le Tellier contrived for Barthélemy a shelter, made of boughs of trees, and stood over his master, with a light branch, driving away the mosquitos that thronged around him. The rest of the fugitives followed the example of Le Tellier, and formed a kind of hut among the trees. A part of the rum still remained, but they had not strength to swallow it, and only refreshed themselves by wetting their mouths and lips. The rising of the tide obliged them to return to their toilsome task of preventing the canoe from being carried away; and when this danger was past, the near approach of the tigers imposed on them the fresh labour of enlarging and watching their fire.

Succour was now at hand. Early on the seventh morning of their flight, when Ramel went out of the hut to ascertain the state of the weather and the canoe, he saw two soldiers on the beach, at a short distance. He hurried back, exclaiming, "Here are men!" All the inmates of the hut jumped up, and Berwick darted out to meet the strangers. He was so disfigured by the stings of insects that his visage was scarcely human, and the startled soldiers levelled their muskets at him. He threw himself on his knees, cried out, made signs, and pointed to the canoe. By this time the whole of the fugitives had come out, and surrounded the soldiers, whom they found to be Germans, belonging to the garrison of Monte Krick, who were carrying despatches to Fort Orange. It was resolved that Barthélemy and La Rue should accompany them to the fort, show the passports, and ask for assistance; stating that the voyagers

were traders, who had been cast away, and lost all their property and provisions, and could not put to sea because their canoe had been shattered by the storm. In the afternoon, the two envoys returned from the fort; they had been kindly treated by the commandant, and had obtained workmen to repair the canoe. On the following morning, the fugitives proceeded on their way to Monte Krick; four of them setting out on foot, to prepare for the reception of their comrades, and the remainder following in their canoe, as soon as the tide would permit.

At Monte Krick the commandant had ordered that they should be provided with a spacious and comfortable apartment. "What a moment was that of our meeting here!" exclaims Ramel. "Our friends had prepared for us a couple of fowls, rice, and bread—bread which, on this occasion, was watered with the tears of joy and gratitude. We were alive; we had escaped from our tormentors, from the perils of the sea and of famine; we were free! After having, though with much caution, taken a little nourishment, we safely moored our canoe, which we almost looked upon as a living creature, and for which we had contracted a grateful affection."

The commandant of Monte Krick received them with kindness; but it was evident that he put no faith in their story. Still, he had no suspicion who they really were, though he showed them a printed description of the transported deputies, which Jeannet had caused to be distributed in all the neighbouring colonies, and the ports along the coast. In fact, their altered appearance was a security against their being recognised. After asking whether they had touched at Sinamari, to which they replied in the negative, he said, "What is become of those ill-fated men, Pichegru, Barthélemy, and their unfortunate companions?" To this they answered with oracular dexterity, that those persons had been very wretched, but that now [redacted] for a change of fortune.

Irritated by the governor refusing to comply with some unreasonable demands, Jeannet had sworn to take vengeance on the Dutch aristocrats, by revolutionising Surinam. At this period, therefore, a strict watch was kept on the coast of Surinam, to prevent the intrusion of emissaries, who would have destroyed the welfare and happiness of the colony, which had hitherto been preserved. The commandant was consequently under the necessity of immediately making known to his superior the arrival of his new guests. They, likewise, wrote to the governor, gave him an account of their wrongs, their flight, and their shipwreck, and, in the name of honour and humanity, intreated him to protect them.

Their appeal to the governor was not made in vain. Though Paramaribo, the capital of the colony, is twenty-four leagues from Monte Krick, an officer, sent from thence to welcome and conduct them, arrived in the course of the third day after their landing. They set out the next morning, and their feelings would have been wholly those of pleasure had they not been under the necessity of leaving their canoe behind; a sacrifice which they made with extreme reluctance. On their reaching Paramaribo, they were saluted by the cannon of all the forts, the town was illuminated, the troops were under arms, and the inhabitants crowded round them, rending the air with greetings, good wishes, and acclamations, as the fugitives proceeded to the government-house, where they were received with the warmest hospitality. All the colonists vied with their chief in kindness, and for a while the felicity of the liberated exiles was interrupted only by reflections on the situation of their fellow-sufferers who were left behind, and of the generous Tilly, who would probably be subjected to persecution for his noble conduct.

Their tranquillity was not of long duration. Before they had been a week at Paramaribo, Jeannet sent to

demand that they should be given up to him. The governor evaded the demand, by saying that he had not yet heard of the escape of the proscribed persons, but that eight traders and a sailor had arrived, with Jeannet's passport. By this means they gained some days, during which the colonists were lavish in their gratifying attentions to them. Jeannet, however, was determined not to lose his prey, and he despatched a second envoy, to insist upon their being delivered into his hands. The governor was not disposed to comply with the peremptory mandate, or even to dismiss them; but the fugitives, who had already determined to depart in a neutral vessel as soon as their health was somewhat restored, would not allow him to be involved in a quarrel on their account. They therefore determined to quit the colony without delay.

A small vessel was freighted for them, at the expense of the colony, and on the 30th of June, Pichegru, Willot, La Rue, Aubry, Dossonville, and Ramel took leave of their benefactors, and of the intrepid Berwick, who had been loaded with presents by the governor and the inhabitants of Paramaribo. Barthélemy was too ill to accompany them, and he consequently was left behind, with his faithful Le Tellier; but he promised to join them at St. Thomas's, to which island they intended to direct their course. Their destination was changed, by the approach of a danger which of all others was most to be dreaded by them. Off the coast of Berbice they were closely pursued by a French privateer, and could escape only by taking refuge in the river, under the protection of the British cannon. They landed at Berbice, whence, after a short stay, they proceeded to Demerara. In both of these colonies they met with as warm a reception, from the British authorities and the inhabitants, as they had experienced at Surinam. At Demerara they remained till the arrival of a frigate,

which Admiral Harvey had sent, to convey them to Martinico. Willot and Aubry being so dangerously ill that they could not be moved, Pichegru, Dossonville, La Rue, and Ramel were obliged to embark without them. During the voyage, all of them, with the exception of La Rue, were attacked by yellow fever, and for nearly a month they were in a delirious state. When they recovered their senses, they found themselves on their way to England, on board the Amiable frigate, into which they had been removed at Martinico. "We all," says Ramel, "owed our lives to the courage and attentions of Captain Lobb. Never was so great a sacrifice made in a more unaffected manner. He never quitted us for a moment, in spite of the contagion of the yellow fever, which is more dreaded and more formidable than the plague itself; he slept in the same cabin with us, and performed the lowest offices which our situation required. When, after our long delirium, we saw for the first time this hero of humanity, we could scarcely conceive, or enough admire, such exalted virtue; nor could we ever induce him to leave us, that he might think of his own preservation after having been the cause of ours."

The voyage to England occupied sixty-five days, and, in the course of it, they encountered storms which almost made them despair of safety. It was not till the 21st of September, the anniversary of the departure from Rochefort, that they anchored in the Downs. In a few days, a cutter was despatched to bring them to London, where they were received by Mr. Wickham, one of the under secretaries of state, who assured them that they "should find, under the protection of the British government, a safe asylum, and all the kind offices which humanity owes to the victims of unexampled barbarity." This pledge was amply redeemed.

On the second day after their arrival in the metropolis,

they again went to have an interview with Mr. Wickham. In the room into which they were introduced, there was a man sitting, who was nearly worn to a skeleton. As soon as he heard them give their names to the servant, he stretched out his hand to them, rose as quickly as his weakness would permit, and exclaimed, "Ah! my dear friends, you are saved! All my grief is at an end, all my misfortunes are forgotten!" Tottering towards them, he said, "My name is Tilly." They were all so altered, by what they had undergone, that they had been unable to recognise him; nor would he have known them, had he not heard their names. The joy which this fortunate meeting excited was extreme; for a while they could only shed tears and embrace each other.

Tilly had a melancholy tale to relate: he had been the victim of his humanity to the fugitives, and of his own frank and unsuspecting disposition. When the flight of the exiles became known at Cayenne, the inhabitants universally expressed their pleasure. Jeannet, who could dissemble as thoroughly as he could tyrannize, affected to participate in their feelings. "Why did they not all escape?" said he. In acting thus, his purpose was, to discover who had aided the fugitives, and who would be likely to lend assistance to any future attempt. In one part of this design he had speedy and complete success. Three days after the exiles had departed, he invited Tilly to drink tea with him, under pretence of wishing to converse on some commercial business. In this interview, he was lavish of politeness and manifestations of friendship. Having thus gained the good-will of the open-hearted sailor, he artfully turned the conversation to the subject of a frigate which had just arrived with a cargo of banished men. "You know," said he, "the news from France. Tyranny is at its highest pitch in that country. Here are more unfortunate

transported persons sent me by the directory! Scarcely have eight of the former band made their escape, before they are replaced by one hundred and ninety-three others. I will no longer be the jailor and executioner of my fellow-citizens, for the purpose of ensuring impunity to those five robbers. I am resolved to abandon the colony. I will buy your brig, and restore it to you at Philadelphia, if you will undertake to carry me thither." Thrown entirely off his guard, Tilly thanked the deceiver for his confidence, applauded his good dispositions, and promised to devote his services to him. The cunning Jeannet followed up his blow. "I am convinced," added he, "that you are an honest man. I know you; and, from my silence, you must have seen how repugnant it is to my nature to give pain. I am well aware that it was you who facilitated the escape of the exiles from Sinamari, but I have never reproached you with it. I think, however, that you ought not to have run your pilot into such danger."

Deluded by this apparent candour and humanity, the incautious Tilly freely opened his heart. He avowed all that he had done for the fugitives, and stated that he had also brought packages for them, which were concealed in one of the barrels of flour. This was enough. The words were scarcely out of the captain's mouth, when Jeannet started up with the ferocity of a tiger, overthrew the table which was between them, called in the guards, ordered them to put Tilly into irons, and swore that he should be shot on the morrow. The astonished prisoner was then led away to confinement.

For some reason or other, in which pity had assuredly no influence, Jeannet did not think proper to carry his threat into execution. He did not, however, omit to torment his prisoner as far as possible. Tilly passed the months of June and July in a dungeon, with his hands and feet fettered, and no other sustenance than bread

and water. That he might not even have the consolation of thinking that his benevolence had been useful to his fellow-creatures, he was told that the fugitives had been met by a privateer from Cayenne, which had sent them all to the bottom of the sea.

On the night of the 1st of August, Tilly was conveyed, still in irons, on board of the Décade frigate, which was returning to France. Strict orders were given that no kindness should be shown him, and he was consequently thrust into the loathsome hole called the boatswain's store-room, and kept upon biscuit and water. In this situation, and suffering from a burning fever, he remained till the latter end of August, at which period the vessel was rapidly approaching the coast of France. But Tilly was not destined to languish in a French dungeon. Off Cape Finisterre, the Décade was attacked by Captain Pierrepoint, in the Naiad, and was compelled to surrender. Tilly was taken to London, where his generous and humane conduct was justly rewarded by warm approbation and liberal assistance from the British government.

Three days after the flight of the exiles, the Décade frigate arrived at Cayenne, from France. She brought a crowded cargo of human victims, immolated to the triumphant Moloch of Jacobinism. No less than a hundred and ninety-three persons were sent to meet with oppression, disease, and death on the blighting shore of Guiana. Of this number a hundred and fifty-five were connected, in various degrees, with the church and the monastic orders. The subservient councils had passed a law, giving to the directory the power of transporting priests whom it might think proper to consider as disturbers of the public peace; and this was the first harvest which was reaped from the decree of proscription. Several of the individuals whom it swept away were

between sixty and seventy years of age. Among the remaining prisoners, there were two, Gilbert Desmoliers and John James Aymé, who were members of the councils. Five were thieves, whom the directory had mingled with them, no doubt, for the double purpose of wounding their feelings, and prompting the vulgar to regard them in the same light as their worthless associates. The latter part of the plan was, in fact, carried into effect at Cayenne, but not with the success that had been expected.

The journey of the exiles to Rochefort, though sufficiently painful, was far less so than that of their sixteen partners in misfortune had been. There was no incarceration in iron cages, no exposure to the gaze and the shouts of the crowd when they halted; the officers and men who guarded the carts in which they rode were not utterly destitute of humanity, and their fare was at least tolerable. The priests appear to have been the worst treated, particularly at Rochefort. At that place they were all crowded together, so as to be scarcely able to breathe, were ill fed, and met with great brutality from the keepers of the jail. One of them having opened a window-shutter to obtain a breath of air, the sentinel fired, and dangerously wounded another prisoner. This firing was an act of wanton inhumanity; for the window was so strongly barred with iron as to preclude the possibility of escaping.

On the eleventh of March, 1798, the prisoners were conducted, between two lines of soldiers, to the place of embarkation. Unlike their predecessors, they were taken through the town; and here, as in many instances during the journey, the people appeared to feel at once consternation and sympathy. Time had shown in its true light the conduct of the directory. From the port they were conveyed in lighters to the Charente frigate, commanded by Captain Breuillac, which was anchored off the Isle of Aix. There they were detained for ten days, partly by adverse winds, but more by the dread of a British squadron,

which was cruizing in sight. While they were tarrying here, they were joined by several new victims. Two of those who came on board at Rochefort, and whom grief and terror had already driven mad, were sent on shore.

At length, the English ships being no longer visible, the captain ventured to put to sea. In supposing that they were gone, he had, however, reckoned without his host. He had passed the Gironde, and was approaching the shoaly coast of Arcasson, when he descried a man-of-war and two frigates in chase, and soon found that they were gaining rapidly upon him. In order to lighten the ship, the wine and water casks were staved, and everything heavy that could be spared was thrown overboard. Some of the officers now secretly intimated to the prisoners that it would be necessary to run aground, and advised them to make their escape in the confusion which must ensue. But so far were the prisoners from taking this advice, that many of them offered to bear a part in the combat. This offer was of course declined. At midnight, the British ships came up, and a running fight was maintained by the Charente till four in the morning, when the captain ran her ashore. The moment she grounded, the sailors, in spite of the opposition of their officers, began to rob the captives of their property. The pillage was so extensive, that many were left wholly destitute, and very few were fortunate enough to pass scot free. Of the stolen goods only a trifling portion could be recovered.

As the British ships drew too much water to venture near the shore, and their commanders probably supposed that she would become a wreck, no farther attempt was made upon the stranded vessel. She had, indeed, suffered so heavily in her rigging, masts, and hull, that Captain Breuillac himself seems to have despaired of getting her off, and the landing of the crew and soldiers was therefore commenced. The rising tide, however, floated her, and a pilot being obtained, she was worked into the

Gironde, and moored under the protection of the batteries, though with much difficulty. The Charente was examined by a naval commissioner, who pronounced her to be too much damaged to serve again until she had undergone a thorough repair. The captives had hoped that they would be allowed to reside on land, while waiting for another conveyance; but the directory ordered that they should not be removed from their floating dungeon. "Here for the last time I heard," says Aymé, "from my wife and children. From this period till my return to France I was ignorant whether they existed; the agent of the directory at Cayenne having made it his chief pleasure to deprive the exiles of the correspondence of their families."

After having remained for more than a month in suspense, that suspense was put an end to in a manner which formidably enhanced their troubles. The Décade frigate arrived, to convey them to Cayenne. At Rochefort, their friends had congratulated them on being placed in the Charente frigate, the captain and officers of which were humane men, instead of being consigned to Villeneau, commander of the Décade, and his subalterns, who were inveterate Jacobins. Villeneau had even expressed his vexation that the captives were not committed to his custody, and declared that were they in his power, he would not spare them. He now had them in his power, and he kept his word.

The captives were transferred to the Décade on the 20th of April, and Villeneau did not delay for a moment to enjoy the pleasure of tyrannising. They were summoned for the purpose of being told that they must conform to his orders, and to those which they would read in a paper which was stuck up on board, and that, in case of failure, they would be put into irons and treated with the utmost severity. Among other things, they were prohibited from speaking to any of the crew, from going into certain parts of the ship while they were taking

exercise, and from addressing any paper to the captain; all petitions or requests were to be made verbally to the officers. From six in the evening till half-past seven in the morning, or later if he pleased, they were to be closely confined in their den, and whenever they had been let out, they were to "hurry down" to it the moment that the drum was beaten.

Let us see what was their situation during fourteen out of the four-and-twenty hours. In consequence of their being so numerous, their sufferings were even worse than those of the exiles who were transported in the Vaillante. "We were placed," says Aymé, "in the between-decks, in the part which extends from the fore-mast to the main-mast, occupying nearly one-fourth of the superficies of the vessel, having about four feet and a half in height, and receiving no light but by the scuttles, that is to say, by two openings of three feet square, through which we went up and down, by means of an almost perpendicular ladder, the steps of which were scarcely three inches deep. Many of the exiles fell as they came down; and although the whole depth was not great, they often hurt themselves extremely. I fell twice, and felt the effects long after. But when we were obliged to hurry down, as our instructions bore on the occasions there stated, accidents became more frequent. They also occurred very often in descending from the gangway to the battery, where the same difficulty existed.

"Partitions had been made in this part of the between-decks, resembling the paling used to inclose cattle in a park. In this place, the door of which was locked, were crowded and squeezed together one hundred and ninety-three individuals, mostly aged and infirm. We lay in two rows, one over the other, forming as it were two stories, in hammocks of coarse cloth, and extremely narrow. Those above were hung as close as possible to the upper deck; but the weight of the body brought them

down so low, that they almost touched those below, and thus almost insupportably harassed and incommoded them. Those above could not raise their heads without striking against the deck, nor those below without hitting those above. Neither could any of us make the smallest motion without disturbing his neighbours; for we all touched each other, and, not having the least spare room, formed as it were but one mass.

"We had not sufficient room to undress ourselves; we therefore went to bed in our clothes, and endeavoured when we were placed in our hammocks to disencumber ourselves of some part of our dress, which was no easy task. That nothing might be wanting to increase the horror of our situation, as we were not permitted to go out for fourteen hours together, and sometimes more, tubs had been placed in the midst of us; and to get to these sorry receptacles, we were obliged to creep on our bellies beneath the hammocks. How insupportable then must have been the infection of such a close and confined spot, which was already poisoned by our own exhalations! Indeed, the air which passed from this hole was so hot and fetid, that the sentinels stationed at the hatchway as our guard, demanded that the time of their duty, at so dangerous a post, might be shortened."

The wretchedness of their situation was aggravated by their being a prey to swarms of the most loathsome vermin, of which they vainly endeavoured to rid their persons. The water with which they were supplied was so foul, that, especially after they had passed the tropic, it could not be swallowed until the nostrils were stopped. Their food was of the coarsest kind, insufficient in quantity, and prepared by a cook who was a living lump of filth. Knives, forks, and spoons were unknown among the prisoners; and they were compelled to eat their meals standing, the space allotted not being large enough to allow of their sitting down. The least roll of the ship

tumbled them upon one another, and scattered their provisions in the dirt. That nothing might be omitted to make their repast disagreeable, their fare was distributed among them by a man who was in the habit of making their situation a subject for his vulgar mirth.

The care which was daily taken to clean and fumigate the ship, could not wholly counteract the effects of close stowage and a torrid climate. Sickness began to spread among the captives; some were attacked by scurvy, others by fever. The medical treatment of them was of a piece with the rest. They were negligently or harshly attended to, and in all cases the same medicine was indiscriminately administered. As disease kept increasing under this novel mode of practice, Villeneau began to fear that it might reach him too, and he bethought himself of a plan to arrest its progress. The main cause of the malady was the breathing of impure air; and to remedy this, he ordered that, every two hours throughout the night, twenty-five of the prisoners should go upon deck. This scheme produced great inconvenience and little benefit. By the constant going and returning of the parties, sleep was effectually banished from the captives. Nor was this the worst. "When all of us," says Aymé, "went down together below deck, as was usual in the evening, the place having been aired and sweetened during the day, we accustomed ourselves insensibly to its fetid vapours; but when, in the middle of the night, we re-entered this pestilential furnace, we felt a heat and experienced an odour that we could scarce support. Before we had completely entered it, and while yet, as it were, at its door, the interior heat was so penetrating as to give us the sensation of being plunged into a very hot bath; which, when once enclosed, was succeeded by that of being poisoned. I profited but twice of this indulgence, and many of the exiles refused it altogether. Some attempted to hide themselves when

they were called to their den, but they never failed to be pursued with the greatest fury by the officer on duty. He was specially ordered to make us enter, without delay of a moment, at the appointed time; and never discharged this function without bellowing in our ears, 'Tyrants, descend into your tomb!'" This miscreant seems to have modelled his language and conduct on those of the wolf in the first fable of Phædrus.

After ninety-six days of endurance on board, forty-six of which were spent in the voyage, the exiles reached the shore of Cayenne. The universally pale or sallow complexion of the colonists plainly indicated to the newcomers the deadly influence of the land upon which they were thrown. Yet, in spite of this, the first feelings were pleasurable; for they had free air, the power of moving, exemption from hourly insult, whatever provisions they pleased to purchase, and the generous sympathy of the inhabitants, who sent them presents of all kinds of fruit, and supplied with clothing and linen such of the captives as had been robbed by the sailors of the Charente. Fifty-five of the exiles were ill; these were placed in the hospital, where they were nursed with the tenderest care by the Sisters of Charity.

I will not trace, step by step, this second band of banished men, through all their infinite variety of wretchedness. Rather with a view to throw a veil over its cruelty, than with a design to mitigate the doom of its victims, the directory had granted permission for them to form agricultural or commercial establishments in any part of Guiana, save the island of Cayenne. Those who accepted of this favour were obliged to provide for their own subsistence; but they had the advantage of avoiding a removal to some pestilential spot, and of being somewhat less harassed by the caprice and inhumanity of those who held authority over them. A few, who had resources, availed themselves of the permission. They

enjoyed comparative freedom; but they had the mortification to find their little property gradually wasting away, and their strength and spirits decaying. A more speedy fate awaited those, a very large majority, who were unable to provide for themselves. They were all pitilessly hurried off to the swampy district of Conanama, the insalubrity of which exceeded by far even that of Sinamari. There they were placed in huts, slightly formed with stakes, and roofed with branches. A hammock, narrow and not above four feet long, was the sole article which each of these wigwams contained. Around these wretched abodes, marshes, exhaling putrid miasms, extended for more than half a league; the huts themselves were situated on the lowest ground, and were so badly constructed that they soon began to fall into ruin; intercourse with the surrounding country was beyond measure difficult; the only water which could be procured was muddy, putrid, and tainted with a vitriolic impregnation; and the supply of provisions was so scanty and irregular, that the exiles were perpetually on the verge of famine.

The work of death was already going on rapidly at Conanama—twenty-six persons having died in two months, and more than fifty being dangerously ill—when another devoted band arrived at Cayenne. The Bayonnese corvette brought a hundred and eleven exiles, who were directly sent to join their fellow-countrymen at Conanama; eight had died on the passage from France. The survivors did not linger behind; more than half of them expired within a month. Among those who were conveyed by the Décade, the mortality continued to make a frightful progress.

At Sinamari, as well as at Conanama, the sufferers from disease were destitute of everything, even of medicines. Freytag, who succeeded the brutal Aimé in command at Sinamari, has drawn an appalling picture of the state of things at that post. "The hospital," says he, "is in the most deplorable situation, and the filthi-

ness and want of attention that prevail there have caused the death of several of the transported persons. Some of the sick have fallen out of their hammocks in the night, and no attendant has given them the least assistance; so that they were found dead upon the ground. One of them was suffocated, the cords of his hammock having broken at the head end, while his feet remained suspended.

"The property of those who have died has been plundered and carried off in the most scandalous manner. Those who buried them have been seen to break their legs, and tread and press their weight upon their stomachs, in order the more readily to force them into a grave too narrow and too short to receive them. These horrible enormities were committed in the greatest haste, that they might run with the more despatch to plunder those who were dying; while the attendants at the hospital insulted the sick, and loaded them with expressions of infamy, ignominy, and cruelty, at the very moment when they were in the agonies of death.

"The store-keeper of the magazine, who was intrusted with the effects of the transported persons, would deliver to them only a part of the property they claimed, saying to them, 'You are dead; that is enough for you.' He did not give out provisions for those who first came from Conanama to Sinamari, and who were so weak and emaciated when they arrived, that they fell down through hunger and faintness. They were obliged to lie upon the ground, and the sick were eaten up with worms before they expired."

I will draw the curtain over the remainder of these horrid scenes. Suffice it to add, that nearly three-fifths of the three hundred and twenty-eight exiles dropped into the grave within eighteen months; that others, gifted with more robust bodies or firmer minds, struggled for a while longer, and then followed their companions; and that only a remnant survived to enjoy the happiness of spending their latter days in the land that gave them birth.

THE SUFFERINGS OF M. SOULASTRE AND HIS COMPANIONS.

THE subject of the following narrative, M. Dorvo Soulastre, was a native of France. In 1798, he accompanied, as army commissary, the expedition, under General Hedouville, which sailed from Brest to St. Domingo. He landed at the city of Santo Domingo, and traversed a considerable portion of the island, in his way to Cape Français. Into the particulars of this journey, though they are by no means devoid of interest, it is unnecessary to enter.

M. Soulastre remained in the colony till, the object of the expedition having failed, General Hedouville returned to France. He then took his passage in a schooner, with the intention of proceeding to Batebano, in the island of Cuba. On its way thither, the vessel was captured by three British privateers, belonging to New Providence. For a fortnight, M. Soulastre and his companions were kindly treated by Captain Cropp, in whose ship they were. But, there being at length a scarcity of water on board, the captain resolved to put them on shore in Cuba. Accordingly, Soulastre, M. Prudhomme, Captain Durand, a Spanish merchant and his servant, a man named Pierre, and La Prudence, a black, were rowed to the beach. They were told that, at a distance of not more than six or seven leagues, there was a Spanish guard-house, which, by keeping along the sea-side, they might easily reach before sunset, whence they could proceed to any part of the island. This being the case, they deemed it unnecessary to burthen themselves with any larger stock of provisions than half-a-dozen sea-biscuits and a bottle of rum, which were offered by the sailors

who landed them. The only weapon which they possessed was a dirk. It will be seen that they were fatally misinformed; but the error, grievous as it was, appears to have arisen entirely from ignorance on the part of the English sailors.

Under any circumstances, the recovering of liberty gladdens the heart of man. Half naked as they were, and wandering in a strange land, they walked along cheerfully, sometimes following the line of the coast, and sometimes taking their way through the neighbouring savannahs. Extreme thirst soon began to annoy them; and to allay it, they chewed a species of grass which they found; but its acrid taste, caused by the saline nature of the earth, made it exceedingly unpalatable. Their progress was slow; for the sun was hot, and the ground was covered with reeds, and other coarse vegetation of a swampy soil. Before they had gone two leagues, they were so overcome by the heat, that they were obliged to rest themselves, under a clump of mangrove trees, by the side of a small creek. Fatigue had produced a slight depression of spirits, and they were meditating on their past ill luck, and on the toils which were perhaps in store for the party, when they were startled by Pierre running towards them at full speed, and loudly desiring that they would take care of themselves. Hearing a noise, on the opposite side of a stagnant pool, which was surrounded by mangroves, Pierre had gone to reconnoitre, and, to shorten his way, had attempted to wade through the pool, quite unconscious of the dangerous tenants it contained. He had, however, quickly been made to turn back, by the sudden appearance of five or six formidable alligators, which were enjoying the coolness of the water. Two of them were either so offended by his intrusion, or so eager for prey, that they followed him up; and Pierre would have been a lost man, had he not been well acquainted with the usual mode of eluding them. His countenance,

when he reached his comrades, bore unimpeachable testimony that his terror was not feigned.

Still deriving consolation from the hope that the Spanish guard-house could not be far off, the wanderers again set forward. They toiled on for about three hours, at the end of which time they were brought to a stand, by excessive fatigue, and the rays of a burning sun. They likewise began to be doubtful whether they had taken the right track. At the foot of a nearly leafless tree, which resembled a cherry tree, they paused to deliberate as to their future movements. The result was a resolution to pass the night on the spot, which, in consequence of its being somewhat elevated, would, they thought, be the safest place for their repose. Each ate a biscuit, and La Prudence, the black, was despatched in search of water. He could find none, or at least none that could be approached without danger; but he brought back a kind of wild artichoke, which, having the shape of a saucer, retains in the morning the produce of the heavy dews that fall on it during the night. Unfortunately, the water thus collected had all been evaporated by the sun; and they could only endeavour to moisten their mouths by sucking the leaves. To supply the want of water, they had recourse to the rum, half of which they drank. By this supper, the whole of their provision was exhausted, with the exception of a small portion of the spirit.

During the repast, they had been sorely tormented by the sea-flies, musquitos, and other insects. To evade these pests, they agreed to separate, in search of spots more free from them; still, however, keeping within sight or call of each other. Soulastre, Captain Durand, and La Prudence bent their steps towards a savannah, which was skirted by the sea, and interspersed with clumps of mangrove trees. From one of these clumps, M. Soulastre heard a sound which resembled that uttered

by a dog caught in a snare and trying to disengage itself. He was advancing to ascertain whence it came, when Durand, who had all at once turned deadly pale, drew him back, telling him that it was the voice of an alligator, and that they were far too weak to cope with such a ferocious animal. They were soon convinced that the whole of the coast was covered by these monsters, whose numerous tracks, formed as they passed through the savannahs to their hiding-places in the swamps, were visible on all sides.

Dreading an attack from their amphibious enemies, the whole of the wanderers assembled together, to decide upon what must be done to ward off the danger. A flint and tinder, to enable them to procure a fire, would, at that moment, have been considered as the most valuable of treasures. But as they had neither that nor any other means of kindling a fire, they resolved to climb up the tree under which they now stood, and pass the night among the boughs. Each of them fixed himself as well as he could on his uneasy couch; and Soulastre, apprehensive of losing his balance, took the precaution of tying his left arm with a handkerchief to one of the branches.

Tired as they were, sleep did not visit their eyelids. It was kept aloof by fear, pain, and anxiety. "Notwithstanding the uneasiness of my position," says M. Soulastre, "I should have passed the night quietly enough, had it not been for the continual howling and cries of a great number of alligators, which, at the commencement of the night, quitted the marshy pools, and stationed themselves about ten paces from us, on the banks of the sea, where we saw them go in and out, one after another, either to bathe or in search of their prey, which their dreadful concert must, undoubtedly, have driven to a distance. This horrible harmony having lasted about two hours, the band dispersed, still keeping along the coast, though at intervals we heard the same

cries, which we might have mistaken sometimes for the sudden barking of dogs, and at other times for the screams of children, had we not known from what sort of throats these noises proceeded.

"If to the terror which the presence of these animals gave us, be added the torture which the musquitos and other insects of every species with which these marshy places abound, and, moreover, the deadly chill of an abundant dew so very cold that it made us shiver through every member, an idea, yet still inadequate, may be obtained of the sufferings which we endured during the long twelve hours of a tropical night.

"At length, about six o'clock in the morning, a faint twilight announced to us the approach of day. Alas! it came but to show us more and more the whole extent of our misery. We had been fully sensible of the pain caused by the stings of the sea-flies, gnats, and musquitos, but we knew not the effect which they produced upon our countenances. The moment in which we were first able to see each other, was indeed a moment of horror; we were so swelled as scarcely to be known, excepting by our clothes and our voices. Happily we had sea-water in plenty; and after having washed ourselves, we found some relief. As to the alligators, they had returned to their pools by daybreak; and since the sea animals never attack men unless they are disturbed by them, and seldom seek their prey except by night, we were tranquil on that subject."

La Prudence having been vainly sent to seek for water, the travellers resorted to the remainder of the rum, which they finished before they set out. Flattering themselves that a few hours would bring them to the Spanish guard-house, they for a while pushed forward very vigorously. But, at length, a vertical sun, which glowed intensely, hunger, and the still worse plague of thirst, that made their breath feel like flame, compelled

them to slacken their pace and to halt repeatedly. Their thirst they tried to alleviate, by sucking the juices of grass and herbs. At four o'clock they were so exhausted, by all these annoyances, combined with fatigue and gloomy thought, that further progress became impossible. Only three of the party, among whom were Captain Durand and La Prudence, retained any energy, either of body or mind; the rest seemed entirely worn out.

Leaving their tired comrades under a wild cashew-tree, Captain Durand and La Prudence set out in quest of water. In about half an hour the kind-hearted black brought the welcome news, that their search had been successful. "Never, no never, have the most melodious sounds," says M. Soulastre, "produced a sensation so delightful as those excited by the words of honest La Prudence: 'Me find water; capitan drinkee it.'" At that moment fatigue and despondency were forgotten; water was to us everything, and we conceived no happiness greater than the pleasure of drinking without restraint."

Invigorated by the tidings which La Prudence brought, all the travellers hastened to the spot where the much-desired water was to be found; all except the Spanish merchant, in whom life was ebbing rapidly. The expected fount of bliss was a marshy pool, situated in a hollow, about a hundred yards from the sea. The liquid which it contained was of a yellowish hue, tinctured with mud, and of a brackish taste; but it was drinkable, and was therefore hailed as a blessing. Every hat was instantly dipped into the turbid pool. The sufferers were too much excited to think of consequences, and they drank greedily. Their stomachs, however, revolted at the nauseous and inordinate draught, and immediately rejected it, with a violence which inflicted severe pain on the drinkers. The pain passed off, and was succeeded by a longing desire to sleep, to which

nothing less than the fear of the alligators could have deterred them from yielding. Faint and feeble, but with appeased thirst, they filled the bottle for the Spanish merchant, and then returned to the shelter of the cashew-tree, which they "saw again with as much pleasure as a traveller experiences, when after a long journey he finds a house and a good bed, in which he may recruit his exhausted frame."

There was one of the company who did not participate in these buoyant feelings. This was the Spanish merchant, who had lost all his fortune by the capture of his vessel, and was sinking under the pressure of age, sickness, debility, and grief. As he was too weak to climb the tree, his companions were under the necessity of leaving him at the foot of it. Commiserating the condition of the poor Spaniard, La Prudence, regardless of danger, offered to watch by him during the night. This benevolent black was indeed an exemplary character. From first to last, he was eager to serve his companions in all possible ways. He never spared himself when any kind office was to be performed; his activity was indefatigable; and to his exertions many of the wanderers were indebted for the preservation of their existence.

The gleam of joy which, when they returned to the cashew-tree, gladdened the hearts of the travellers, was as transient as that of the lightning's flash. Famine, thirst, weariness, and gloomy forebodings resumed their full influence over them. The same bodily and mental torments, which they had undergone on the first night, were repeated and aggravated on the second; and they felt an additional pang, in witnessing the hopeless condition of their unfortunate and amiable comrade. By daybreak he had become nearly insensible, and so feeble that it was difficult to support him in a sitting posture. Succour they had not to give; but they strove to console and encourage him. Grateful for their kindness, he

rallied his sinking powers sufficiently to say, "My dear friends, I feel that my last hour is come, and that I shall no longer be allowed to share your misfortunes. But, whatever may happen, do not yield to despair. I have a presentiment that you will surmount these evils, and that you will speedily obtain the reward of your patience and courage. As to myself, in quitting you I have this great consolation, that I die surrounded by Christians, who, while they restore my mortal remains to the earth, will unite their prayers to those which I now address to the Father of All, that he will deign to receive me into his mercy."

"These," says M. Soulastre, "were the last words which our poor companion uttered. Nevertheless, he retained his recollection, and ceased not to pray internally, until he had sighed his last. He held a scapulary in his hand, which he frequently raised to his lips; and it was not till the instant in which he let it fall that we perceived he lived no more. Thus terminated the existence of this worthy man, whose death, while it suspended the sense of our own miseries for a short time, rendered us more acutely afflicted by his loss."

The hopes which the dying Spaniard expressed were not disappointed. With the dirk, his sorrowing companions dug for him a deep grave in the sand, near the margin of the sea. His coat was wrapped round him as a shroud. They then committed him to his last earthly abode, devoutly repeating over him the prayers for the dead. Their pious labours were closed by the erection of a cross, to mark his place of rest. He who performs an act of duty and of kindness, will always derive consolation and strength from it. Such was the case with them. "This solemn and melancholy ceremony," says M. Soulastre, "which apparently should have tended to weaken our remaining energies and to diminish our courage, produced a contrary effect; it seemed to invigo-

rate our bodies and to redouble our resolution. So true is it, that prayer, by drawing the soul nearer to its Creator, ennobles it, elevates it, and makes it in some measure participate in his power."

In one of the coat-pockets of the deceased, they found a treasure of infinitely more worth to them than gold or gems would have been. It was a magnifying-glass, which he used when he read in his book of prayers. They had often seen it, without thinking of another use to which it might be applied; but now the idea flashed all at once into their minds. By its assistance they might obtain that desirable object a fire, and thus be wholly relieved from the nightly dread of falling a prey to the ferocious alligators. It would also be no small comfort to escape the chilling influence of the heavy dews. They tried the experiment of concentrating the sun's rays on some light combustible matter; to their great joy it succeeded, and an enormous fire was soon blazing before them.

The wanderers appear to have occasionally had a misgiving, that, instead of being on the main land of Cuba, they were on some insulated spot. This important point they now resolved to ascertain. Accordingly, leaving two of the number in charge of the fire, the remainder proceeded to explore the country. This expedition removed all doubts on the subject. At sun-set the explorers returned, with the startling intelligence that though they had found neither water nor food, they had fully convinced themselves that they were on an island which was separated from the Cuban shore by a channel three leagues wide. The spot on which they had been mistakenly left was one of those innumerable keys, or islets, which stud the shores of Cuba. It was low, sandy, and barren, occasionally intersected by shallow pools of salt water, and producing only a rank saline herbage, and some dwarf shrubs and misshapen trees.

Suspense is so painful and bewildering to the human mind, that the wanderers were rather relieved than disheartened by the discovery which they had made. They would, at least, be no longer doomed to stray in an interminable labyrinth, hopeless of ever finding a clue. They could see the goal to which they were bound, and might devote their undivided efforts to find the means of reaching it. What means they could employ next became a subject of consideration. To construct a raft appeared to be the only mode which they could adopt. There was, however, considerable difficulty in the way of accomplishing this. The trees fit for their purpose were generally at some distance from the sea, and widely scattered, and they had neither tool nor instrument of any kind. Yet, so much did hope inspirit them, that they felt assured of surmounting every obstacle. In this mood, they ate their scanty meal of herbs, roots, and stagnant discoloured water, with a relish which almost converted them into dainties. Such was their sole fare for several succeeding days. When they had finished their supper, they made three rousing fires, in the space between which they laid themselves down to repose; the task of keeping up the blaze was performed by each in turn.

In the morning they arose with recruited vigour and cheerful minds. The first theme of conversation was the raft. With respect to this, they came to the conclusion, that if they constructed it here, they could scarcely hope to double the point of the island with it, as the contrary currents would not fail to render it ungovernable. They, therefore, resolved to journey across the islet, to its northern side, which was in face of Cuba. While they were thus arranging their plans, the kind and active La Prudence had collected for them a little fresh and pure water. He had obtained it from the saucer-like reservoirs of that species of artichoke

which has already been mentioned, and which the sun had not yet drained of their contents. This precious boon was received with delight, and was even looked upon as an omen of good fortune.

Having taken a parting sight of the Spanish merchant's grave, and breathed heartfelt sighs to his memory, they set out on their way. For a considerable part of their journey, they could think and talk only of the raft, and they indulged in the most sanguine expectations that it would accomplish their deliverance. Other and less pleasant feelings would, however, arise. From the point of departure to that at which they wished to arrive, the distance was not more than two leagues; but such was the nature of the ground, beset with a constant succession of obstacles and entanglements, that the two leagues seemed protracted to an endless length. Seven hours were occupied in traversing them. At length, in a lamentable state of suffering and weariness, they reached the northern side of the island. The feet of some were so torn by thorns that they could hardly stand; while of others, who wore boots, the legs were so swollen, that it was necessary to cut the leather, in order to relieve the pain of the limb. But, when they cast their eyes over the sea, every disagreeable idea took flight. Before them was Cuba, and they saw, with inexpressible pleasure, the wreaths of smoke thickly rising above the trees which lined the coast. That smoke reminded them of social and domestic joys—of their homes, wives, children, and friends.

Inspired by these cheering thoughts, they forgot their fatigue; and as soon as their humble meal was finished, they began to labour strenuously. The trees were attacked at the roots by the strongest of the party; and the work was facilitated by the looseness of the soil. Those who were less robust busied themselves in stripping off the bark, or going in quest of reeds. When

night interrupted their progress, they kindled their fires, and were speedily buried in sound and refreshing sleep.

As soon as the day dawned, they resumed their cheering occupation. A sufficiency of materials having at length been procured, they proceeded to construct the raft, under the direction of Captain Durand. The logs were placed side by side, and lashed together with a sort of rope, made of reeds and the flexible bark of trees. When the logs were firmly secured, they completed the raft, by fastening to it a piece of wood, which was to serve the purpose of a rudder. They moored the rude machine to the bank, and then stretched themselves between their fires, leaving La Prudence on the watch to supply the fires with fuel. They had made up their minds, that the following morning should see them on their voyage.

Only two or three hours had elapsed before they were roused from sleep by repeated and tremendous peals of thunder. On opening their eyes, the whole expanse of sky seemed in a blaze. The masses of clouds, piled on each other, and appearing as though they were about to sink on their heads, reflected, in a variety of terrific hues, the perpetual flashes of lightning. The storm was up, and the waves were furiously dashing over the sandy hillocks which they occupied. The raft! is the raft safe! was the first idea which rushed into every mind. The violence of the tempest scarcely admitted of a hope that it would not be swept away. Their bosoms were now tortured by fear and suspense, and they wished for, yet dreaded, the return of light, that they might know their fate.

As soon as objects became visible, they hurried to the spot where they had moored the raft. Their worst fears were realised; it was gone! The dreadful conviction, that all was lost, had an appalling effect upon them. Their faculties were wholly benumbed by the shocks,

and, for several hours, they remained mute and immoveable. "Hitherto," says M. Soulastre, "we had all preserved our health; setting aside that uneasiness which is ever the consequence of continued misfortune, we had found sufficient strength to contend with all the wants that assailed us; but the moment in which we beheld the termination of our cherished hope, the force and courage which until now had sustained us, suddenly abandoned us, and we fell into a faint and lifeless stupor. This stupor must infallibly have ended in death, if that sentiment which ever recalls man to a sense of the care of his preservation, had not at length given a small portion of energy to our hearts, that had almost ceased to beat."

Captain Durand was the first to break the long and gloomy silence. By a revulsion of feeling, which is not uncommon, he passed all at once from helpless despondency to a state of furious delirium. He started up, and, in a terrible tone, exclaimed, "Come! all means are lawful when life is to be preserved! In our present situation we must have food; otherwise, of six not one will remain alive, but we must die one after another, the death of madmen! We must not hesitate—the death of one must secure the preservation of the rest.—I have chosen my victim." As he uttered the last words, he made a leap upon the faithful negro, seized him by the hair, and was about to plunge the dagger into his heart. A cry of horror, which burst simultaneously from all his comrades, checked his hand, and gave La Prudence an opportunity to disentangle himself from the captain's grasp.

La Prudence was young, robust, and courageous; and, being more accustomed to the climate, and probably to hardships, he had retained much more strength than any other of the company. Durand would have had but a small chance in a struggle, had his intended victim turned upon him—more especially as the steel had dropped from his hand. But the soft-hearted black was

inspired by no revengeful thoughts. He threw himself on his knees before his comrades, and said, "O massa white mans! you not kill I! Poor La Prudence do all for white mans! The good God help us!" Durand was naturally of a humane disposition, and the first blind impulse of frantic despair had now passed away. His better nature prevailed; he clasped La Prudence in his arms, and wept bitterly over him. This affecting scene drew sympathetic tears from the whole of the party.

Either the roots and herbs, on which they had hitherto contrived to subsist, began to fail them, or, which seems rather to have been the case, they were too much weakened to derive from them sufficient nourishment; for their greatest fear now was, that they would perish of hunger before they could get together materials for another raft. "But," says M. Soulastre, "Providence will yet have mercy upon us; and the instrument which it employs to assure us of our deliverance, is to be the same man who, a moment before, one of us had destined to become the most direful of all sacrifices."

While the rest of the band were musing on their deplorable situation, and could discover no probability of amending it, La Prudence went forth to see if he could find anything for their support. In a short time he came running back, so full of joy that he had not power to speak the cause of it. He could only point towards the shore, and thither they followed him. There an object met their eyes which almost drove them wild with delight. A large alligator was lying lifeless on the sand, on which it had been thrown by the waves. That it had been dead but a little while was evident; for it had no putrid odour, and the flesh was firm and white. Not a moment was lost in kindling a fire, broiling what was required for present use, and curing in the smoke a sufficient quantity to meet their future wants.

Hope, that "lingers long and latest dies," having once more revived in their breasts, they set to work, with an

ardour and perseverance which formed a striking contrast to their recent torpor and dejection. Materials to form a second raft were diligently sought for, and at length the fabric was completed. Their sole fear now was, that another tempest might render their labours unavailing. Heaven was, however, pleased to spare them that additional trial. On the ninth day after their landing on the island they took their departure. "After a quiet night," says M. Soulastre, "which was followed by a magnificent sunrise, we confided ourselves to our frail machine; while, with one accord, we offered up a sincere and fervent prayer. We were seven hours in making the voyage of those three leagues that separated us from the main land. We had departed praying, and we arrived praying. At the instant of our arrival we heard the lowing of an ox. We were on the borders of a forest, which we determined to enter, and to make our way towards the spot from which the sound proceeded. It was not, however, before the next day that we arrived at a hut, inhabited by a Creole family, who kept there a sort of suttling-house, where the soldiers of the neighbouring station came to regale themselves. This station was no doubt the guard-house which had been mentioned to us by the English."

The commanding officer of the detachment was informed of their landing, and he came to see them. By his kindness they were supplied with mules, on which they reached Batabano in two days. From thence they proceeded to the Havannah, where the French consul gave them a cordial reception, and provided them with bed and board till each of them was able to exist on his own resources.

END OF VOL. I.

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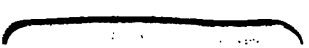

WITH PLATES & WOODCUTS, ONE OR TWO

[illegible]

1. LIFE OF [illegible]
2. LIFE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT
3, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14. LIVES OF [illegible]
4, 5. HISTORY OF THE JEWS
6, 7. HISTORY OF [illegible]
8. [illegible]
9. LIFE AND VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS
15. LIFE OF [illegible], BY [illegible]
16. LIVES OF BRITISH STATESMEN
17, 18. [illegible]
19. [illegible]
20. MYTHOLOGY AND [illegible]
21. LIFE AND TRAVELS OF [illegible]
22. VOYAGES OF CELEBRATED [illegible]
23, 24. [illegible]
25. HISTORY OF THE [illegible]
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28. [illegible]
29. LIFE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON
30. HISTORY OF THE [illegible]
31. [illegible]
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33, 34. [illegible]
35. FALCONBRIDGE, OR WASHINGTON [illegible]
36. TALES OF [illegible]
37. [illegible]
38. LIFE OF PETER THE GREAT
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54. LIFE OF ALI PASHA
55. LIVES & EXPLOITS OF BANDITTI & ROBBERS
56. HISTORIES OF IMPOSTORS, DECEPTION, & CREDULITY
57. HISTORY OF THE BASTILE
58. LIFE OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS
59. CHRONICLES OF LONDON BRIDGE
60. THE LIFE OF JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH
61. THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF CERVANTES
62. THE LIFE OF MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO
63, 64. DOMS OF ANCIENT CITIES
65. LIFE AND TIMES OF RICHARD THE FIRST
66. THE LIFE OF MAHOMET

[illegible] VOLUMES PUBLISHED EVERY [illegible] MONTH.